Sept. 9, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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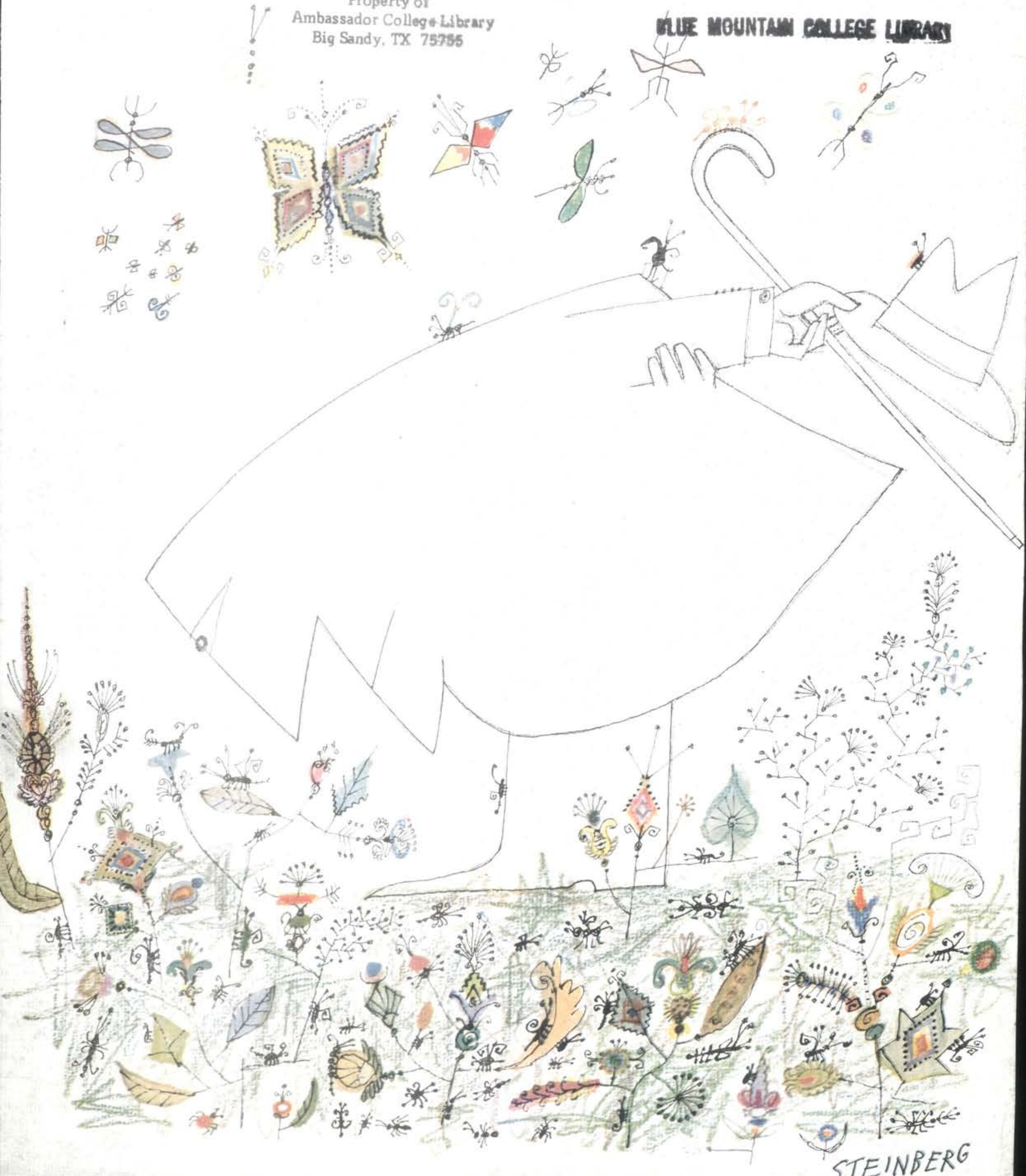

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BERGDORF GOODMAN
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

COME BLOW YOUR HORN—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit and has great difficulty in getting his two sons to share his interest. Hal March and Joel Grey are the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A FAR COUNTRY—A play concerned with one of Freud's first attempts at psychoanalysis, in the course of which he cured a young woman of her conviction that her legs were permanently paralyzed. There isn't very much in the way of suspense in this drama by Henry Denker, but the writing is honest and the performances by Kim Stanley and Steven Hill, who enact the principal roles, are laudable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MARY, MARY—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is comic, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

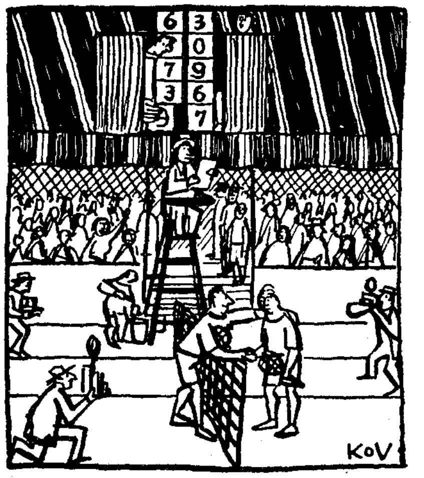
RHINOCEROS—Reopens for three weeks on Monday, Sept. 11, with Zero Mostel and Ralph Meeker. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**ALL THE WAY HOME:** Tad Mosel's adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley figure in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **A TASTE OF HONEY:** Shelagh Delaney has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour, her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour, and a homosexual pal of the girl. With Hermione Baddeley and Frances Cuka. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 9.)

MUSICALS

CARNIVAL—A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. Adapted from the movie called "Lili," the play has ingratiating performances by Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard, and includes a most diverting quartet of puppets manipulated by Mr. Orbach. Bob Merrill did the music and lyrics, Michael Stewart wrote the book, and Gower Champion supervised the whole lively affair. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DO RE MI—Jukebox extrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, despite the best efforts of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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LONG RUNS—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical concerned with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CAMELOT:** Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **FIORELLO!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. Marty May will succeed Mr. Da Silva on Monday, Sept. 11. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **IRMA LA DOUCE:** All about a trollop and the company that keeps her. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Denis Quilley is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN:** The ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France. Tammy Grimes is the lass, and the score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

THE AMERICAN DREAM and THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The second play, unfortunately, is more tract than drama. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. After Sunday, Sept. 10, no performances until Saturday, Sept. 23.)

THE BALCONY—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is gaudy rather than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3.)

THE BLACKS—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE and THE ZOO STORY—A four-week return engagement of this double bill, with William Daniels, Ben Piazza, and Donald Davis. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 12. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE—The Stratford (Ontario) Festival production of the Gilbert

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 30, September 9, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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and Sullivan operetta, directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Frances Sternhagen. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Age cannot wither. In the cast are David Atkinson and Barbara Louis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 7: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 8: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "The Figure in the Carpet."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 9: "Donizetti Variations," "Creation of the World," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 9: "Ebony Concerto," "Con Amore," and "The Figure in the Carpet." ... ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 10: "Firebird," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Serenade."... ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 10: "Ivesiana," "Agon," "Episodes," and "Variants."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 12: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." ... ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 13: "Ebony Concerto," "Electronics," "Pas de Deux," and "Divertimento No. 15."... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 14: "Ivesiana," "Agon," "Episodes," and "Variants."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 15: "Ivesiana," "La Sonnambula," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 16: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," and "The Figure in the Carpet."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 16: "Creation of the World," "Ebony Concerto," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 17.)

Leningrad Kirov Ballet (formerly the Maryinsky Ballet)—Opening performances of a three-week engagement by the company, appearing here for the first time. "Swan Lake": Monday, Sept. 11, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 12-13 at 8; and Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2:30.... ¶ Gala Program I (excerpts from "Bayaderka," "The Nutcracker," "Taras Bulba," and other works): Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 15-16, at 8:30. (Metropolitan Opera House. Through Saturday, Sept. 30.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "King Richard II," with Ben Hayes, J. D. Cannon, and Kathleen Widdoes. The final production of the season. (Wollman Rink, Central Park. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 9.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a highly athletic company headed by Cathy Machado, Ronnie Robertson, and Bobby Specht. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 17.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou, not to mention birds of paradise enow. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra play industriously for the entrance makers.

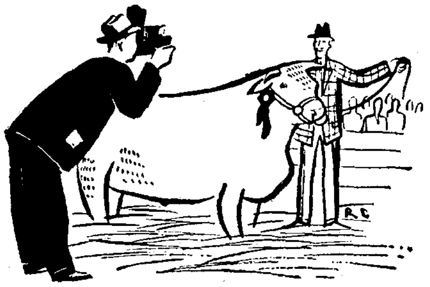
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—On Tuesday, Sept. 12, the Cotillion Room will venture into the revue form by putting on "Steppin' in Society" (*nom d'un nom!*), in which such amusers as Pat Bright, Jack Haskell, and Patricia Marand will appear twice a night. For dancing, Stanley Melba's orchestra and Phil Wayne's trio will take the usual turns. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet hums dance music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion. Renato Rossini's elegant yet ebullient solo guitar sings its last lay on Saturday, Sept. 9.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room comes to life once more on Wednesday, Sept. 13. The occupants of the podium will be the sonorous dance band of Emil Coleman, which in its time has launched a thousand débutantes, and Mark Monte's puissant little posse. On the floor, at dinner and supper, there'll be vocal recitations by an English girl named Shirley Bassey.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a spirit of mischief, too, is where Charles Holden's and Mark Monte's bands dispense prancing music after eight-thirty. On Tuesday, Sept. 12, Nick D'Amico's band will replace the Monte group. Closed Sunday and Monday, Sept. 10-11.... ¶ Kurt Maier, a rambling sort of pianist, takes tea from four to six-thirty in the Palm Court and dinner from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The dance band of Milton Saunders sashays along in the Grill most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, Mount Olympus in an equable state of mind, and full of gods waltzing with fetching young things to the tunes called by Milt Shaw's small band and Walter Kay's trio, calls it a summer on Saturday, Sept. 9. ... ¶ Chauncey Gray's orchestra, that old social gadabout, will spend the new season in the Maisonette, which recommences on Tuesday, Sept. 12. Patachou, a Parisian gadabout, will show up at dinner and supper with a bagful of tried-and-true songs indigenous to her native city. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns and its perpetual blue moonlight will be ready to receive guests again on Monday, Sept. 11, with music for listening by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra at seven, and then for dancing from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.



Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, that very grand ballroom, will get under way once more on Tuesday, Sept. 12. This time, Lazaro Quintero's orchestra, bigger than usual, will perform for dancing from eight-thirty to two. The Knight Box, the Club's across-the-way companion piece, will get under way the same evening, with—according to its stately custom—*Jani Sarkozi's violin at dinner* and supper. Both places will be closed on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The major undertaking here is the Walldorfkeller, whose theme—part Vienna and part Tyrol—is carried out by the chef and sommelier. The theme of the third man, the local musician, is of course carried out by a zither, which twangs happily from seven until midnight. No music Sundays.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a watchtower for observers of Manhattan, is the top layer of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, as well as a place where the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio and a piano is served up from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A real New York cityscape, made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by the piano of Marty Berns. Closed Mondays. ... **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The cast of this convincing parody of country-club life is Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, running a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight, plus Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders appearing thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a real rumpus-room team. Closed Sundays.... **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Wayne Sanders is the Sunday driver.... **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *Arrivederci Roma*, done to the tune *of a covey of mobile violinists and a brace of* mobile guitarists; i.e., no place for idle dreamers. Closed Sundays.... **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A northern-Italian restaurant that can easily be mistaken for a northern-Italian opera house. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays.... **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, goes from table to table during his evening constitutional. No sound on Sundays.... **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays.... **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Status quo ante, not penny ante, is the favorite game. Piano that interferes with nothing cruises along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays.... **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the former are a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. ... **Barberry**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800):

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

On Monday, Sept. 11, Conrad Monjoy will resume his career as music master to this Moorish court. His piano will operate from six to midnight during the week and on Saturdays until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Polynesia that's not much more than forty-five minutes from Broadway but is still able to go native in its bill of fare and its music. A set of string men whang away in the main room; Jorge Rios, a singer who accompanies himself on guitar and piano, is also on hand every night but Sundays in the bar. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The jokes are slyly concealed in the pictures on the wall; the music is Cal Bostic's overt voice and piano, whose spirit is nothing if not blithe. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Music, music everywhere, and a lot of Mittel-european drops to drink. Tibor Rakossy is the romantic tenor, Lili France is the fluttery heroine, and there are instruments galore. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The night was made for love—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, and voice keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The plaza of this quiet Central American village is now and then enlivened by the flamenco fervor of a girl named merely Fernanda. At other times, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. No Fernanda on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls who give their all, including the shirts off their backs, are the most important commodity of the giant shivaree that runs a very full course here, but there are other commodities for those who feel that an undress parade is not enough. One such is Billy Williams' turbulent little musical comedy, which includes up to fifteen noisemakers. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The life story of Joe E. Lewis, a salty raconteur who (to hear him tell it) has loved and won, though never at the races. His principal companion is Adam Wade, a singer given to holding up the mirror to a number of other intoners of ballads, and there is also a gaggle of delightful young ladies on probation from their *école de ballet.* Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

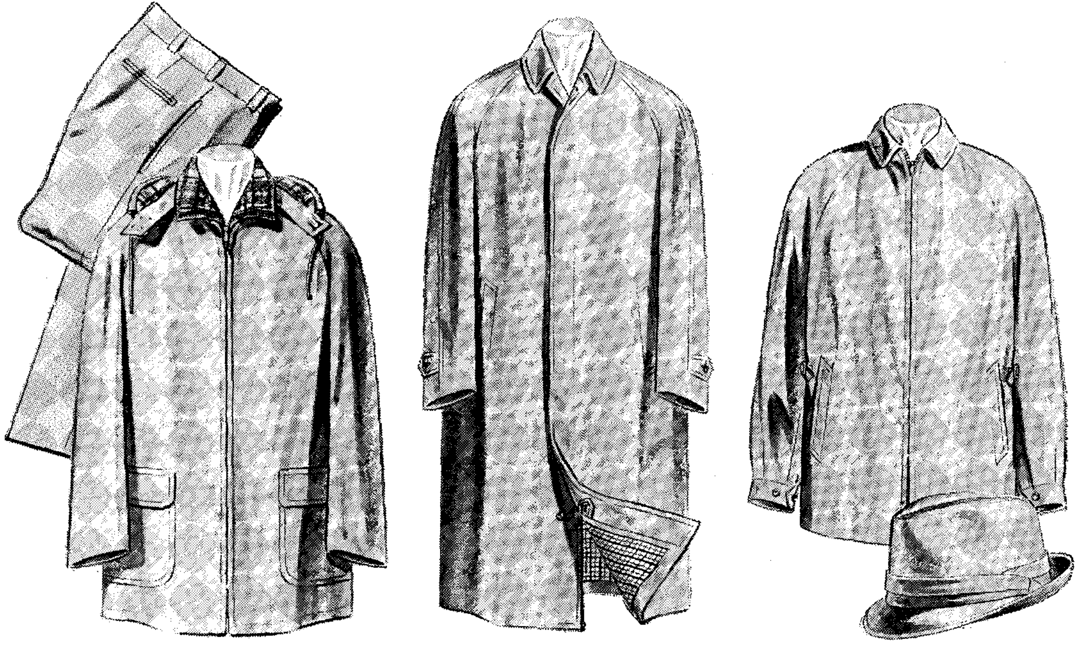
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The course in social science is now administered by Dick Gregory, a plain-thinking, plain-speaking, and thoroughly mad scientist; the course in don't-tread-on-Ireland balladry is administered by a set of rebels known as Tommy Makem and the Clancy Brothers; the course in love lyricism is administered by Barbara Gilbert, a shining little light. The Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are still part of it) comes gallantly to the aid of all of them. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty is again producing his impressionist piano from six to eight-thirty every night but Saturday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A perfect example of the small revue, done according to the customary wise and witty style of Julius Monk, the ringmaster of these premises. The dramatis personae are a lissome lady named Lovey Powell, a girl antelope named Freddie Weber, and two boy harum-scarums, Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon. There are also Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, a double-piano set to remember. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Nothing is one half so precious as a few of the bits in "The Prickly Pair," another new revue, but then nothing is much funnier than the rest of it. The Prickly Pair are R. G. Brown, a bright and brittle *feuilletoniste,* and a willow tree named Marian Mercer, who does justice to the handsome ballads invented by Baldwin Bergersen, the *chef d'orchestre,* which consists of his piano. Weekdays at 11:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and 11:30. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Onstage, there are Spanish ladies and Spanish gentlemen indulging in a certain amount of arrant nonsense, as well as other Spanish ladies and Spanish gentlemen indulging in their national pastime—footwork accompanied by if-looks-could-kill glances. Jonas Moura contributes a fantastic *pas seul* in the Brazilian manner. Dancing for the guests, too. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A partial return to first principals will occur on Friday, Sept. 8, the reopening night of this Village smithy, for the principal lady will be Mae Barnes, a shot easily heard around the world. Her chanteys will be set to more or less music by Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames; another familiar will be Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor. There will also be a miniature revue, "Greenwich Village, U.S.A.," which should have been called "Joe Miller, U.S.A." but which is helped along by the presence of Burke McHugh. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A stalwart battalion of American welkin-ringers, rightly known as Eddie Condon's All-Stars, inasmuch as the personnel includes Pee Wee Russell, Ruby Braff, Marshall Brown, and Mr. C., who is making his guitar sound as healthy as ever. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A collection of welcome strangers to our town—the quartet of Stan Getz, experimenter and innovator in sound, plus the young-married set called Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, who make up their own ditties when they can't find any others to turn inside out. They all depart on Sunday, Sept. 10; on Tuesday, Sept. 12, a new state of affairs: the quintet of the eminent Miles Davis, and a threesome run by Shirley Horn, who is voice and piano. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): A generous variety show—the quartet (Paul Desmond is involved) of Dave Brubeck, who continues to carry on his long-standing fugue with progressive music; Carmen McRae, who darts in and out of one ballad after another in search of bittersweet honey; and the Brothers Four, whose youth may be enough to forgive their folksy way with their songs of the hills. They will be succeeded on Thursday, Sept. 14, by the trio of Oscar Peterson, a technician rather than an innovator on the keyboard; Chris Connor, who never lets the tune influence her melodic line; and Stan Kenton's band. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): A complete extrovert called Irwin Corey is delivering lectures that are major contributions to the delinquency of both logic and syntax. The quintet of Jimmy McPartland gets into the act, too. The Messrs. Corey and McPartland depart on Saturday, Sept. 9. On Monday, Sept. 11, Dorothy Donegan, an energetic practitioner, will start giving her piano the elbow as well as the hands. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar are Don Shirley and his threesome, who are inclined toward a rich, beautiful, and technically brilliant poesy that can even include the Gershwin Concerto in



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

F. Between sets, there's piano by Frances Thompson, new girl in town, and one who knows what she's doing. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Johnny Windhurst and his Sheridan Squares, in which Cutty Cutshall and Cliff Leeman are also visible and audible, are the firing squad. Sundays, the workday starts with a session at five; Mondays are holidays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Crash programs are launched here every day. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Marty Napoleon; the soirées are run by Gene Krupa's quartet (off Sundays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off Tuesdays), with the occasional (Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays) assistance of Sol Yaged's fivesome. The clatter begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Ray Bryant's trio, whose close-coupled variations on themes are set forth with great inner joy, is what matters here. This group will be augmented on Monday, Sept. 11, by Joe Bushkin's trio. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missioners of on-with-the-new in their farthest-south settlement. Bob Brookmeyer and Clark Terry, an improbable pairing of skills, are running the house quintet. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, who matriculated at the new school when it amounted to little more than him, throws away his final funny line and does his final snort on his horn on Wednesday, Sept. 13: With him go his band and Slide Hampton's large, well-regulated assemblage of sound-effects men. Next evening's arrival is Count Basie and his new assortment of blowhards. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the stage of this vasty nether world these nights is, most of all, Nina Simone's serpentine piano, accompanied by her serpentine voice and two sidemen. People who deem her airs and grace notes a bit much are allotted Olatunji, leader of a group whose idea of fun is to beat the hell out of its drums. Mondays are relegated to drop-in musicians. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): James Moody's sextet and Walter Bishop's trio, a pair of standby bands, depart on Sunday, Sept. 10; next night, Ornette Coleman's quartet resumes its report on progress in music, a report couched in a code that few of us have broken. The Colemans will be off on Tuesdays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): This junior college is reopening for the fall semester. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 8-9, the lecturers will be Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Kenny Davern, Zutty Singleton, Marty Napoleon, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MABEL BRENNER—Paintings; through Sept. 23. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 6:30.)

GRANDMA MOSES—In honor of her hundred-and-first birthday, an exhibition of paintings illustrating the soon-to-be-published "The Grandma Moses Story Book;" starting Friday, Sept. 8. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Claflin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Saturday, Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: A drawing-and-sculpture show, with items by David Burliuk, Philip Evergood, Alton Pickens, and others; through Satur-

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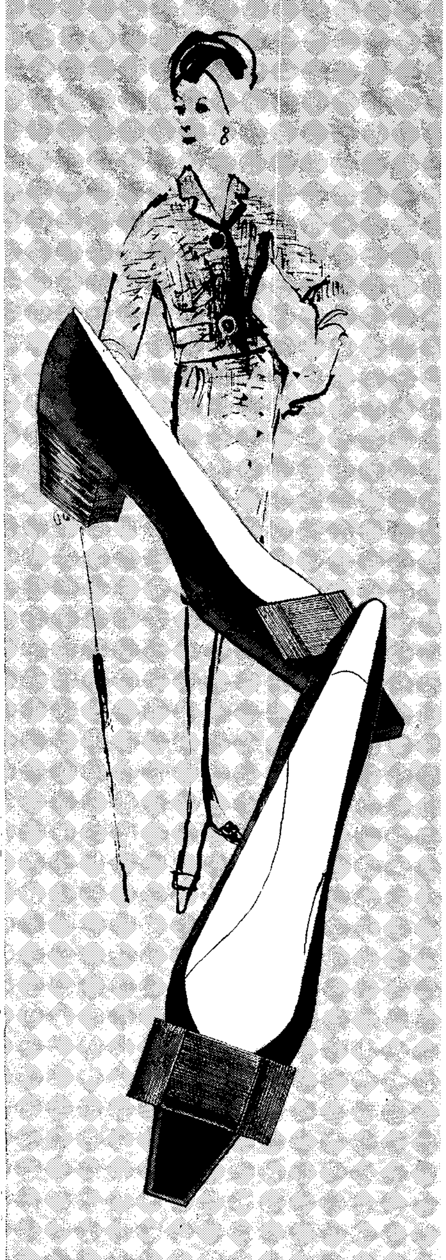

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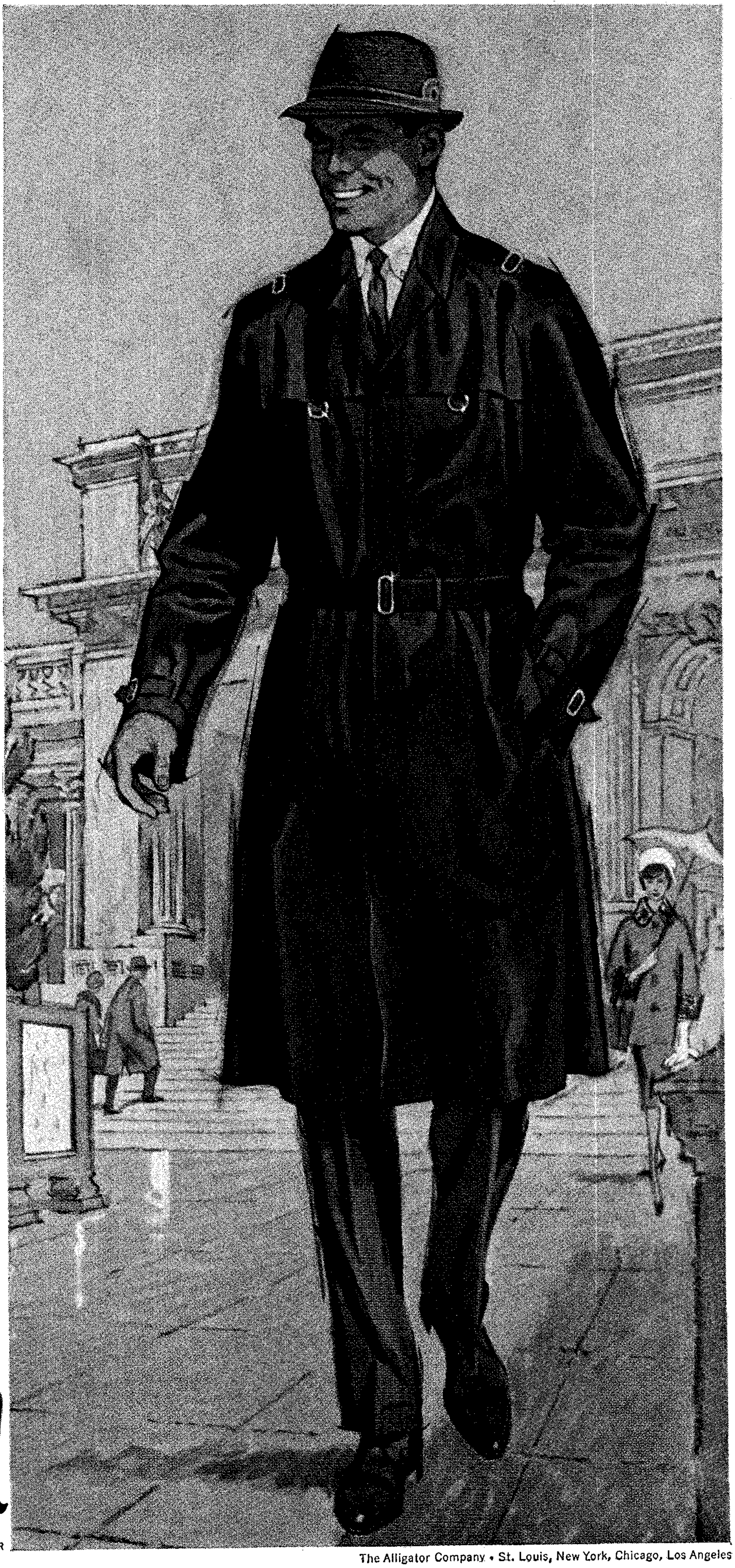

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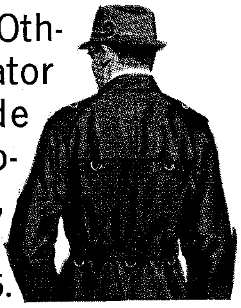

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The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles day, Sept. 16.... **CARMEL,** 82 E. 10th St.: Paintings and drawings by such gallery artists as William Rubencamp, Leonel Gongora, and Don Sutphin; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 19 E. 71st St.: A group of paintings (by Margit Beck, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and other artists sponsored by the gallery) recently returned from a Brazilian good-will exhibition; through Friday, Sept. 8.... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Chen Chi, Robert Philipp, and Priscilla Roberts; through Oct. 25.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: William Kienbusch, Karl Schrag, and Robert Laurent are three of the exhibitors in a showing of twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Sept. 23.... **NORDNESS,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of works in various mediums by contemporary painters and sculptors, including Alfred Blaustein, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebald; through Friday, Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sept. 24.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Chinese Art Treasures," consisting of more than two hundred and fifty pieces once in the national museums of Peking and Nanking. Examples from some three thousand years include paintings, ceramics, metalwork, silk tapestries, jades, and enamel ware. Starts Friday, Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Tuesday, Sept. 12.... ¶ A loan exhibition of seventy-five recent paintings by fifteen leading contemporary Polish artists, including Jan Lebenstein, Aleksander Kobzdej, and Tadeusz Kantor; through Oct. 1.... ¶ "Roads," a photographic essay on historic and modern highways, depicting what they have done for, and are doing to, the world; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by such modern masters as Kandinsky, Klee, Gleizes, and Brancusi; through Oct. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through Sept. 28.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Israel London. Some of the artists are de Chirico, Epstein, and Gris. Through Sept. 28. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 11-12.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Musical Manuscripts," an exhibition of illuminated and autograph manuscripts, including works and letters of Palestrina, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Verdi, and others; through Saturday, Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and

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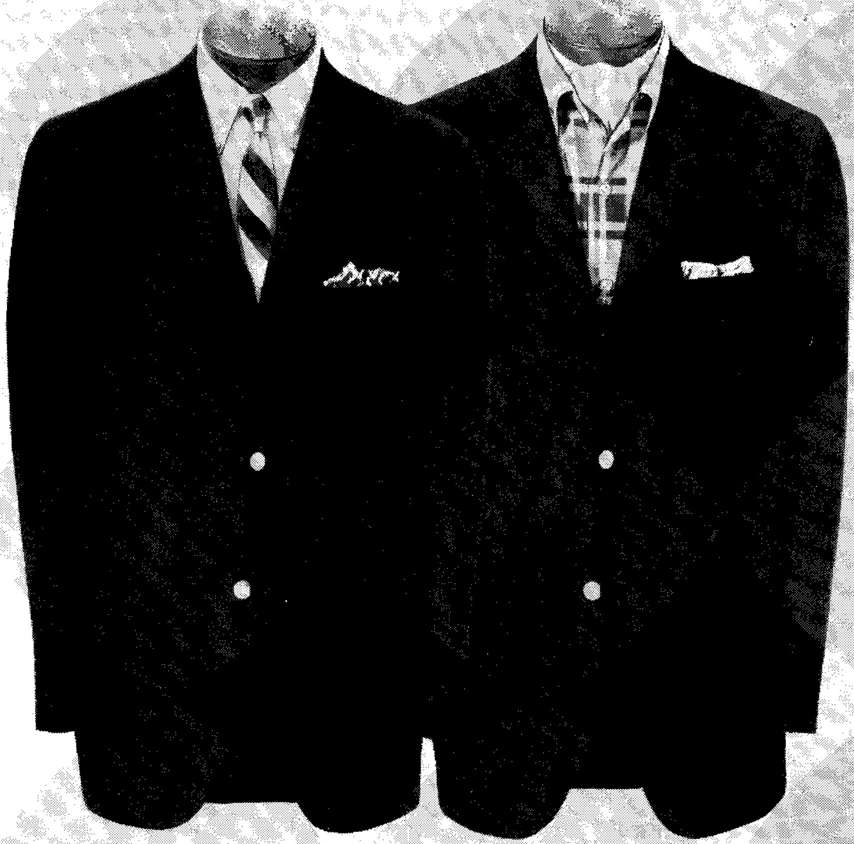

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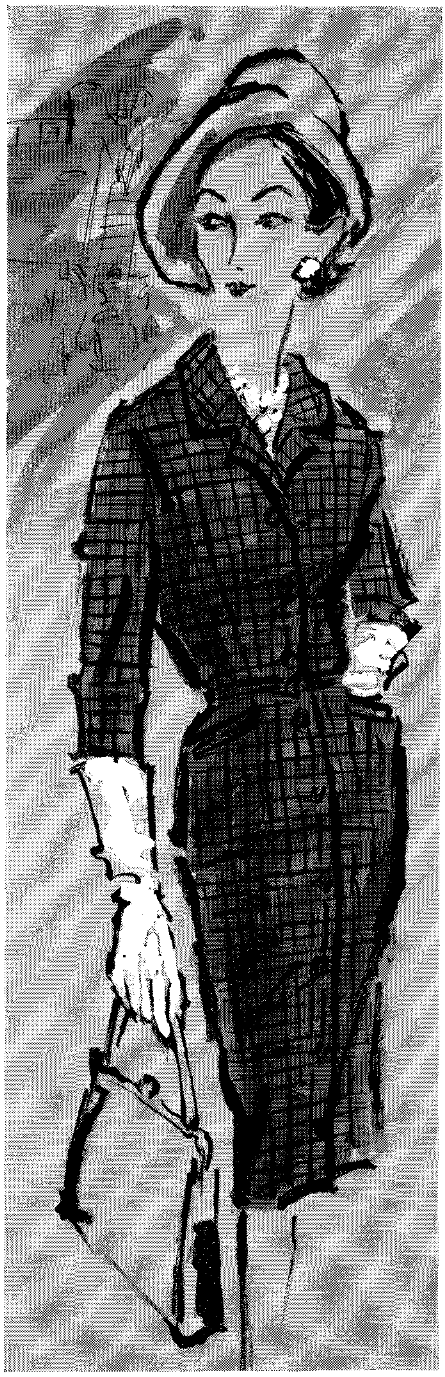

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sunday, Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sunday, Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 11-12, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Wollman Rink Concerts—A piano recital by William Masselos. The last in a series of free concerts. (Central Park. Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Temple Rodeph Sholom, 7 W. 83rd St.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, Sept. 7: Ted Curson's quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 14: Dick Wellstood and the Fats Waller Alumni. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees vs. Cleveland. (Yankee Stadium. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 7-8, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 2, doubleheader.)

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sunday, Sept. 10.)

Horse Shows—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 7-9.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 14-17.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 9, and Saturday, Sept. 16.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday, Sept. 16.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—AQUEDUCT-AT-BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 30. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 9; the Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 13; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 3. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 9, and the United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 16. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

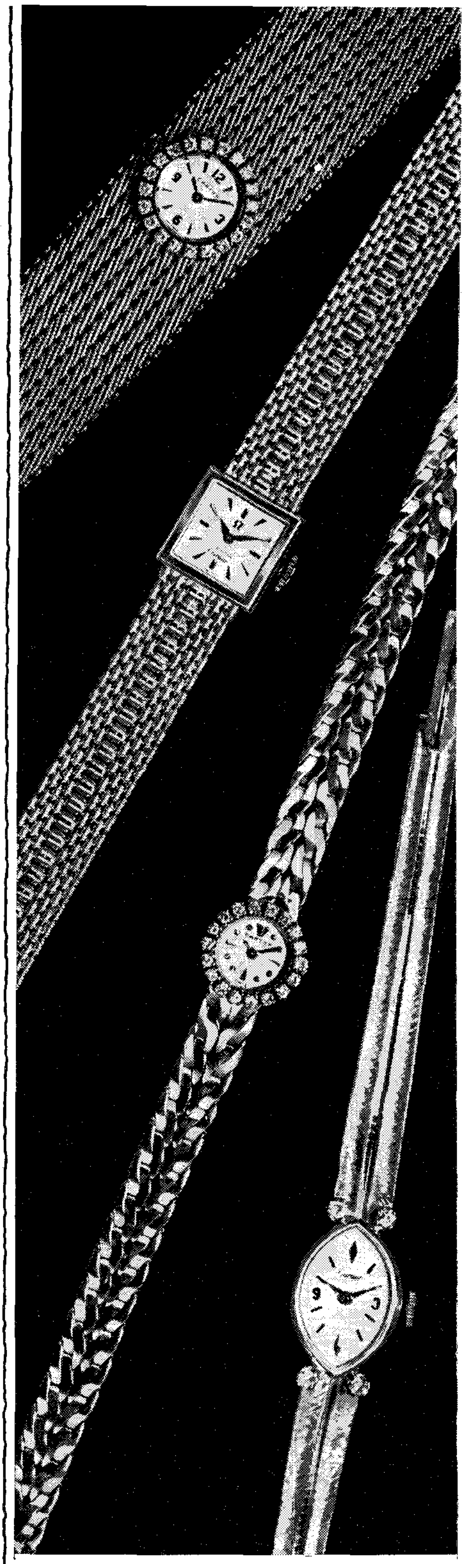
Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Sept. 16, at 1:30.

Tennis—National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, Sept. 10. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:25; through Thursday, Sept. 28. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.



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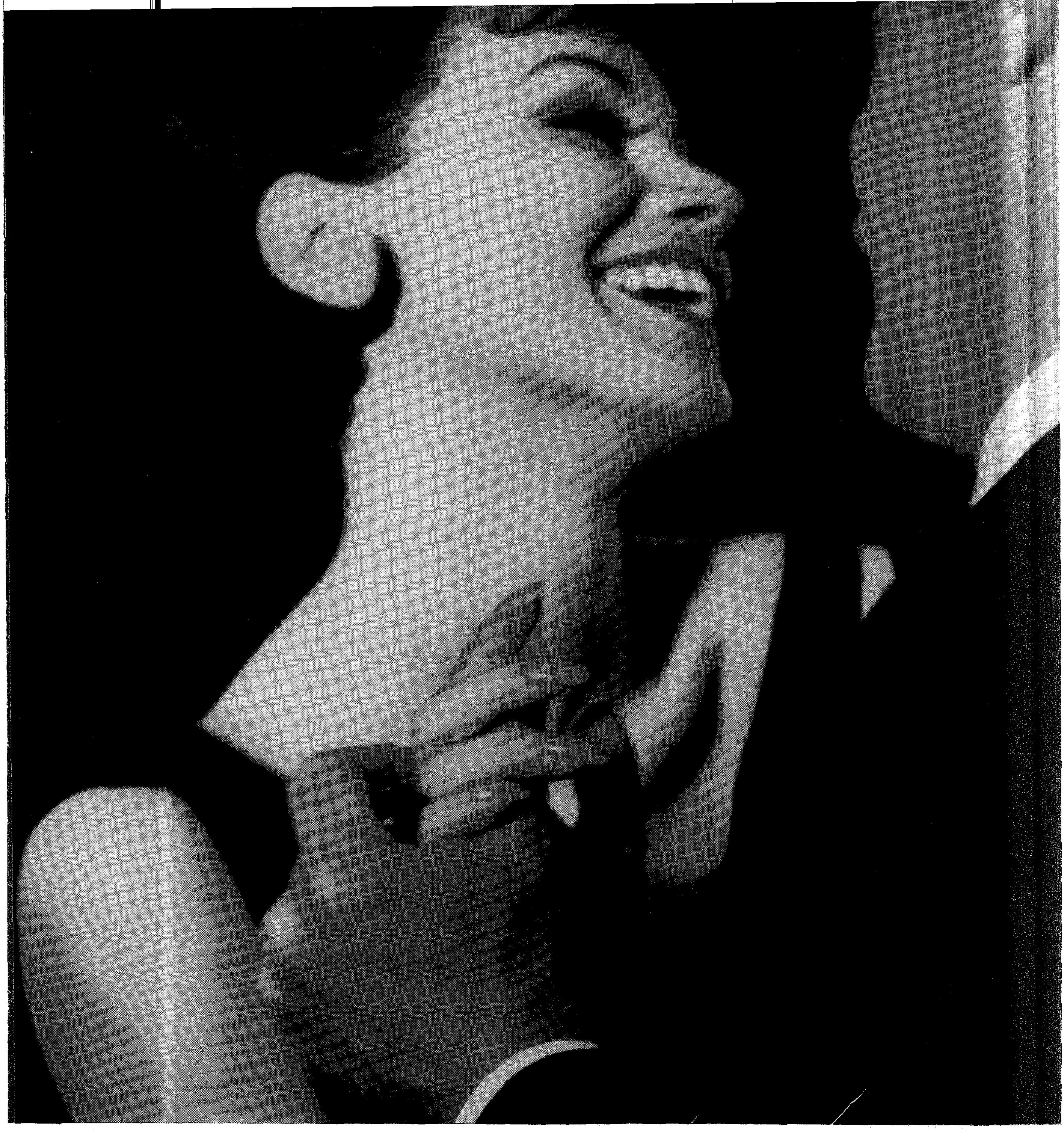

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

L'Avventura—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. Their search is unsuccessful, and so is the movie. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 13, tentative.)

A Cold Wind in August—A picture that knows where it's going and quickly gets there, made by a group of young men who might never have heard of Hollywood. The story concerns a tough stripper and a hitherto virtuous boy who fall in love, and their doomed affair is given an unusual vividness by marvellous acting and camerawork. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Great War—Seemingly thirty years too late, the Italians have sent us a long and carefully detailed study of the First World War. Thanks to the comic verve of its three stars—Vittorio Gassman, Alberto Sordi, and Silvana Mangano—the picture proves uncannily fresh and attractive. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Joker—Love conquers all, but only if it's deeds of love performed at no matter what risk to life, limb, and self-respect. Such is the theme of this truly hilarious farce. Jean-Pierre Cassel plays an idealistic and indefatigable philanderer, and the lady into whose arms he incessantly pops is Anouk Aimée, who has reason to look alarmed. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Purple Noon—A French thriller, which, though the plot is something of a cheat, justifies itself by admirable acting and romantic settings. The villain is played by Alain Delon, and the girl he pursues is Marie Laforet, who is very young and pretty. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Rocco and His Brothers—The Italian director Luchino Visconti here shows what happens when, in his native Milan, a numerous and impoverished peasant family seeks to rise in the world and finds it easier to sink. A long morality tale, which Mr. Visconti and a well-nigh perfect cast manage to imbue with extraordinary power. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his first leading role, Albert Finney is very promising as a rambunctious young Englishman who is determined not to let his job in a factory or his dreary surroundings outside of it get him down. The cast includes, among other good actors, Norman Rossington, Rachel Roberts, and Hylda Baker. Alan Sillitoe has adapted his own lively novel for the screen. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Secrets of Women—It has been some nine years since Ingmar Bergman wrote and directed this comic study of the horrors and rewards of married life, but time has only added to its charm. Husbands and wives wound each other with deplorable gusto, but all comes nearly right in the end, and Bergman proves surprisingly adept at slapstick. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Shadows—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young and unfamiliar players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. The results of the improvisations are always surprising and, occasionally, quite wonderful. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 13.)

The Truth—Henri-Georges Clouzot's study of life among the beatniks of Paris. A beautiful young amoralist, who was thinking of shooting herself but has shot her lover instead, is on trial for his murder, and M. Clouzot's purpose is to show what got her into that terrible fix. Despite its subject matter, a film of almost classical elegance of style, superbly acted by, of all people, Brigitte Bardot. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Tunes of Glory—Sir Alec Guinness wins the actors' Victoria Cross for his daring and endlessly subtle performance as an alcoholic colonel who destroys his enemy and himself in a frightening struggle for the command of a peacetime Highland regiment. John Mills is almost as fine as Sir Alec, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson also flash their tartans. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 13, tentative.)

Two Women—The happy scenes in this movie are set in a mountain village in Italy, the unhappy ones in Rome and on the road to Rome. Vittorio De Sica directed it from a script by Cesare Zavattini, which, in turn, is from a novel by Alberto Moravia. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are the principal actors, and everyone concerned is in absolutely top form. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Sept. 12.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 8-11.)

The Devil Strikes at Night (1959)—Directed by Robert Siodmak, this German film deals with the Hitler regime's suppression of the fact that a mass slayer has been allowed to get away with some fifty murders. With Mario Adorf. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 13.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

Gilbert and Sullivan (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Sept. 13.)

It Happened in the Park (1957)—Five vignettes of life and love in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome. A French picture, with Vittorio De Sica, Franca Valeri, and Anna Maria Ferrero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 8.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 13, tentative.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 9.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Sept. 12.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

The Proud and the Beautiful (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 10-12.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 13.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—The André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 8-11.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 7.)

Wee Geordie (1956)—A British picture about an undersized Scottish lad who takes a correspondence course in physical culture. Bill Travers and Alastair Sim. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 9: "Westfront 1918" (1930), directed by G. W. Pabst. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 10: "Big Business" (1929), with Laurel and Hardy; and "The Cradle of Courage" (1920), with William S. Hart. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Ada," Susan Hayward, Dean Martin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Scream of Fear," Susan Strasberg, Ronald Lewis.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Come September," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Pit and the Pendulum," Vincent Price, John Kerr.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Big Gamble," Stephen Boyd, Juliette Greco.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Honeymoon Machine," Steve McQueen.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE GREAT WAR.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 13 (tentative): **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Sept. 7: "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North," Jean Coutu; and "The Sign of Zorro," Guy Williams.
From Sept. 8: "Tammy Tell Me True," Sandra Dee, John Gavin; and "The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 12 (tentative): "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.
From Sept. 13 (tentative): "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE GREAT WAR (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Sept. 7: "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North," Jean Coutu; and "The Sign of Zorro," Guy Williams.
Sept. 8-9: "Tammy Tell Me True," Sandra Dee, John Gavin; and "The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.
Sept. 10-12: "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill; and "Operation Bottleneck," Ron Foster.
From Sept. 13: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Scream of Fear," Susan Strasberg, Ronald Lewis.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE JOKER (in French).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 12 (tentative): "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.
From Sept. 13 (tentative): **TUNES OF GLORY.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Sept. 7: "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North," Jean Coutu; and "The Sign of Zorro," Guy Williams.
From Sept. 8: "Tammy Tell Me True," Sandra Dee, John Gavin; and "The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 12: "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill; and "Operation Bottleneck," Ron Foster.
From Sept. 13: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 7: **VOLPONE** (in French), revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
Sept. 8-11: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** and **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (both in French and both revivals).
From Sept. 12: "Eagle with Two Heads," revival, Jean Marais, Edwige Feuillère; and "The Blood of a Poet," revival—both Jean Cocteau films, in French.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 8: "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason; and "The Sea Around Us," revival, a documentary film.
Sept. 9-12: "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.
From Sept. 13: "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom; and "Too Many Crooks," revival, Terry-Thomas, George Cole.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 13 (tentative): **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and "The Promoter," revival, Alec Guinness, Glynis Johns.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SECRETS OF WOMEN (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 12: "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill; and "Operation Bottleneck," Ron Foster.
From Sept. 13: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 9: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
Sept. 10-12: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," revival, Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.
From Sept. 13: "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Sand Castle," Barry Cardwell.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE JOKER (in French).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 10: To be announced.
From Sept. 11: "Girl with a Suitcase" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
PURPLE NOON (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Sept. 12: **APARAJITO**, **PATHER PANCHALI**, and "The World of Apu" (all in Bengali and all revivals).
Sept. 13: Theatre closed.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE TRUTH (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 12: "By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; and "Three on a Spree," Jack Watling.
From Sept. 13: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 13: **SHADOWS**; and **SUSPICION**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Sept. 7: "Man of the West," revival, Gary Cooper, Julie London; and "The Indian Fighter," revival, Kirk Douglas, Walter Matthau.
From Sept. 8: "Tammy Tell Me True," Sandra Dee, John Gavin; and "The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.

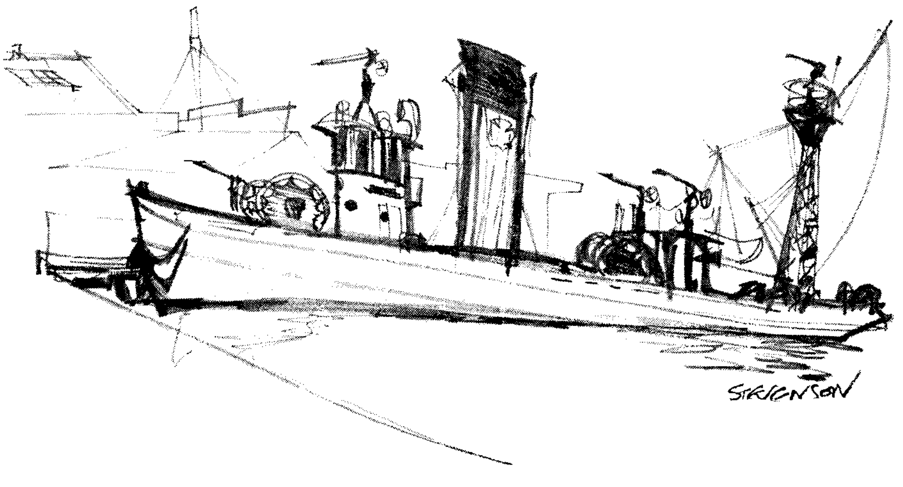
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 7: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and "The Anna Cross" (in Russian), revival.
Sept. 8: **WEE GEORDIE**, revival; and **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French), revival.
Sept. 9: **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival; and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival.
Sept. 10: **GILBERT AND SULLIVAN**, revival; and "Aleko" (in Russian), revival.
Sept. 11: **THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (in French and Spanish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
Sept. 12: "The Dybbuk" and "Green Fields" (both in Yiddish and both revivals).
Sept. 13: **THE DEVIL STRIKES AT NIGHT** (in German), revival; and "Démoniaque" (in French), revival, François Périer, Micheline Presle.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 13: "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North," Jean Coutu; and "The Sign of Zorro," Guy Williams.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 12: "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.
From Sept. 13: "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Sept. 12: "By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; and "Three on a Spree," Jack Watling.
From Sept. 13: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Sept. 7: "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North," Jean Coutu; and "The Sign of Zorro," Guy Williams.
From Sept. 8: "Tammy Tell Me True," Sandra Dee, John Gavin; and "The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.



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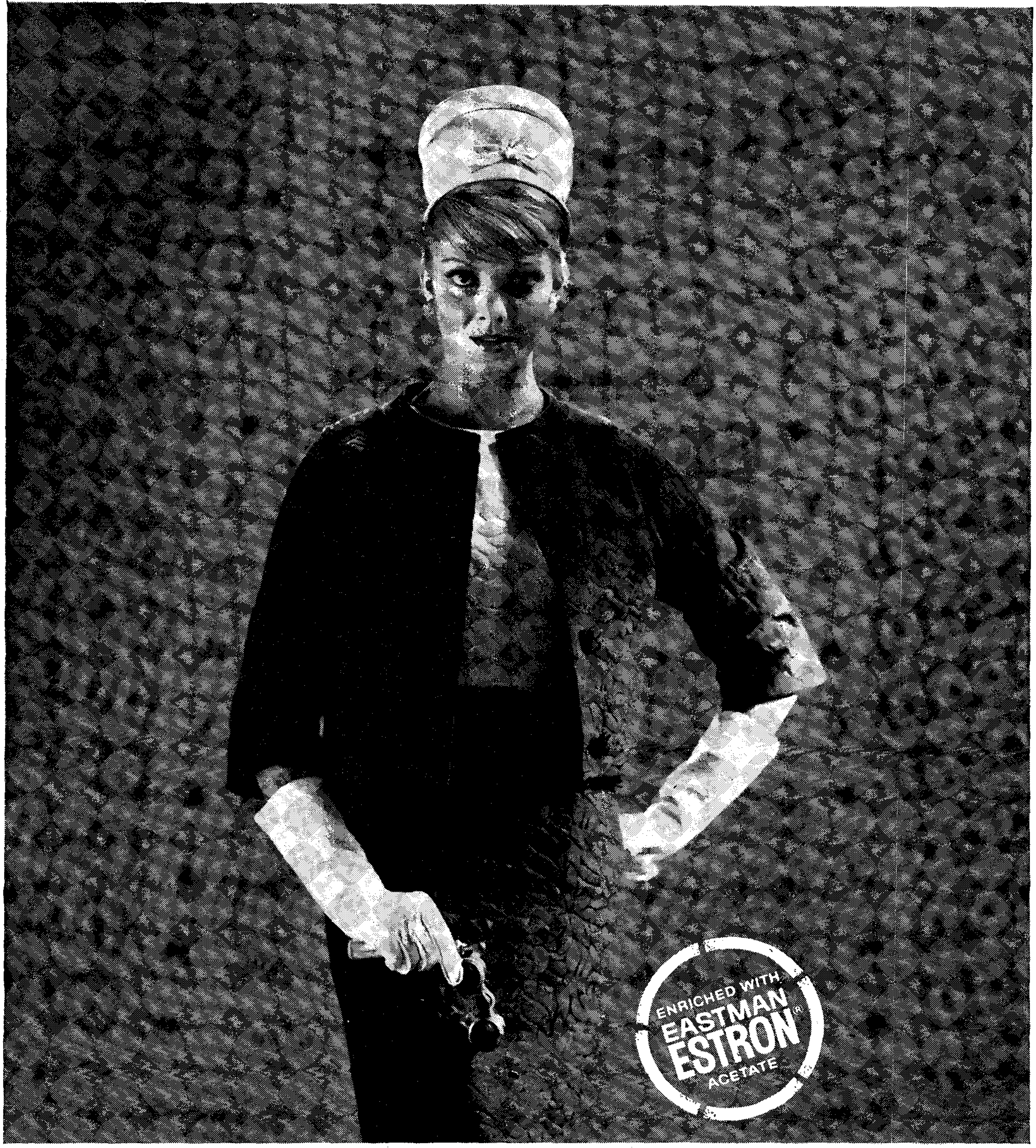

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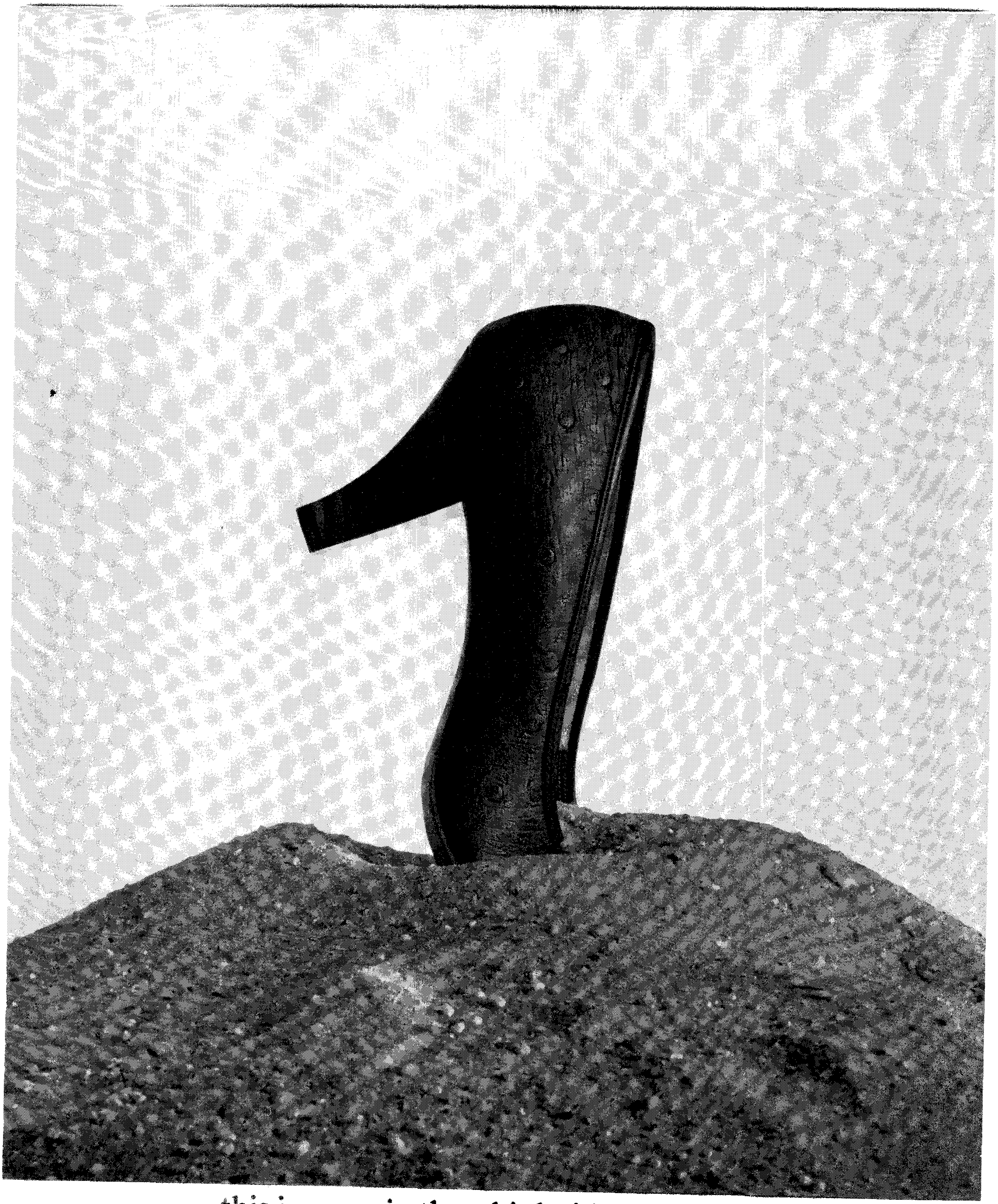

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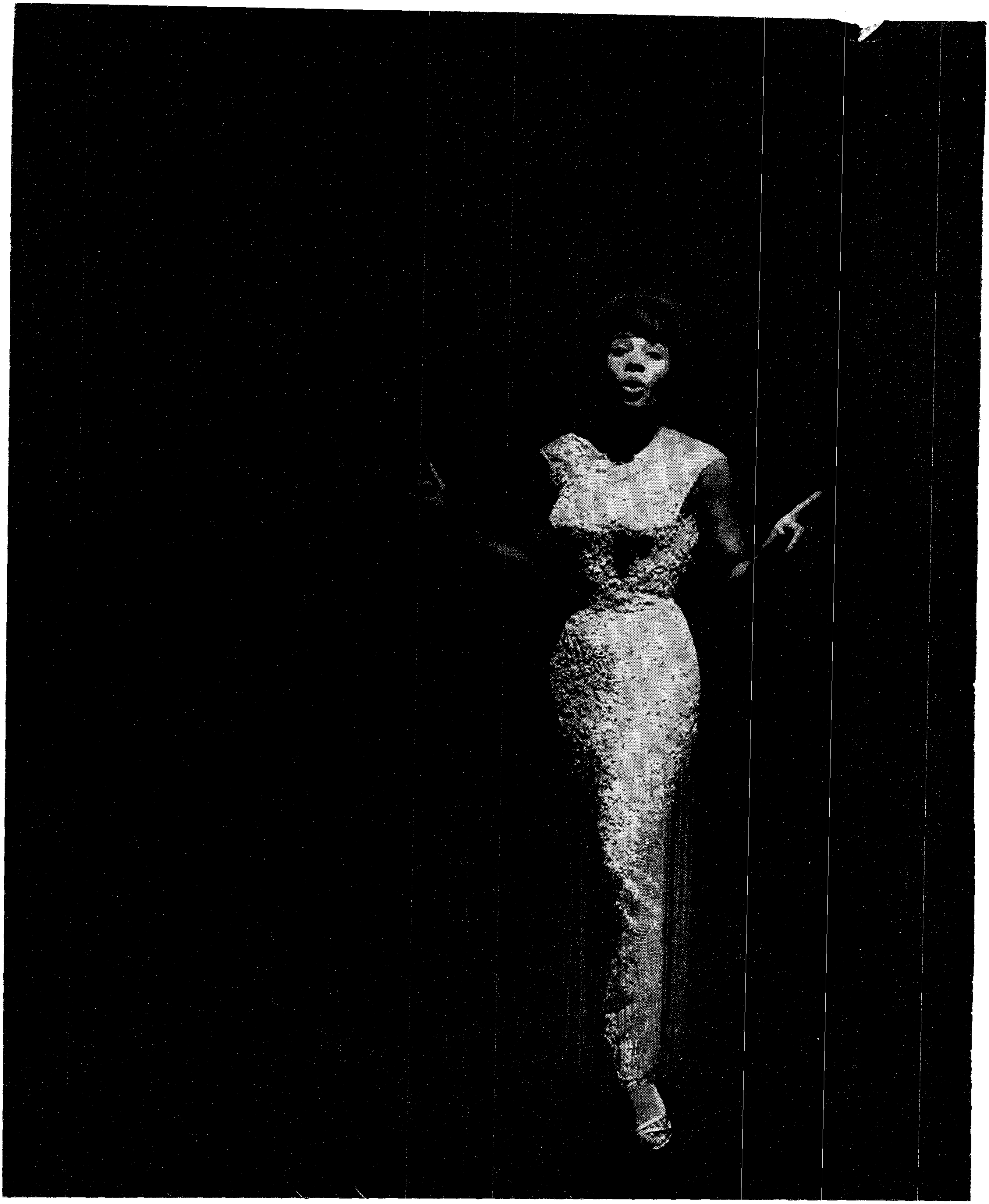

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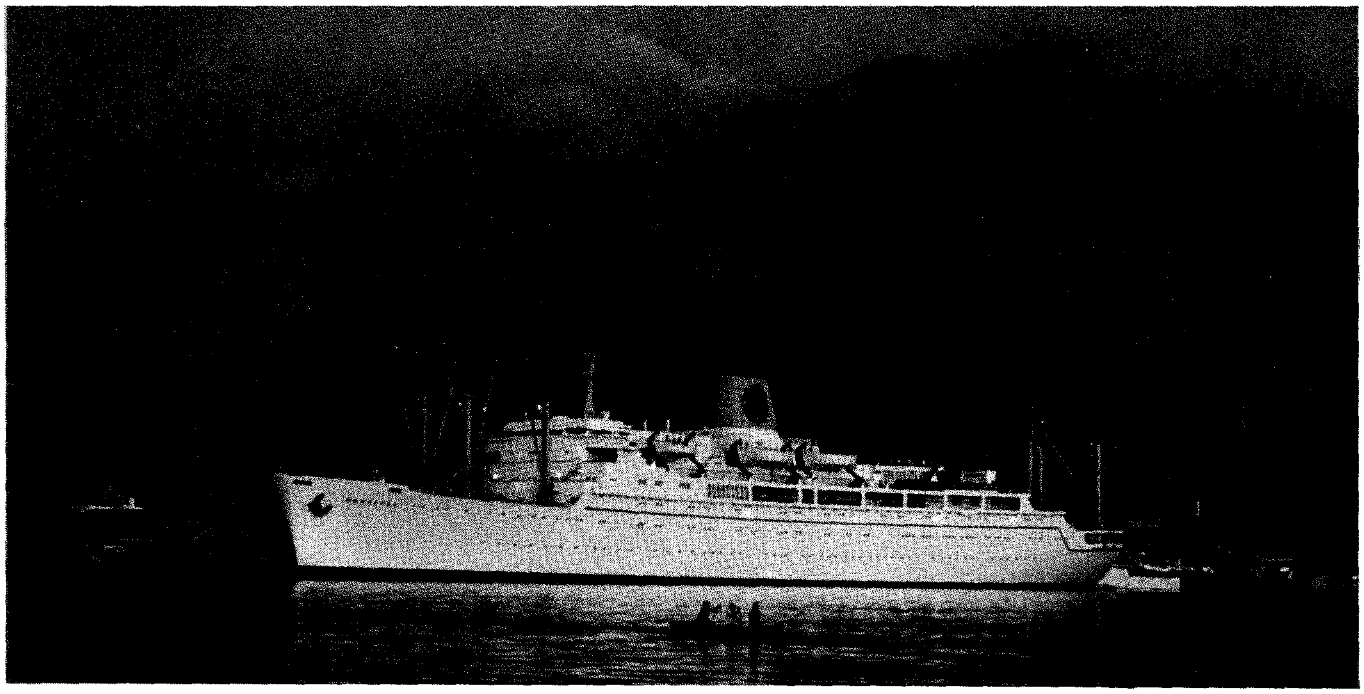

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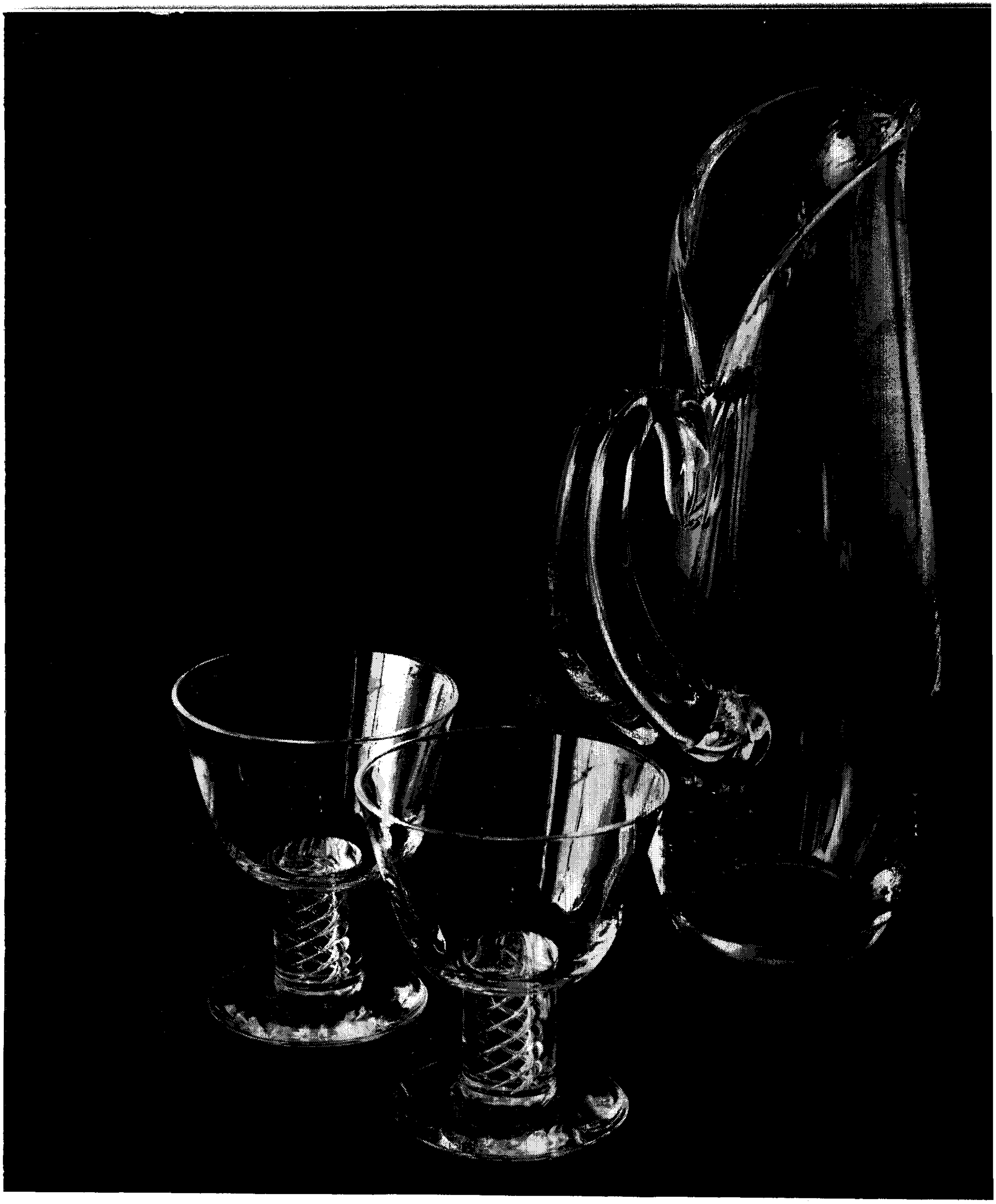

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AK-2

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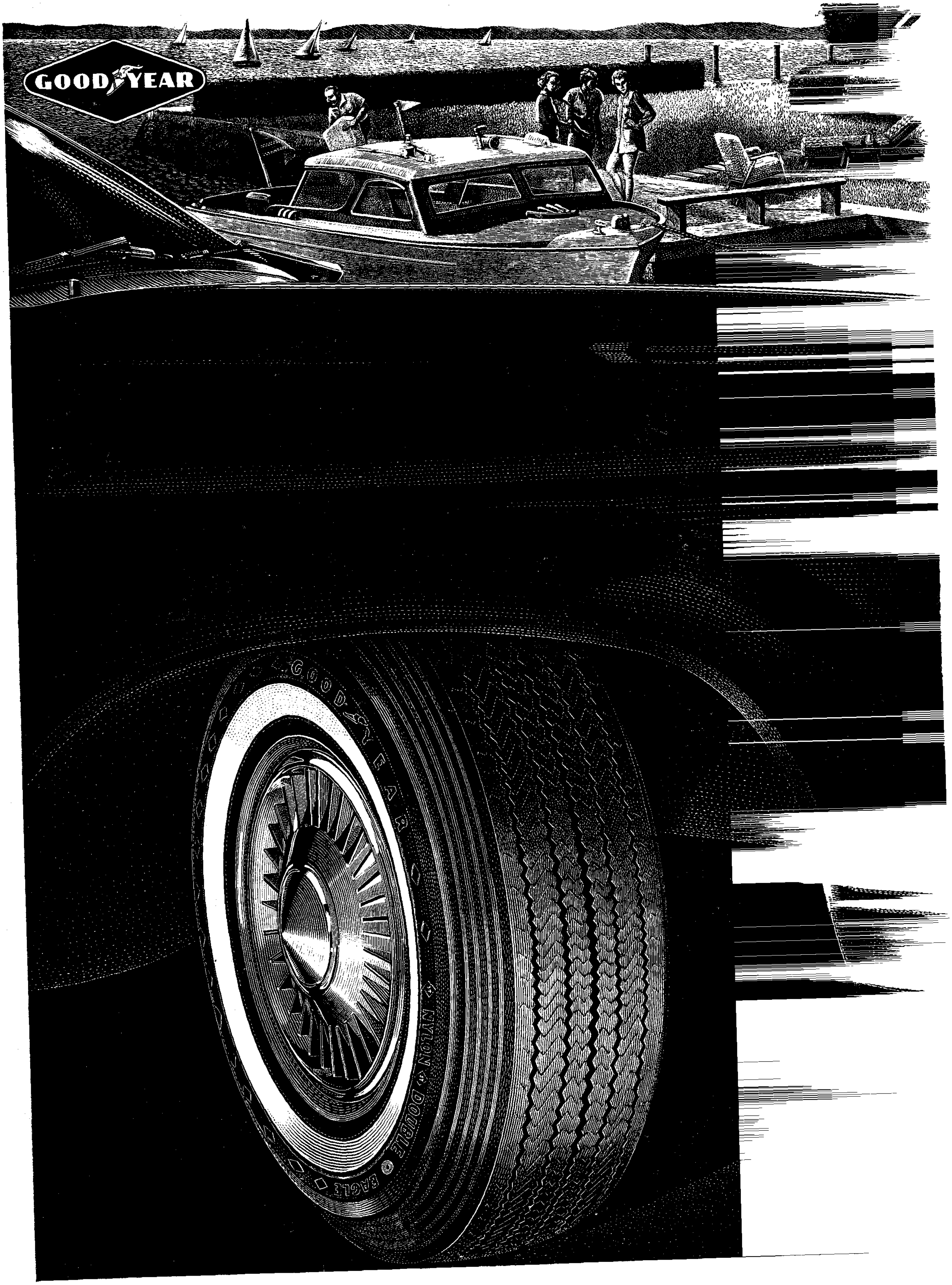
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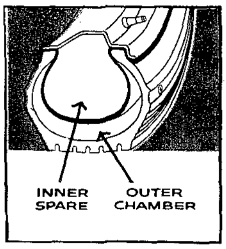

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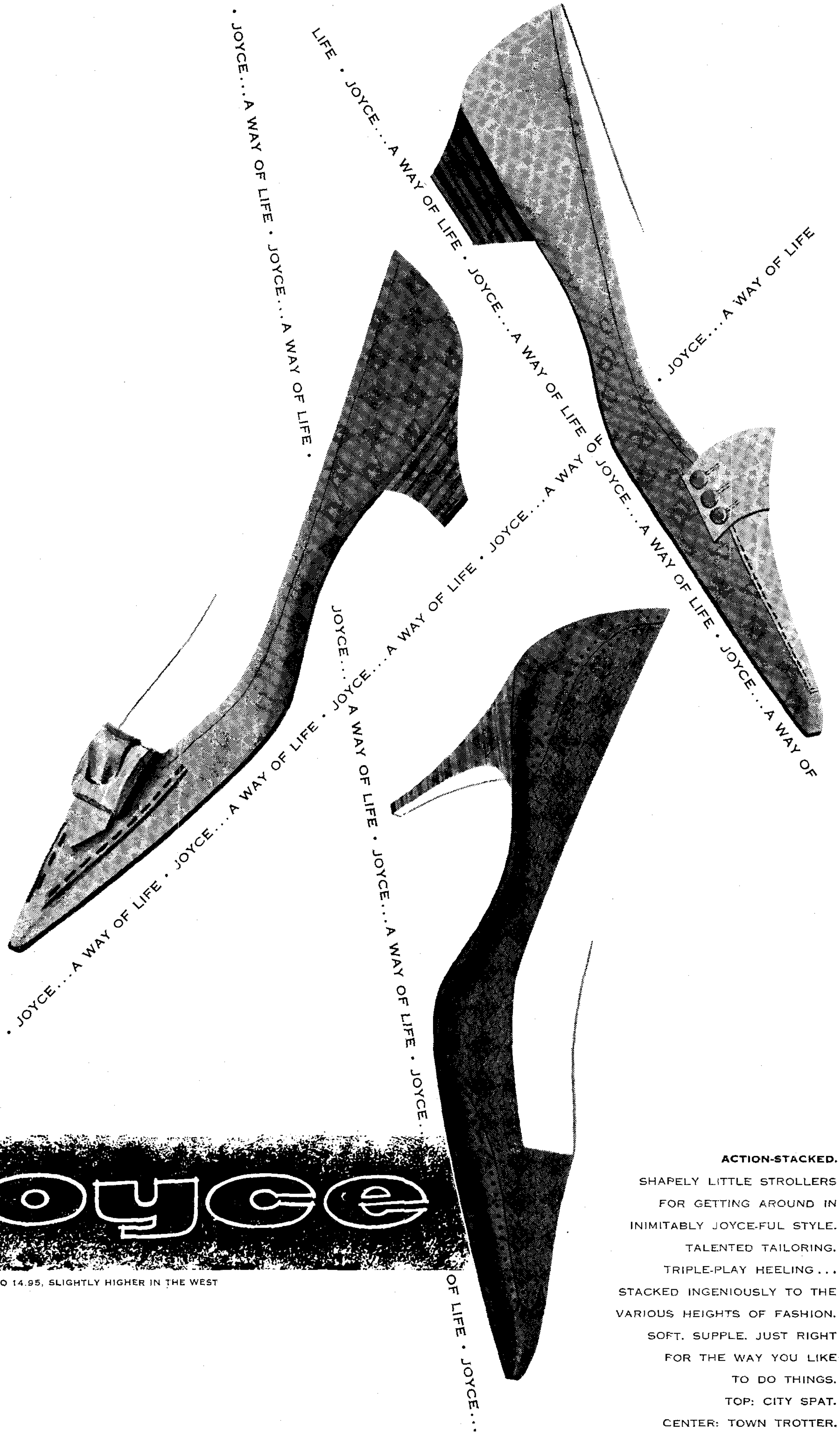
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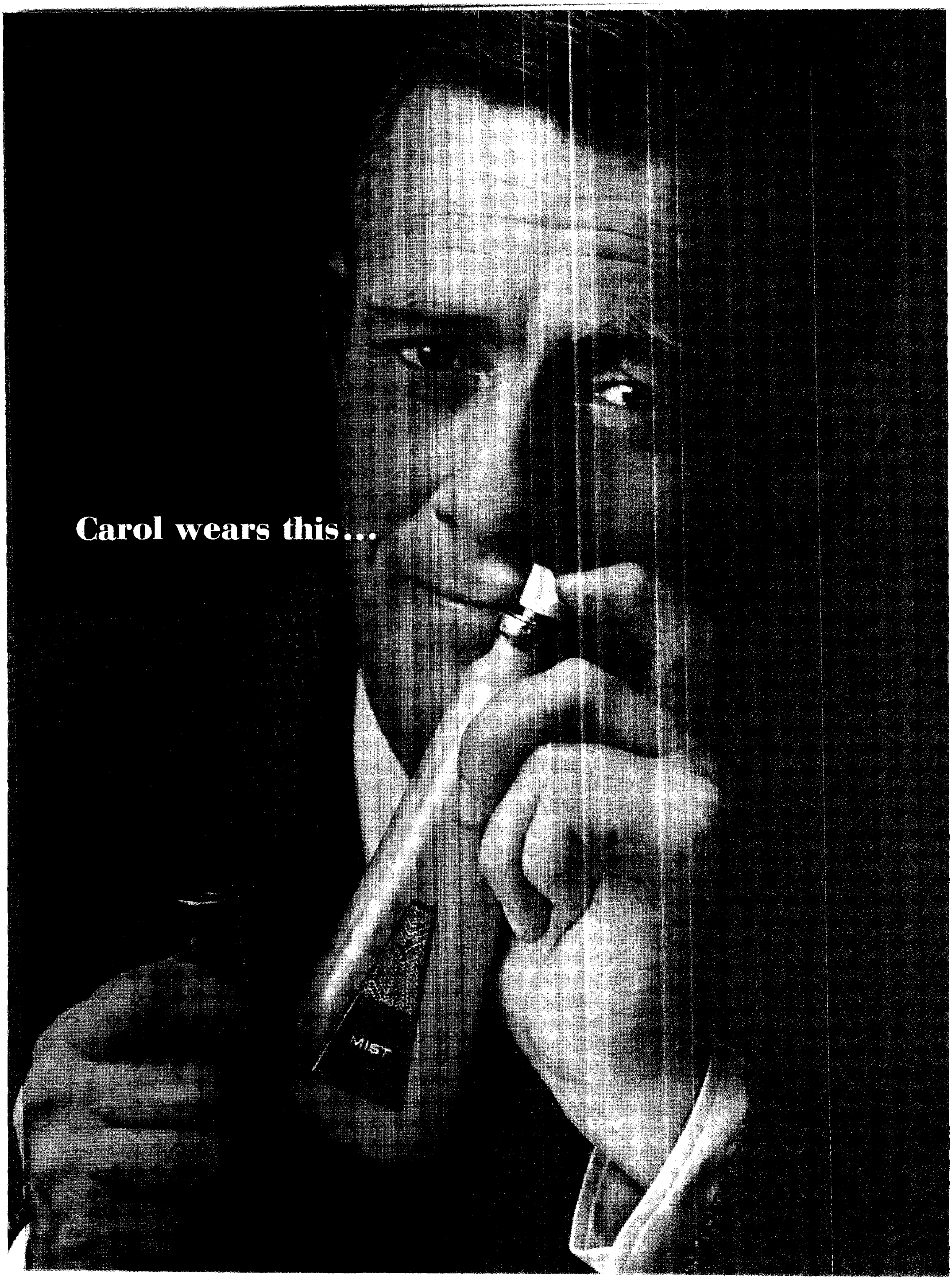
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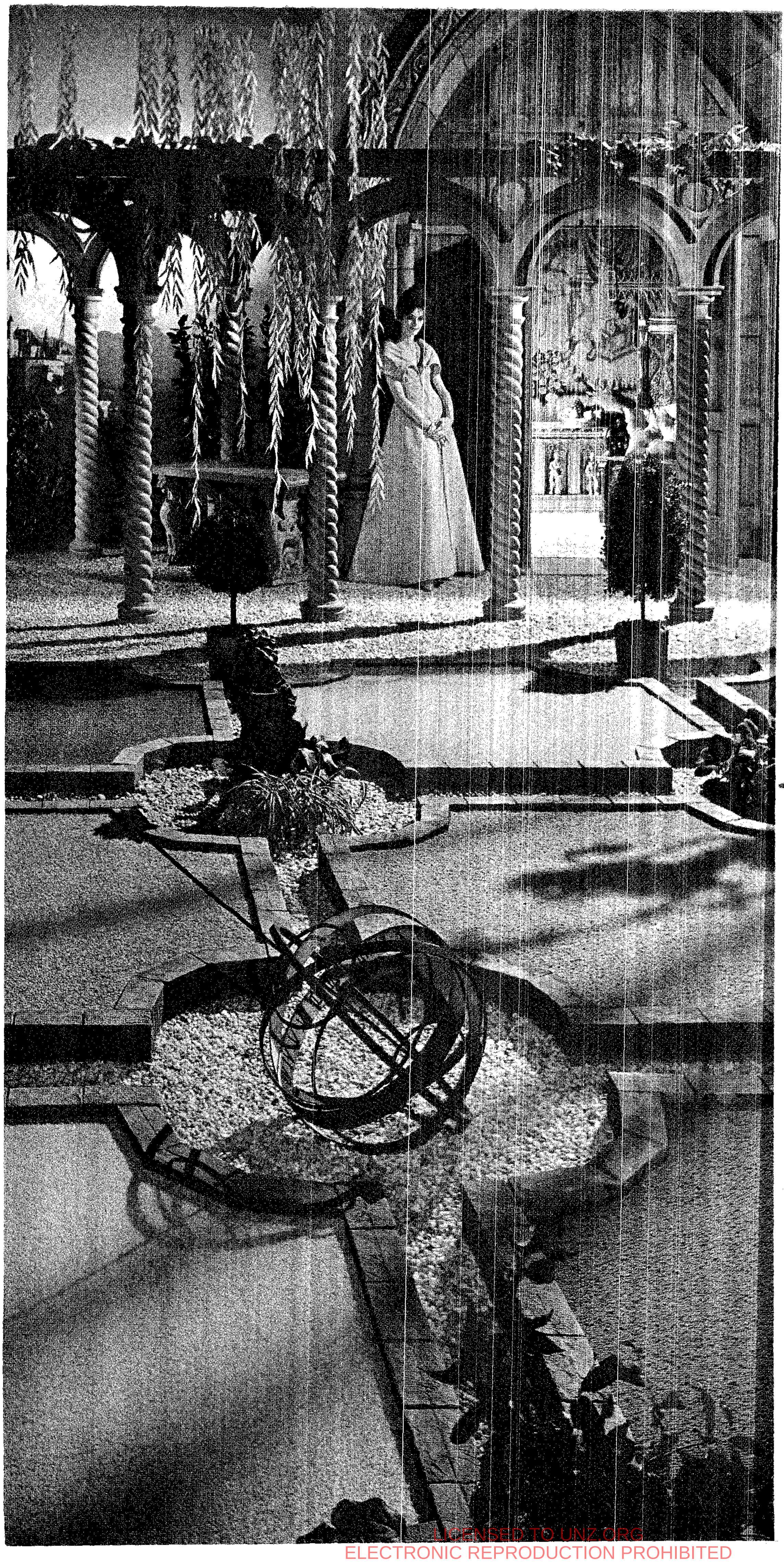

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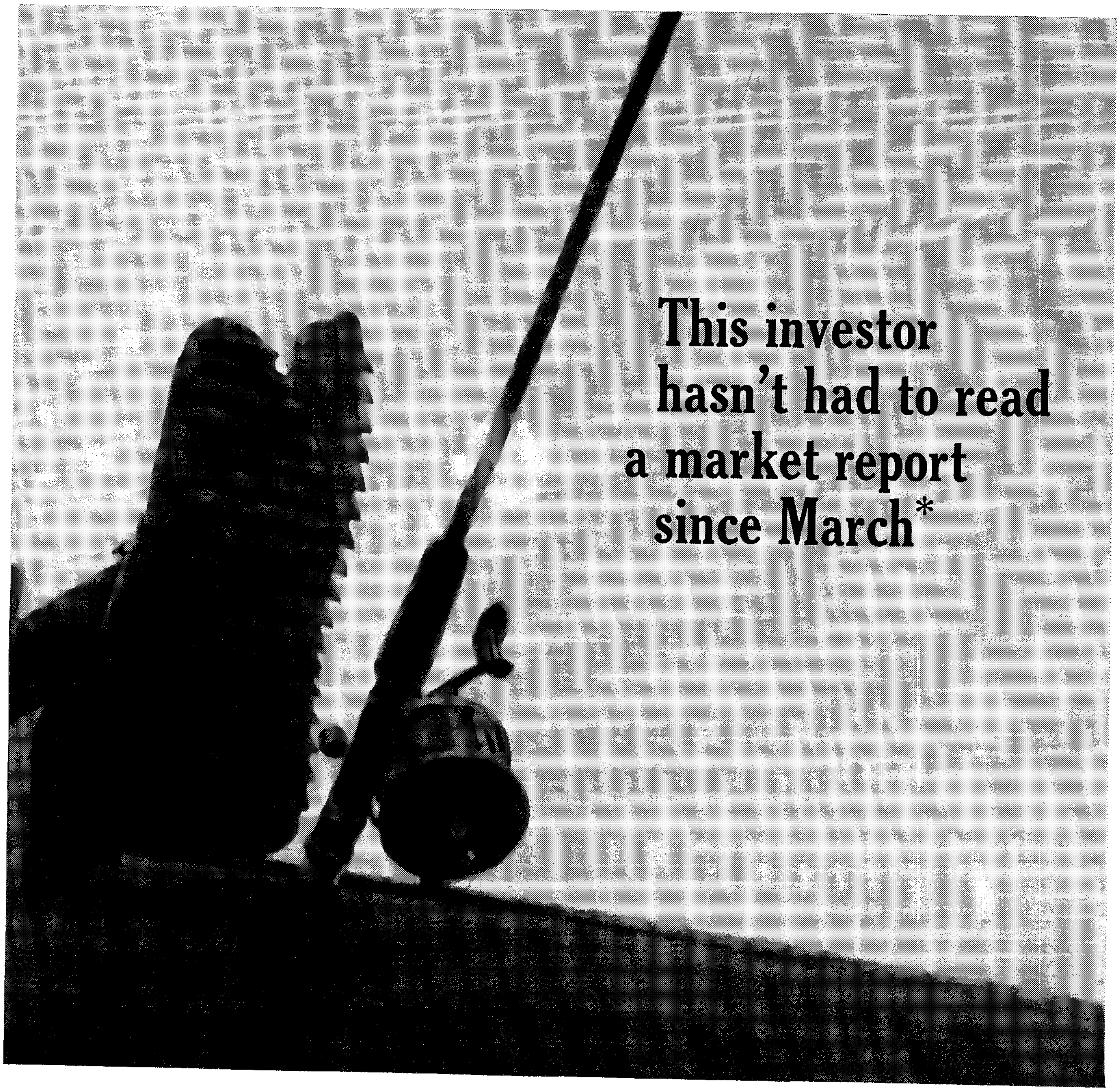

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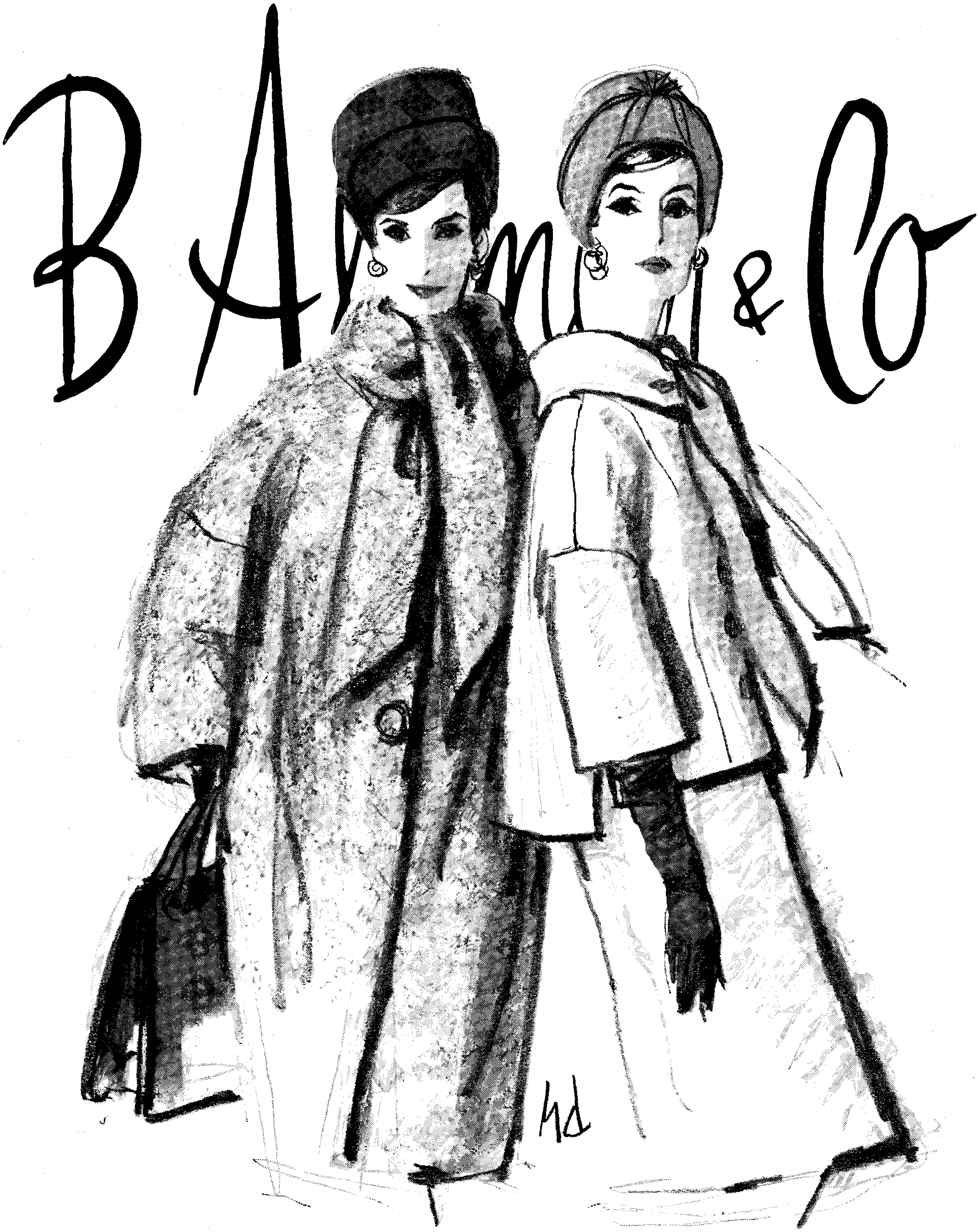

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LEONARD LYONS called us up the other day with a flash. "My old secretary left me to get married, and now she's doing part-time free-lance secretarial work," he said.

"Yes?" we said.

"The point is that she writes invitations at work and then goes home and accepts them," he said. "She knows the same people that I do and that the people she now works for do. For example, she writes invitations for Tobe Davis, Wilfred May, and Mrs. Max Schuster, and then she goes home and accepts them. She's on their guest lists, you see. I'm looking forward to meeting her at Mrs. Schuster's for lunch tomorrow."

We congratulated him on eating in a vertically mobile society.

Enhanced

HOW many fifty-four-year-old New Yorkers have four million dollars at their disposal simply to improve their appearance? Such is the lucky situation of the Hotel Plaza, which has just done over its fourteenth floor and The Terrace (formerly the Terrace Room), at a cost of three hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars, and is now going on to the thirteenth floor as part of a three-year restoration program that will account for the rest of the aforementioned sum. The press release that apprised us of this, and that got us over to Fifty-ninth Street to inspect the big start that has been made, was headed "The Plaza. A Hilton Hotel," but five minutes with its issuer, Edward M. Seay, who is the hotel's director of publicity, revealed that last year the management of The Plaza was taken over by the Hotel Corporation of America, which owns, *inter alia*, the Roosevelt; The Mayflower, in Washington; the Edgewater Beach, in Chicago; The Royal Orleans, in New Orleans; and The Carlton Tower, in London. Can The Plaza be economizing on its stationery in order to give its restorer, Mr. Henry End, as free a hand as possible? No such question passed our lips as Mr. Seay ushered us into the office of Neal Lang, a strikingly well-dressed man, with a rosebud in his buttonhole, who is The Plaza's vice-president and general manager.

Mr. Lang observed that The Plaza is eighteen per cent residential, and that it required a combination of tact and bullying to persuade its fourteenth-floor residents, some of whom had been there for fifteen years, to move out, so that their suites (with which, for the most part, they were perfectly satisfied) could be done over, but that he and his corporation operated on the principle of doing what was good for The Plaza.

"I think The Plaza is the exception that proves the rule," he said. "No mention of the hotel's name anywhere on the building. No coffee shops. No neon lights in the lobby to show you where the men's room is. That's *your* problem. Starting next month, we're going to bake our own bread and rolls. We've been buying bread and rolls, but I'm advised by our chef that they'll be better, and cost no more, if we bake them ourselves."

We were joined by Mr. End, an Englishman now resident in Miami, who told us that he had approached his Plaza stint in terms of the hotel's being like a palace. "I was in the R.A.F. six years," he said, "and after the war I worked on the restoration of bombed homes and shrines. I've recently been in London, finishing the interior design of The Carlton Tower. We went into contemporary with a vengeance. There's more regard for period furniture in America than in England. Motion-picture producers here do a better job on traditional sets than they do in Europe. I know a little about this, because I came to America, in 1946, as set designer for 'Forever Amber.' Later, I did 'Joan of Arc.' "

"No crullers on the menu at The Plaza," Mr. Lang said.

Leaving him and Mr. Seay to their duties, we followed Mr. End to the fourteenth floor. He paused in one of the corridors—restored, according to Mr. Seay's release, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars—and called our attention to its new, Aubusson-type carpet and its gold-and-white wallpaper. "We've tried to enhance what already exists," he said. "The Plaza is like a lady who over the years has become more beautiful, in a way, but whose wardrobe has been neglected."

Mr. End proceeded to lead us through several suites, done up in pewter, gold, and copper, where we inspected Moresque carpets, coffee tables topped with Italian marble, reproductions of hand-carved seventeenth-century Italian sconces, Italian Provincial television consoles, copies of Piranesi drawings, marble-topped luggage racks, brass and carved-wood lamps, *chinoiserie* wall panels, chandeliers galore, and a telephone in nearly every bathroom. The general effect was cheery.

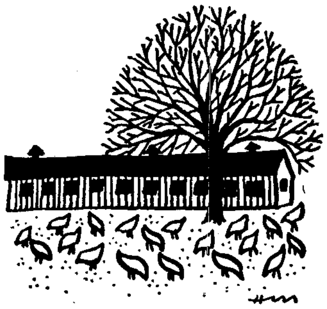
"When I finish designing the thirteenth floor, I'll go to Israel for a week to advise the government about exporting Israeli arts and crafts," Mr. End said as we descended to The Terrace. In The Terrace, he drew our attention to a color scheme of Venetian red and ivory, with "touches of metallic gold and suggestions of ebony," and to a fifteen-hundred-square-yard carpet reflecting classical motifs. "We've enlarged the original chandeliers here with additional arms," he said, "and in the furniture, wall panels, and so forth we've used muted colors, so people can't tell how new everything is. But we've added some oomph, don't you think?"

We nodded unequivocally, and left.

•

Incidental Intelligence: Dutch brands of cigarettes and pipe tobacco to be found in shops in Rotterdam this past summer included Westchester Country Club, Princeton Filter Toasted, Miss Blanche Virginia No. 1, Winfield Welcome Toasted American, Richmond High Class Virginia (Medium Strength), Mink Filter American, Golden Fiction Virginia, North State Superfine Ready Rolled, Hunter King Size, Dr. Dush Kind American, Roxy, Lexington, Paramount, Everest, Old Mac, Black Beauty, Blue Ribbon, and Alaska Filter Menthol Cooled.

Sponge



Mr. Arthur F. Bull, of Makerere University College, Uganda, is chairman of the East African Swahili Committee and one of the world's leading authorities on that increasingly important language. A very reserved Englishman of fifty-eight, with wavy gray hair and heavy dark-frame glasses, he has been giving a course in practically instant Swahili up at Columbia Teachers College, as part of the Teachers for Africa Project, sponsored jointly by the United States and British East Africa, under which sixty-two American teachers will be settling down to work this fall in the secondary schools of Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda. Because Mr. Bull has also been responsible for the proper matching of teacher and job, he spent several weeks visiting seats of learning throughout the country where the program is under way, and upon his return we called on him to learn his impressions and find out something about his specialty. "It's distinctly surprising, in view of the great American interest in Africa, how few of your universities have any programs of African studies," he said. (We gathered that by "surprising" he meant "deplorable" but was too polite to say so.) "A program of African studies should certainly include a thorough survey of African linguistics, but I've found only three American universities—Duquesne, Howard, and U.C.L.A.—that give courses in Swahili. This will not suffice for long. The sooner we prepare for the future, the better off we all shall be. *Usipoziba ufa utajenga ukuta.* That's the Swahili version of 'A stitch in time saves nine.'"

We asked if Swahili is a hard language to acquire, and Mr. Bull shook his head. "It's much easier to learn than European languages," he said. "In fact, it's probably the easiest to learn of all languages. I was speaking it fluently within three months of taking it up. That was in 1922, when I was about twenty and had just gone out to East Africa. The Treaty of Versailles formally transferred German East Africa from German to British and Belgian rule, and I went out there, under missionary auspices, to help reëstablish a system of schools that the Germans had introduced in Tanganyika and that had gone to pot during the war. English is spoken by less than one per cent of the native population, so you can see that a good knowledge of Swahili is a necessity."

Swahili isn't a true tribal language, Mr. Bull went on, but a combination of Bantu and Arabic. Understood by more than twenty million people scattered along the east coast of Africa from Somalia to Mozambique, it's the official language of Kenya and Tanganyika, and the unofficial language of a much wider area, which includes Uganda, Ruanda-Urundi, southern Somalia, and the eastern Congo provinces. Most of the credit for inventing it, Mr. Bull said, goes to seafaring Arab traders, who began to settle along the coast and intermarry with Bantus more than fifteen hundred years ago. (Its very name derives from "*sahil*," an Arabic word for "coast.") Down through the centuries, Swahili has been sopping up words from other languages like a thirsty sponge; in addition to a vast reservoir of Arabic words, it contains innumerable echoes of English, German, French, Portuguese, Turkish, Hindi, and Hebrew. Again thanks to the Arabs, Swahili is one of the indigenous African languages that have both a written form and a literature. Swahili was set down entirely in Arabic characters until the eighteen-forties, when a German missionary named Krapf arrived in Mombasa and set to work producing a Latinized version of the language. Nowadays, Swahili is usually written with twenty-four letters of the Western alphabet, "x" and "q" being replaced by "ks" and "kw."

When young Bull arrived in East Africa, some fifteen Swahili dialects were in common use. In 1930, the East African Swahili Committee was organized to work out a form of Swahili that would be acceptable throughout East Africa. "Bit by bit, a language known as Standard Swahili has come into being," Mr. Bull said. "At present, one of our Committee's most important jobs is working out Swahili equivalents for long lists of words submitted to us by lawyers and technicians. We often sit for hours trying to hit on precisely the right term. Sometimes we have to give up and create a new one. Swahili's syllabic construction has much in common with Latin, so words of Latin origin are easily assimilable. For instance, the word 'Latin' itself becomes '*Kilatin*,' while 'equator' becomes '*ekwta*.' Most of our modern Swahili words are derived from English. 'Radio' is an outright gift; it fits into Swahili without so much as a letter changed. 'Cinema' is changed only to '*sinema*,' 'inches' to '*inchi*,' 'foot' to '*futi*,' 'towels' to '*taweli*,' and 'pudding' to '*pudini*.' 'Bicycle' proved rather tricky and came out '*baiskeli*,' while 'motorcar' came out, quite happily, '*motakaa*.' 'Electricity' is an especially interesting case. The first place the natives encountered electricity was on the coastal steamers, and to this day the Swahili word for 'electricity' is '*stima*.'"

Problem Card

The Mermod-Jaccard-King Jewelry Store, of St. Louis, recently sent its entire stock of a going-away card back to the printer with the following explanation: "In view of the international situation, this card is too controversial for us to sell." The card showed a picture of George Washington superimposed on an American flag, and the going-away message was "Bon voyage, and beware of entangling alliances."

Toy

As we were walking along Fifty-ninth Street the other morning, we saw a Chinese boy run over to a horse-drawn cab parked at the curb a few yards west of General Sherman and pat the cab horse's pale nose. A Chinese man, who appeared to be the boy's father, came

"Yes, I suppose it was twelve years ago. Everything was twelve years ago."

• •

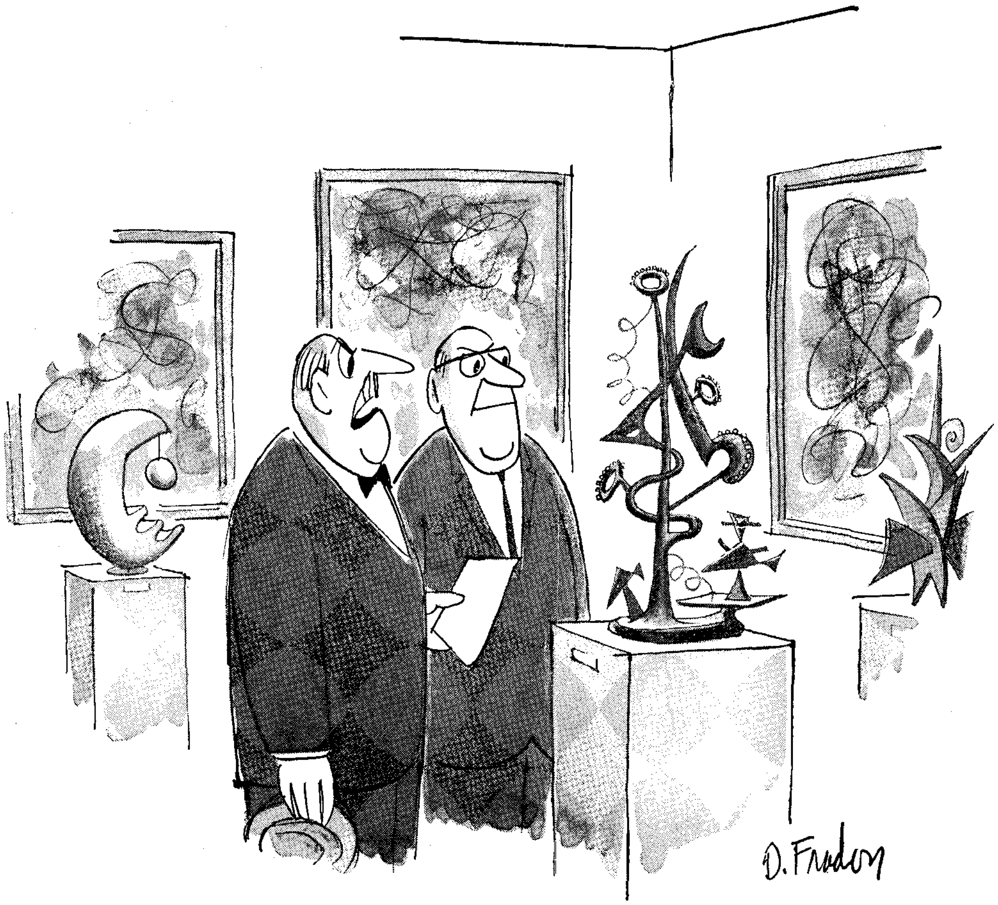
up and spoke to the driver of the cab, and their conversation went about like this:

DRIVER: "Your boy certainly has an eye for horses—tells me he was born in the Year of the Horse. Listen to this: *Néi go jái, haih ma nìn chēut sai, haih hóu wahn hei.* I learned that in Hong Kong, when I was in the Merchant Marine."

FATHER: "This is crazy, but don't I know you? My name is Han, Richard Han."

DRIVER: "Farrow, Mike Farrow. Dick Han! 1953! You're a long way from Korea, you son of a gun!"

Our pleasure at encountering this specimen of the classic recognition scene was, alas, short-lived. A third man rushed up, saying, "O.K., O.K., but you got to show a little more enthusiasm," and we realized that what we had observed was a rehearsal, and not real life. Glancing about, we noticed



"I certainly hope they don't include this stuff in the gross national product!"

• •

two bearded young men unloading a movie camera and a mike from a station wagon while half a dozen other people busied themselves with preparations for shooting. We approached the least busy-looking one, a lady in a pretty Kelly-green dress, and asked her what the shooting was all about. We had chosen well, because the lady, Therese Orkin by name, proved to be one of the two producers of the picture, and without hesitation she marched us over to the stone steps at the base of the General's statue, invited us to sit with her on the steps, and launched into a full account of the project.

"The picture is called 'Wondrous Toy,'" she said. "The original story outline was written by Irving Sunasky, who's directing. A writer named Tommy Miller helped write the screenplay with Irving, who has lots of stage, screen, and TV experience. My co-producer, Mildred Dienstag, teaches horticulture at Benjamin Franklin High School and once staged an off-Broadway play with Irving, but I've no professional theatrical experience at all. I got into this through E. Y. Harburg, an old friend, who introduced me to Irving, and I'm learning fast. I like to tell our investors that the picture is the country's first low-budget full-length dramatic film in color, with dialogue, to be shot entirely on location."

How long is full-length, we asked, and how low is low-budget? Eighty-six minutes was Miss Orkin's answer to the first question, and well below a hundred thousand dollars was her answer to the second. "In general, the picture's about a Chinese-American family in New York City," she said. "In particular, it's about their friendship with an old man who drives a horse cab. The horse is very important in the story. It dies and has to have a decent burial, because the old man has promised it that it wouldn't end up in a glue factory. I'm sure this is the first film ever made in this country about an ordinary Chinese family. People have such romantic, off-in-space notions about Chinatown. We want to show it as it is and show its relation to the rest of the city. We started shooting on the twenty-second of July and hope to finish by the tenth of September. We've shot at sixty-two different places. All over Chinatown, of course, and most of the way up Fifth Avenue. Andrew Goodman, of Bergdorf Goodman, let us shoot from the windows of his store one Saturday, when it was closed. A friend at the Savoy Hilton let us use an empty suite with a balcony facing the Park, and we shot from there. The farthest we've gone on location is Bear Mountain, where we shot an excursion of the Chinese Hand Laundry Association. The things I've learned about shooting a movie on the streets of Manhattan!" Miss Orkin rolled her eyes, and we begged for elucidation.

"Well, for one thing, you have to go to the Department of Commerce and Public Events and tell them where you'll be and when," she said. "They clear the location for you by phoning the police precinct concerned. You're allowed to shoot on the streets any day except Sunday, and at no charge. When it comes to parks, things get more complicated. The Parks Department charges a minimum fee of fifteen dollars for each location and makes you list the exact number of people, animals, vehicles, and pieces of equipment involved. They won't let you shoot on Saturdays or Sundays, and you can shoot on the other days only from nine to five, except at the Zoo, where they won't let you shoot after 11 A.M. Still, they let us get into an empty birdcage, and we took some fine shots of children on the outside looking in. Surprising how coöperative everyone has been! The script calls for burying the dead horse on Staten Island. First, I phoned the office of the Borough President, to ask about getting a barge to carry the supposed dead horse to Staten Island. The Borough President's office suggested phoning the Department of Marine and Aviation, which referred me to the marine-towing firm of McAllister Brothers, which said we could have a tug and barge free if we sailed only as far as the end of their pier but if we went any farther we'd have to pay by the hour. We went a lot farther, for a total of five hours. I haven't got the bill for that extravagance yet."

The supposed dead horse is really twenty yards of unbleached muslin stuffed into a likely shape under a tarpaulin, and its burial place on Staten Island is really a corner of the former Ethel Barrymore estate, in Mamaroneck. "A friend has bought the Barrymore place and is turning it into a real-estate development," Miss Orkin said. "He had a bulldozer handy, so we were able to give our muslin horse a nice square grave. Most of the actors we're using, even for minor roles, are professionals. The old cabdriver is Dr. Gabriel Mason, the retired principal of the Abraham Lincoln High School. Irving went to Abraham Lincoln High, and when he was casting the cabby he thought of Dr. Mason, who has always done a certain amount of acting on the side. We rent the horse—I mean the living horse—from a stable. She pulls a cab in real life as well as in our picture. Her name is Molly. We wanted to call her Leprechaun in the picture, but we found we weren't able to, because Molly responds to directions only if she's addressed by her real name."

Warning

OUR Third Avenue correspondent dropped into the office last week with a report on a conversation he'd had on one of his prowls. He was passing Costello's Restaurant very late one night, he informed us, and noticed through the window a lone figure seated at the bar—an old gentleman named Coffee, whom he had not seen around for some time. Our correspondent decided he'd go in and have a nightcap with Mr. Coffee.

"This old fellow was a dispatcher on the Third Avenue streetcar line," our man told us. "About seventy, he is, and retired now, of course. A great reader. He's a Civil War buff, although he came over here as a boy from County Mayo. It's probably because he had a great-uncle who fought with Corcoran's Brigade and was wounded at the Battle of Fair Oaks. Anyway, that's what he claims. As I came in, Mr. Coffee was saying to the bartender, who had got himself way down to the other end of the bar, 'It's a conspiracy, that's what it is. It's as plain as the nose on your face.'

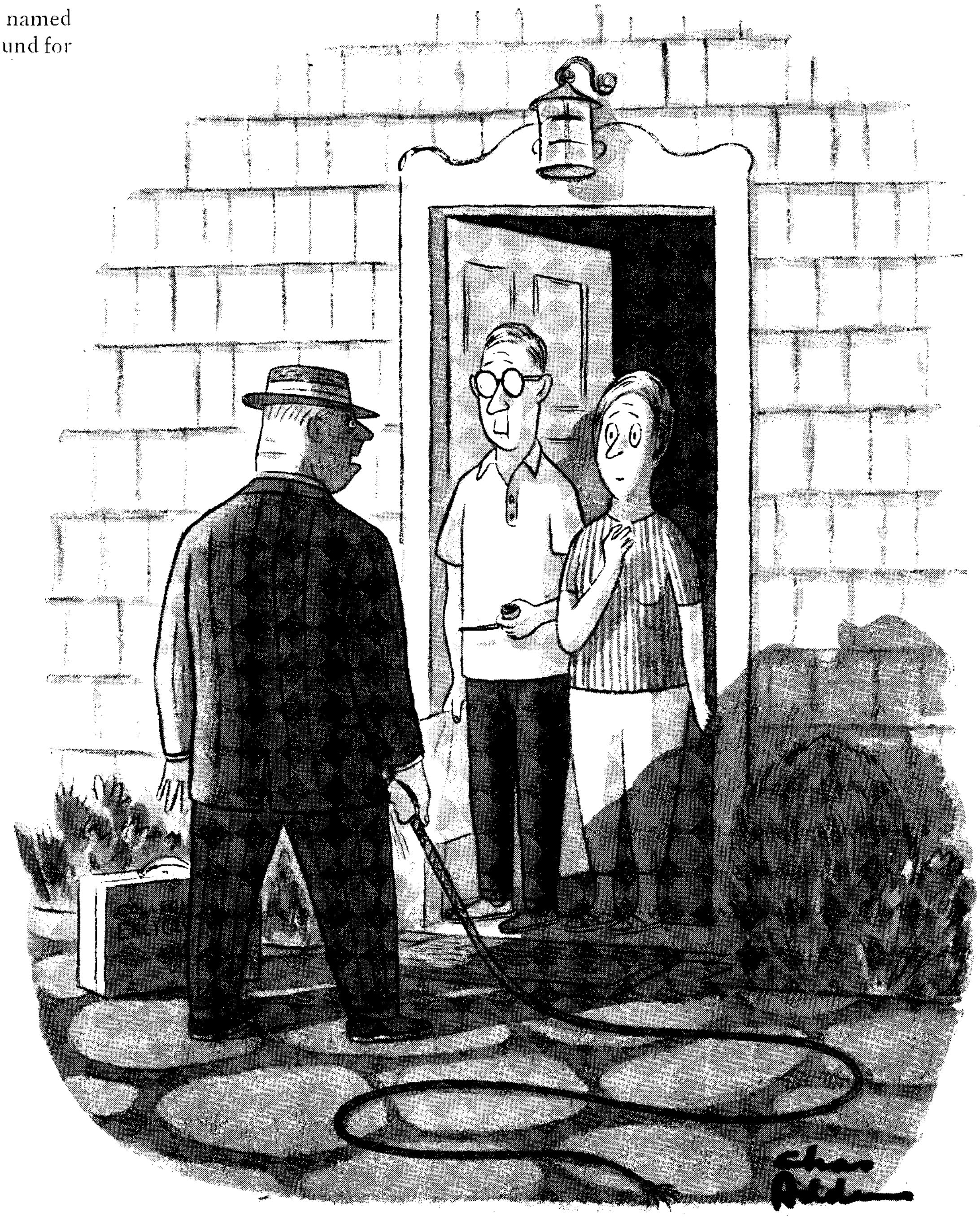
"I came up behind old Coffee and signalled to the bartender for a beer. 'What's a conspiracy, Mr. Coffee?' I said.

"He turned and looked at me as though I'd been there all along, instead of not having laid eyes on him for six, eight months. 'Why, this reënactment of the Civil War,' he said. 'Anyone with the sense of a baby can see what those devils are up to. They're getting the uniforms, and the guns, and the cannons, and God alone knows what else—and they're getting it all with federal money, mind you—and they're going to fight all those battles over again, and *this* time they're going to win.'

" 'You mean the Confederates?' I asked.

" 'Of course, of course—the Rebels,' said Mr. Coffee. 'They've started with their speech of secession already, and they've made fools out of us again at First Manassas—that's the battle my Great-Aunt Nora's husband always called Bloody Run. Now they'll go on to Shiloh, Slaughter's Mountain, Ball's Bluff, Antietam, Brandy Station, Gettysburg—the whole perishing list of battles—and each time they'll get a little stronger and a little sneakier, and then one fine day they'll up and announce that the first verdict was a mistake and they've won the Civil War after all. Oh, we're a lot of blithering fools, I can tell you that. What other government in the whole world would allow such a thing to occur? Would the Red Bolsheviks let an army of the Czar's men take over their cities and put on a show with guns and uniforms and artillery and what all? Would *Franco* do such a thing? Would the Red Chinese Communists allow old Chiang to come back and stage a rerun of their war? Not likely, they wouldn't! It's what's known as reversing the process of history, and all we do is just sit and watch while they get ready to take over half the country.'

"Well, by that time it was getting late and the bartender was showing signs of wanting to close the place, so I finished my beer and said good night to Mr. Coffee."



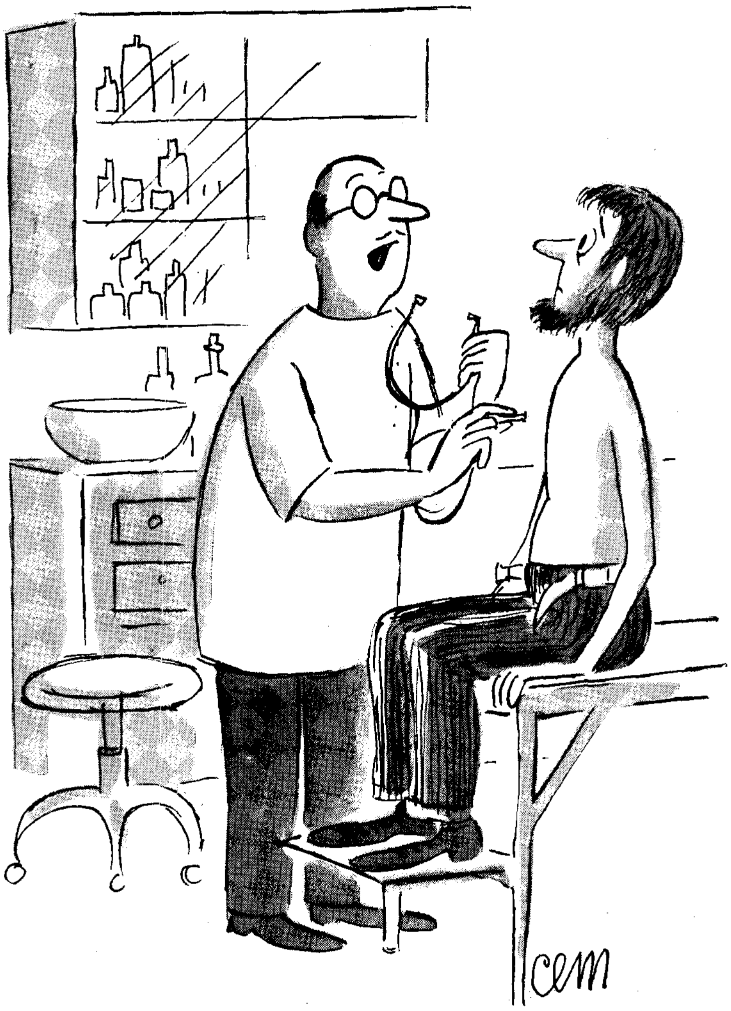
"Our advertisement said no *salesman* *would call. I am not a salesman."*

TANGLED WEB

DO you sometimes try to identify with others? Do you want to—as the word goes—relate? Oh, I don't mean with your next-door neighbor, the Sunday-bird-walk crowd, your newsboy, your laundryman. No, I mean with someone you don't run into every day—the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States, the Panchen Lama. Well, *I* do, now and then. I think it's friendly. But lately I decided to stop biting off more than I can chew. Identifying with the Lama was comparatively simple. (A little encyclopedia work, a little James Hilton, and so Tibet.) The real trouble came when I tried it with a young couple in an advertisement by Revlon, Inc.

Both of these people are sleek, both are dressed to kill. Each is gazing quizzically at the other. The man is wearing a dinner jacket and is lying on the ground. The girl sits there beside him, holding a flower limply in one hand, and in the other, nervelessly, a bunch of grapes. She is wearing jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels—a diamond, or perhaps sapphire, necklace (the light is blue)—plus a gown by Pierre Balmain for Bergdorf Goodman. Presumably, she is also wearing Touch and Glow, a liquid make-up by Revlon for Revlon. Beside them is the admonition—the quizzical admonition—"Why tell him it's make-up . . . He's convinced it's you."

What kind of advice is that? At first blush, it seems that the man is a dunce and the girl is just a chatterbox. The Revlon people may merely be saying to her, "Some men *are* dunces. If you've got one, don't push your luck." Or to the rest of us, "Here is a man-about-town. He is twenty-odd or even thirty. He is giving a girl the eye from six inches off her left shoulder, and still he doesn't know that she is wearing makeup. It beats all. What does he think she does—pinch her cheeks put apples in them? the other hand, here l, twenty-odd her- a guess, aglow with our stuff and Van Cleef & Arpels', who is about to blab that she might as well be nothing *but* Revlon. She ought to shut up."



"Young man, you're from Sicksville."

Yes, but then you get to thinking there could be more to it. The man may be a dunce, but the girl is clearly a case. I couldn't recall any other woman needing the advice this one was getting. What is she, I wondered—some sort of an anchoress? She looks more like a *femme fatale*. Would Revlon have felt obliged to warn, say, Cleopatra not to jabber ("*Why tell him? Romans are dumb.*")? I scrutinized the picture once again.

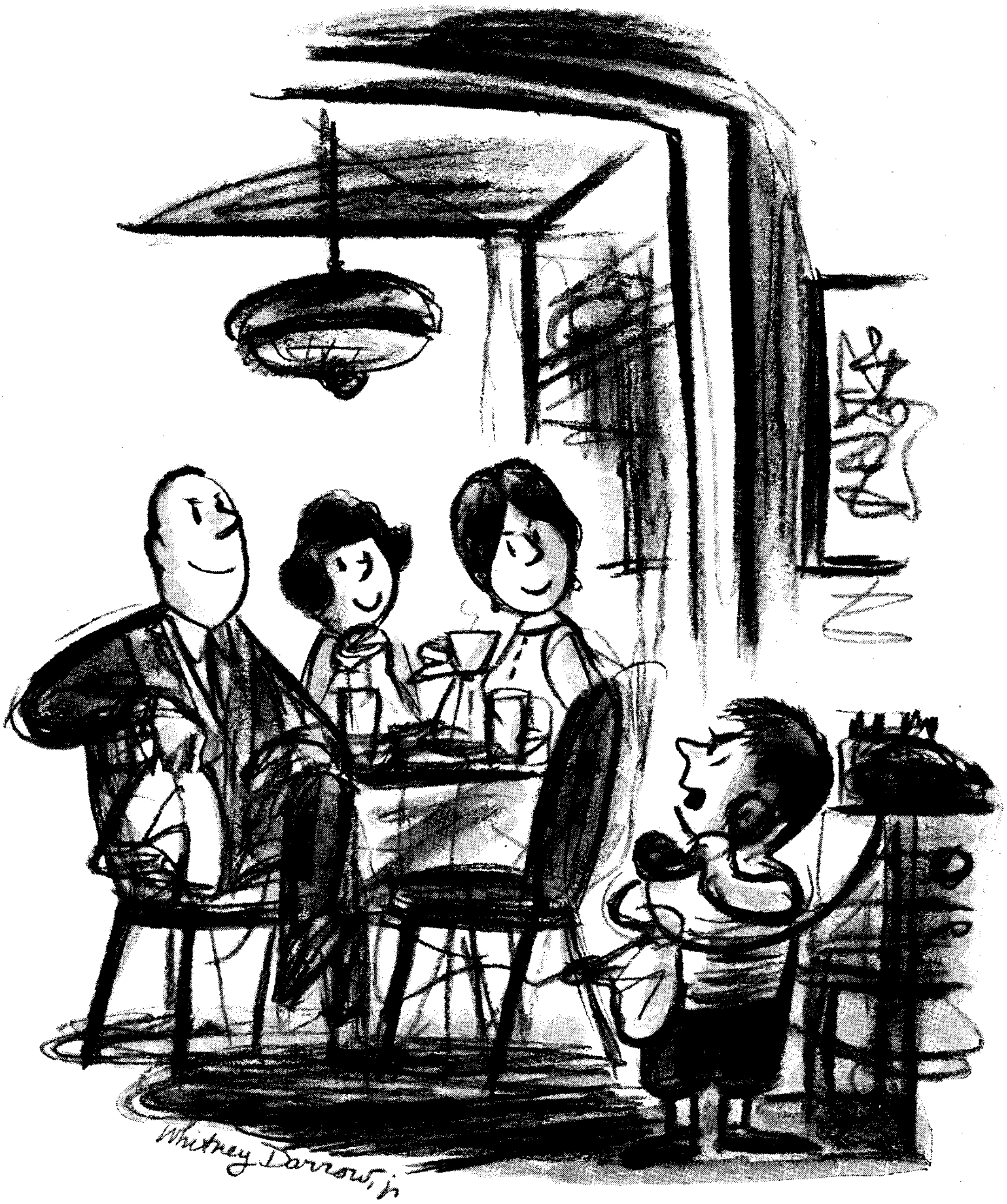
On a pale cloth in front of the couple are glasses of white wine, a burning candle, a few plums, more grapes, some peaches, other fruits. Nearby is a cluster of reddish foliage. In the background are a number of birch trees. Ferns are everywhere. This is a picnic! And what, on the face of it, could be more delightful—more wholesome for young people? But—a Balmain gown at a picnic? A diamond necklace? A crystal-and-silver candleholder? A dinner jacket? No devilled eggs? No pickles?

The more I looked, the more I felt that these people were surely not well. Who could say what world of private torment they were living in? It was the world of perfume-and-cosmetic advertising, to be sure, and I decided that before I could presume to relate to them I would have to explore some of the recesses of that world.

I did, and I tell you, what I found was plenty. The troubles of that couple began long ago, and the cosmetic-and-perfume people have done all they could to escalate them. "Is it love . . . or *Crescendo?*" asks a shadowy Lanvin woman cringing behind a bottle of that fragrance. Another Lanvin woman asks the same whimpering question while clutching the hand of a gentleman friend who is stroking her hair. *These* girls have *problems*. "Falling in love again? Put the blame on Crêpe de Chine," says F. Millot. "If he's suddenly serious (it's Shalimar)," says Shalimar by Guerlain, skittering into a parenthesis. And, as we all know, "He loves my mommy's Arpège," says a downcast little girl, a creature of Lanvin's, while a little boy, in God knows what world of private torment, kisses her.

There are other pictures, other responses, other trapped creatures. Sometimes the message is pressed home less directly. "Don't play games. Win with Canasta," says Parfums Jacques Fath. (If you win, it's not you, it's the product.) "This is the woman primeval in you," says Maja by Myrurgia. (It's not you, it's a *Doppelgänger*.) But enough is enough. Suffice to say that as we turn back to Revlon's couple and ask once more, "How come?," we have our work cut out for us.

ACCORDING to my hypothesis (which I think is as likely as anything anybody else is going to turn up with), this girl began long ago to lose touch with the world that many of us think of as real. The boy next door was crazy about her mother's perfume, and the kid kept dousing herself with it to get him to kiss her. After a while, she discovered that


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Look, Ed, can I call you back later?"

he hardly knew she was there. This, of course, made her hostile toward Arpège, not to mention her mother. She tried other scents, and the boy took a powder. She grew older, and, product by product, her identity slipped away. *They* took over. She lay awake nights: "He loves me, he loves Crescendo." When someone was suddenly serious, she put the blame on Crêpe de Chine. She was wearing Shalimar at the time. For a while, she tried to free herself—to win on her own. But who won? Canasta. And then there was always that Myrurgian cavewoman trotting along just behind her. So at last she succumbed—she just plain *identified* with perfume. She was about to go whole hog and identify with makeup as well when Revlon inadvertently stopped her with its loaded question. Uncomprehending and dimly grateful, she asked a trusted friend to get her some Touch and Glow. He said he would.

And what do we know about the trusted friend? We know that he is a quick man with a promise and that he has read the ads. "Promise her anything but give her Arpège," Lanvin advises. Our man is, as it turns out, the neighbor boy, who has drifted back. Naturally, he has grown up with a tic—he is always sniffing. He has been trying to locate some Arpège again, because subconsciously he mistakes it for girls. For Miss Right. (You can see him now and again when he is hunting around over at Lenthéric. In their ads, he sniffs and sniffs at Tweed products. "Carol wears this," he says wistfully. "Ann wears this. Eve"—get it?—"wears this." *He* wears a wrenched look. They are only names and a whiff of something he can't place.) But finally he does locate some Arpège, and what does he do? Buys it and takes it straight to his old borderline friend with the Arpège trauma, the girl next door—old bluebird-of-happiness-after-all, old put-up-with-anything—to whom he promised Touch and Glow.

I SUPPOSE she just blew her stack when he showed up. Lost *all* touch. Put on her Balmain gown, sent him home for his tux, threw herself a picnic. Like an Italian movie. All togged out, lots of wine, lots of grapes, couldn't care less. Who wants pickles? For what does she think she is, by now? Just Arpège and a little makeup. And what does *he* think she is? Well, he's convinced she's she, all right, but to him that's the *same* as Arpège. They are both quite happy, in a way, but they are nobody that anyone on *this* side could relate to.

I ought to say that the Revlon people do add an afterthought. "And it *is* you," they insist, but the word comes late. So it is, so it is—but in that world, who speaks for whom? One thing I know is that if I were a girl I wouldn't fool with men who drive you insane with promises and then turn up grinning like monkeys and plunk down the same old bottle. I would stave them off until someone came along who didn't know one product from the other. And while I was waiting, I would pinch my cheeks occasionally—to put apples in them, *naturellement*, for I would want to be pretty, but also just to make sure that I was there. —ROBERT HENDERSON

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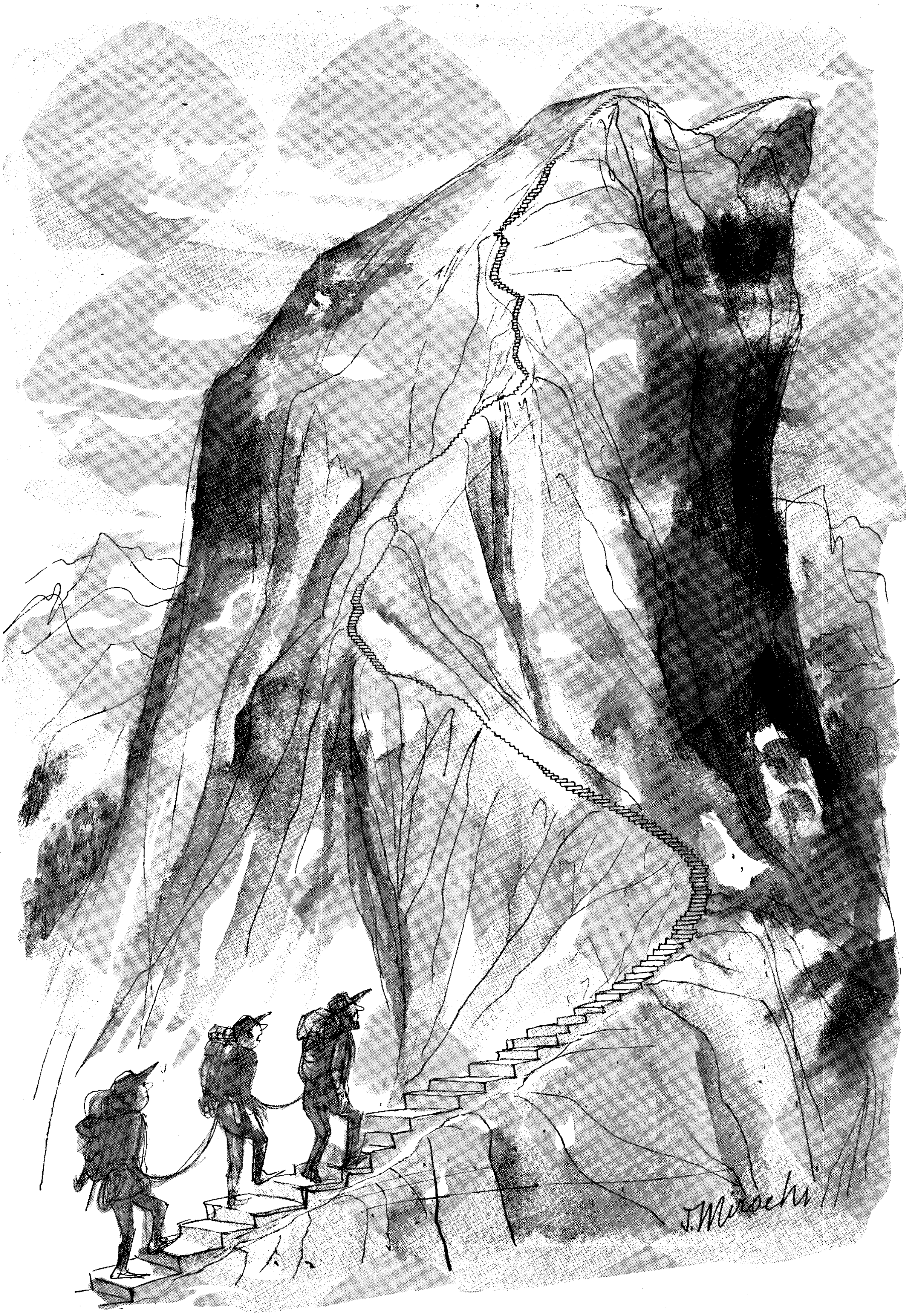
Lightning split the darkened sky. The earth quivered with each thunderbolt as we scurried for cover at the Athens airport.

"Our flight will be delayed," said my Greek guide Denis Tateos, watching giant, dirty clouds collide. "The gods are warring again."—*The National Geographic.*

Why *do* people want to go to Greece?



"*Yeah, it's handy, but I still say the old challenge is gone.*"

TAKE IT EASY, IRMA

"NO girls in this band," Augie Leonard said. "Girls in a band are trouble." We were sitting, I remember, at the counter of the Mona Lisa Ice Cream Shop, a shady rendezvous not far from high school. I could barely understand him. He was sucking on a chunk of cracked ice, and some record—"Song of India" or "Sometimes I'm Happy," I suppose—was thumping from the jukebox behind us.

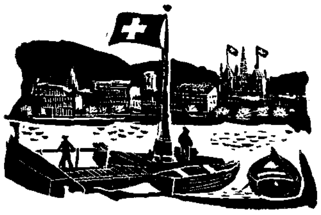
"Not Irma Kohler," I said. "She's no trouble. Wait'll you meet her." Our band had no piano; Irma played the piano, and at this point she seemed to me our last hope. Augie had transferred to our school that year from Saginaw, Michigan, farther upstate. Soon after he arrived, he had successfully persuaded a number of us to form a dance band—a purely private enterprise, for this was in the fall of 1937, some time before officially sponsored swing bands became part of the music curriculum in American high schools. Augie had played trumpet for a couple of years around Saginaw with a group called the Fiery Five, and now he wanted a band at least twice as big. This, he had told us, would be a good year for big bands, both sweet and swing.

So far, we had recruited nine men from the high-school marching band: two trumpets (including Augie), a trombone (me), two alto and two tenor saxes, a bass fiddle (who played a sousaphone in the school band), and a drummer who doubled as vocalist. Augie planned to lead our band from his seat in the brass section. But we couldn't locate a piano player, and without one our rhythm was weak and the band just didn't hold together. None of those we had heard were right. Some played only by ear, some had no ear, and a few were good enough to want pay for rehearsal time, which was clearly out of the question. Or they were girls.

I had proposed Irma before in jest. I was proposing her now in desperation. We had come from another desolate session in the basement of the Community Church—where we had just been asked to find another place to rehearse—and the empty thunk and swish of bass and drums, uneasily trying to fill in the hole where a piano should have been, was still in our ears. Without somebody to play the piano, we were cooked. "All right, what *about* Irma Kohler?" Augie said, and fished out another chunk of ice from his Coke.

I didn't know much about her, except that she played classical music and had been playing the piano as long as I could remember. So far as I knew, I told Augie, her only outside interest, her only "activity," was the piano. Under her picture in the high-school annual—she had graduated the previous spring—there was nothing but "Talent Assembly, 1929-37" and "*Still waters run deep*." She had taken part in the Talent Assembly, an annual benefit for the school book fund, every year since she was in the fifth grade, and by this time she was a town tradition. Each year it was just the same. They'd wheel the grand piano out onstage, one of the boys would walk back again to bring out the bench, and someone would cry from the audience, "Here comes Irma!" Out she would come, wearing a new blue dress, her hair in a fresh permanent. She would stand at the piano facing us, bow a jerky little bow, and tell us, in a thin voice, that she would play for us an étude of Chopin's or the "Rondo Capriccioso," by Felix Mendelssohn—some piece of music that we had never heard. Once she had seated herself and begun to play, we were more comfortable. Until then, it was all most of us could do to keep from laughing.

"What was so darned funny?" Augie asked me after I had described Irma's public performances. I couldn't tell him, really. It was just that we saw her every day, and she was so plain and ordinary, and then there she would be up on the stage, once a year, trying to look like a performer. She was so dedicated, and she took it all so seriously, and the contrast between the once-a-year Irma and the school-day Irma was just too much. But she wasn't really so funny, I said to Augie finally, she was sort of sad.



She could play the piano, though, I was sure of that, and she wouldn't be any trouble in the band. None of the guys would be fighting over *her*. Not that she was ugly or peculiar. She was just plain—a pale blond German girl from the other side of Michigan Street, who hadn't yet lost her baby fat, with straight, thin yellow hair that she kept trying, hopelessly, to curl. Her father was Ed Kohler, the butcher, and her friends, if she had any, must all be from the German part of town. No one I knew knew her any better than I did. She hadn't gone on to college; she was working at Sears, Roebuck, downtown. She wore cotton dresses, usually, that looked homemade, and low-heeled shoes.

"Low heels," Augie said. I think that may have convinced him that Irma would be harmless, at least. No girl in low heels could break up a band. Our girls, the girls around the Mona Lisa that year—Peggy and Clara and Jean and Red, the girls who would drink whiskey-and-Coke and play hearts with us—wore sweaters, knotted kerchiefs, tweed skirts, perfume, and heels that were high for that time. They could be trouble; we liked them, but we wouldn't have them around the band. "Let's go talk to Irma," Augie said.

I thought it would be better to talk to her father first. Ed Kohler, who had a pork store on Michigan Street that had been started by his father in the eighteen-eighties, was about the most approachable man in the town. He was bustling and charitable, active in the Legion and the Lions, in on every kind of civic affair. He liked to encourage enterprise in the young, and had always been an easy touch for tickets to the school plays and concerts, or advertisements in the yearbook. Everyone in the school band knew him, certainly, for he sat next to us at football and basketball games, off at one side in the front row. Now and then, lifted to his feet by some pounding march, he would stand before us beating out the time and humming, swaying like a captive balloon in a light breeze. His features were massive and noble, a little larger than life-size, as if he were wearing a heroic mask. He weighed perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds, which he carried with grace and, most of the time, good humor. People called him Tiny and laughed along with him. They were sorry, I think, that his one daughter had turned out so plain and shy.

We saw Mr. Kohler in his shop that afternoon, with Augie, who was a lot more persuasive than I could have been, doing most of the talking. Augie had a wide-open face, a nose twisted slightly askew, and the habit of underlining what he said with short, abrupt nods.

"We expect a lot of hard work at first, Mr. Kohler," I heard him saying, "but we'll have some fun, and I figure we ought to do pretty well. This will be a good year for big bands. Full orchestration, lots of style, plenty of brass, everybody singing words back of the vocal, like 'Marie.' That's what people want. I figure we can get all the jobs we can handle. Fraternity dances up the hill, the school, things at the country club."

"Some of the lodges, maybe," Mr. Kohler said.

"Sure, some of the lodges. Maybe the firemen's ball."

We already had most of the band, I said. Nine pieces—it was going to be a *small* big band—but we had to have someone really good on piano. Would Irma . . . ?

"We thought we'd talk to you first, Mr. Kohler," Augie said.

He stood behind the counter, listening to us, nodding, saying little. Then he asked us a few questions. Where would we rehearse? We weren't quite sure. How many nights a week? Two, maybe three. How much would the band make? Thirty-five, maybe fifty a night. He would talk to Irma about it that night, he said. He couldn't be sure. "Maybe it's a good idea," he said at last. "Maybe Irma doesn't have enough to do. Why don't you come over on Sunday afternoon and listen to her play?"

It took Augie and me quite a while to find the Kohlers' house on Sunday. They lived in a lace-curtain neighborhood in the old part of town, where the lots were narrow and the two-story gray frame houses were set close together. Irma came to the door—I had somehow expected her father—and I introduced Augie. She looked nicer than I thought she would, though no prettier. She still had some summer tan, and her hair, bleached by the sun, was longer and gathered at the nape of her neck.

We went into the living room, where there was a baby-grand piano near the front window. Augie and I sat down on a sofa upholstered in faded green mohair. Irma sat opposite us in a matching chair. "I wanted to talk to you for a minute before Father came down," she began. She spoke hurriedly, with just the echo of a German accent. "Of course, you were both very nice to want me to play with you, to play in your band. Father is interested, and if you know Father, you know what *that* means."

I was puzzled. "We just wanted to talk it over with you, Irma," I said.

She turned a little toward me. "How could *you* think I would be right for you? My training is classical; I can't play dance music. I'm not a snob, I don't mean that. I just mean I don't think I could play your music if I tried."

Augie leaned forward, elbows on his knees. "It's the same notes, Miss Kohler," he said. "Just less of them. If you can play Liszt, or Bach—"

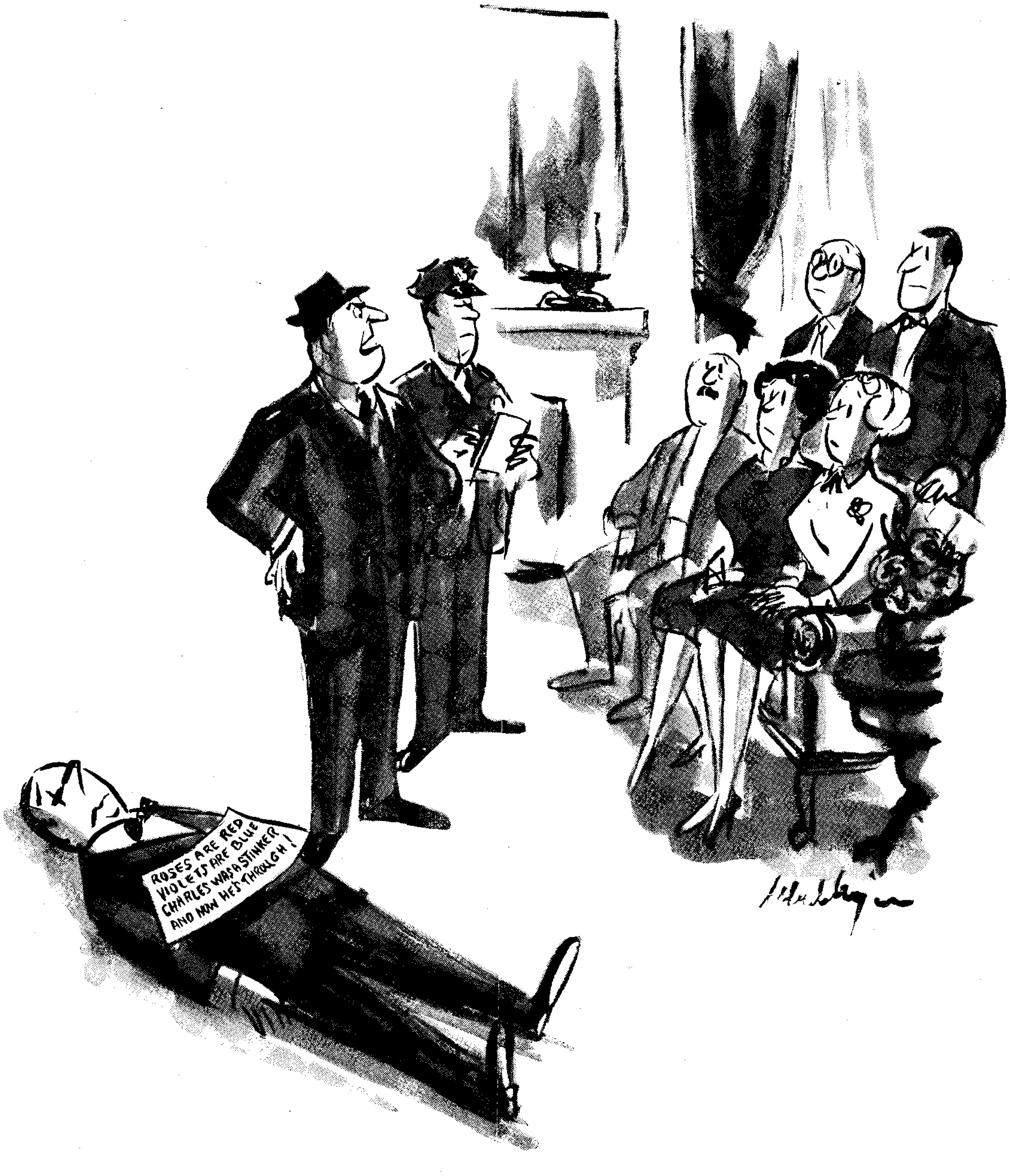
Irma went on as if she hadn't heard. "I really don't think it would be wise, and my teacher thinks it would be most unwise, but my father . . ." She looked at me again. "You should have come to me first, you know," she said.

"Well, Augie and I thought—"

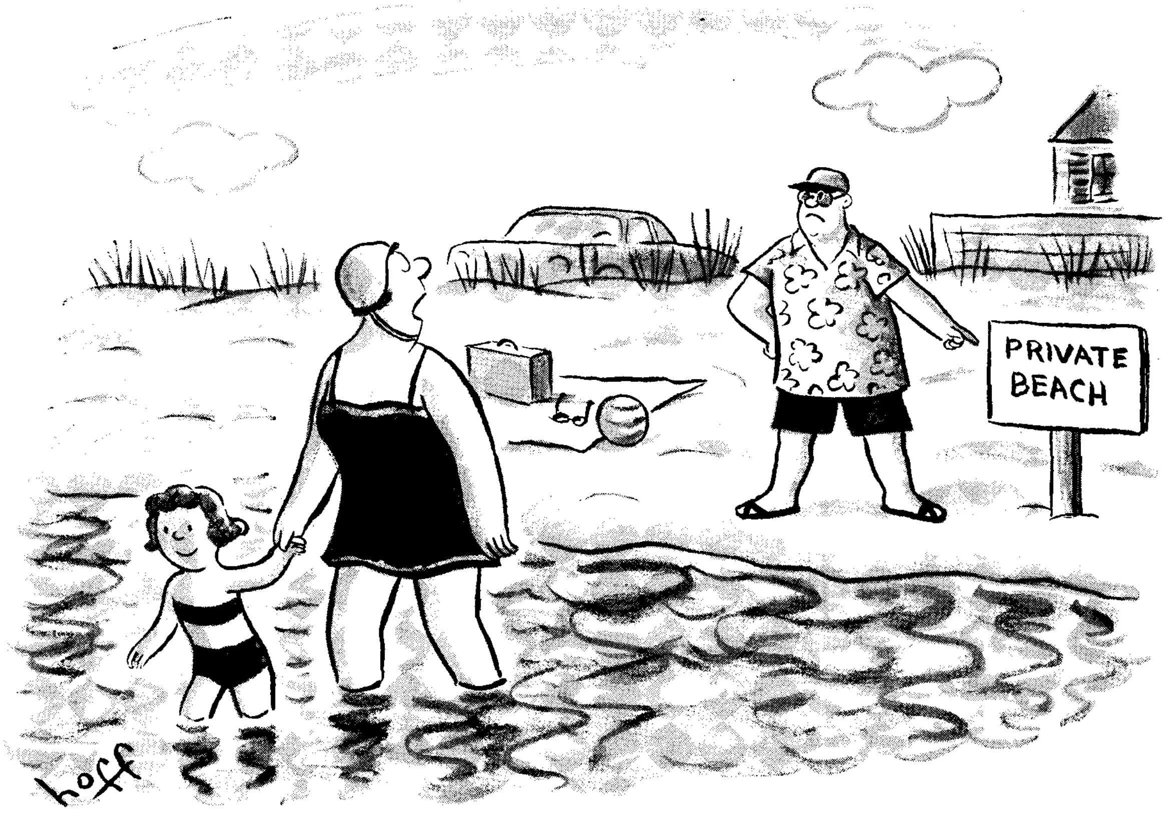
"I know what you thought. You thought you could get to me through him. But I'd love to play for you, anything you wish." She rose and went over to the piano.

She played for an hour or so, one piece after another, stormily at first but with more calm as the hour went on. Shortly after she began, her father tiptoed in, greeted us silently, and sat down. Whenever Irma paused, Mr. Kohler would say "Very good" or "That was very good this time, Irma," and we would echo him. I was still embarrassed by Irma's chiding, so I was probably not a fair judge, but it seemed to me that everything she played sounded a little the same—too polished, too regular. Yet by the time she was through, there was no question in our minds. We wanted her in the band.

We asked her finally to run through some popular music for us, but before she began, Mrs. Kohler came in—as plain as her daughter—and we stopped to have coffee and kuchen and talk about what a wonderful pianist Irma was. Irma said little; she was clearly unmoved by our praise. Then Irma took some sheet music out of the piano bench



"*All right! Who's the poet?*"



"This is God's ocean."

and played "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "My Man," and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." She was note-perfect again, but somehow she made the tunes resemble each other. "Your left hand is very solid," Augie said. "That's good." Then we asked her to read off at sight a few of the piano parts from the band's arrangements. She stumbled a little at first, but in less than an hour, while Mr. Kohler moved about the room like a nervous pigeon, she caught on and began turning them out note for note—"Sweet Leilani" or "Sophisticated Lady," it didn't matter to her. I saw Augie's shoulders stiffen when Irma went through "Sweet Leilani" with the precision of a brass band playing a Goldman march. "She's as steady as a clock," he said to me. "That's what we need."

She had a lot to learn, but once or twice when Augie, who played the piano after a fashion, sat down next to her and worked over a phrasing with her, Irma picked it right up. It became pretty clear that she wanted to play with us. "What do you mean, you can't play this music?" Augie said to her. "Who do you think you're kidding?"

"But you'll have to be patient with me," she said to Augie, smiling a little, and that was that.

"You should hear her play 'Schnitzelbank,' " Mr. Kohler said.

"Oh, Father, stop clowning," Irma said.

There were more details to go over. No pay, of course, until the band began to get work, and then, like the rest of us, an even share of what we took in. We said that Irma had a good sense of rhythm and a good ear and that she would pick things up fine once she'd rehearsed a few times with the band—after we found a place to rehearse, we added. Mr. Kohler was standing next to the piano, pulling thoughtfully on his right ear lobe. He paused, hand in air, as if he were standing at his block, with his cleaver raised, about to cut a joint. The cleaver fell. "You can rehearse right here," he said. Augie and I made a few demurring sounds, but we were quickly persuaded. We agreed to assemble the band in the Kohlers' living room twice a week, starting Tuesday night. Irma and her father and mother saw us to the door, and we shook hands all around.

On the way home, Augie and I stopped off at the Mona Lisa, still dazed, to have a Coke and listen to a few records. In one afternoon, we had acquired a pianist, a place to rehearse, and—although we didn't yet know it—an impresario. Mr. Kohler was to become our Diaghilev, our Hurok.

ALL that fall we rehearsed, two or three times a week, in the Kohler living room. It wasn't easy to fit us in. Bill Simmons, our drummer and vocalist, was squeezed with his traps in front of the window, next to Irma. The trumpets were on the davenport, I was on the matching chair with my trombone, the saxes sat on dining-room chairs, two in the living room and two in the dining room just behind. The bass player had to stand in the front hall, though his string bass was in the room with us. We neither felt nor sounded like the band we had hoped to be, but at least we could run through the numbers.

We had, by then, quite a lot of numbers to go through. Each of us had contributed three dollars toward building a music library, and Mr. Kohler had added ten of his own. Augie and I had driven in to Detroit and come back with an armload of arrangements, which then cost fifty or seventy-five cents each—standards, and current hits, and specials adapted from Goodman's, or Ellington's, or Tommy Dorsey's big records. All of us except Irma knew the records and would try to copy the solos on them—Harry James' trumpet on "Sing, Sing, Sing," say, or Dorsey's trombone on "I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You."

By the end of November we were fully equipped. We had a name—the "Rhythm Rascals." We had music stands, painted black, with an "RR" monogram and a brace of eighth notes stencilled on the front. We had white Palm Beach jackets, maroon bow ties, and dark trousers, and Irma had a new white gown. We had our standards arranged in sets. Our "sweet" set, for example, included "Sweet Sue," "Sweet Georgia Brown," and "Ida! Sweet as Apple Cider!" Our "blue" set had "My Blue Heaven," "The Blue Room," and "Blue Skies." We planned to move from there, with a wit we then considered metaphysical, directly into our "moon" set—"*Blue* Moon," "Carolina Moon," and "Moon Over Miami." And we had worked up several novelty numbers. In our version of "The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down," for instance, we all sang the chorus in unison while the brass and sax sections, alternately, did knee bends to give a carrousel effect.

Musically, however, we were not so good. We had been wrong, apparently, about Irma's picking things up. She read well and she seldom lost her place, as the rest of us did, but she seemed to have no sense of phrasing or jazz rhythm. She made her way through a piece as if she were all alone in the room, playing a Czerny exercise. She would give each dotted eighth and each sixteenth note precisely its proper value, for instance, and no one could make her understand that in dance music this was wrong. Nothing any of us did or said seemed to help much, though after a time the easier pieces, the waltzes and the ballads, were just about bearable. Irma was quite unprepared for being so bad. She knew she was a better musician than we, and she had been trained to habits of perfection. While *we* had been slouching in a classroom or sitting around the Mona Lisa, Irma had been practicing, practicing. I'm sure that to her ears no improvement in her playing was possible. Yet she knew something was wrong, and the harder she tried to set it right, the worse it seemed to be.

"The beat!" Augie would cry, thumping the floor with his right heel. "Where's the beat?" And Irma, trying to do it right, would fall on the second and fourth beats of each measure with a sandbag left, or pound through a chorus in the style we called "Mickey Mouse." "Take it easy, Irma, you're trying too hard," we would say.

"I'm *trying* to," she would cry, and slam her fists down on the keys.

"Pick it up again at the chorus, fellows," Augie would say. "And, Irma, take it *easy*."

There were times when Augie and I received a good deal of abuse from the rest for picking Irma in the first place, and times when Augie would tell me it was all my fault, and I would reply in kind. At least once a week Irma would offer to quit, and we would all work at cheering her up. We couldn't let her go now. We were too deeply involved with her father and with her—and who else could we get on piano? Besides, there was something about Irma that we all liked. She was working so hard and so hopelessly and with such good humor to play music that, from her classical viewpoint, was hardly worth playing at all, and yet she kept trying. We all thought that next time, somehow, we'd get through to her. It became a kind of group project. If she'd only relax, we said.

SULLEN MOODS

Love, do not count your labor lost
Though I turn sullen or retired
Even at your side; my thought is crossed
With fancies by no evil fired.

And when I answer you, some days,
Vaguely and wildly, do not fear
That my love walks forbidden ways,
Breaking the ties that hold it here.

If I speak gruffly, this mood is
Mere indignation at my own
Shortcomings, plagues, uncertainties:
I forget the gentler tone.

You, now that you have come to be
My one beginning, prime, and end,
I count at last as wholly me,
Lover no longer nor yet friend.

Help me to see you as before
When overwhelmed and dead, almost,
I stumbled on that secret door
Which saves the live man from the ghost.

Be once again the distant light,
Promise of glory, not yet known
In full perfection—wasted quite
When on my imperfection thrown.

—Robert Graves

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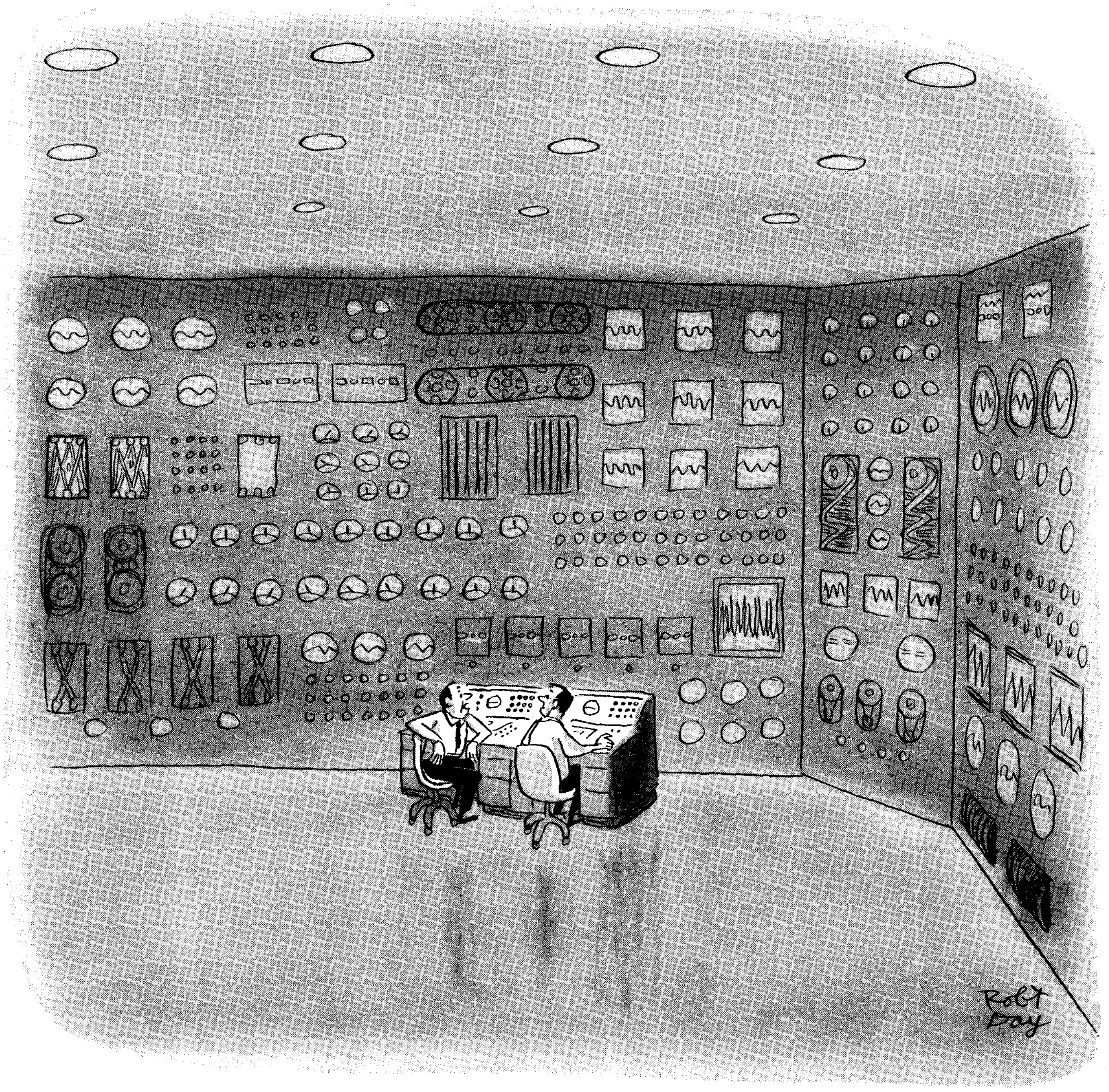
Mr. Kohler, singularly deaf to our faults, was never far away, hovering over us, poking his head in every few minutes, now from the dining room, now from the front hall, coaxing us to take a break now and then when he sensed any strain. He knew we were having troubles, and his solution, from the first, was to put us to work. "Not yet, Mr. Kohler," Augie had to tell him again and again. "After the first of the year. We're still ragged." Then, shortly before Christmas, we were persuaded. First we played a holiday dance at one of the lodges Kohler belonged to, then another at the new junior high, and then on New Year's Eve we played at the country club, on two hours' notice, when the musicians they had hired from Detroit went off the highway into the snow.

We looked and sounded so much better on the stand than in the Kohlers' living room that for a time, in the holiday euphoria, we thought our troubles were over. They weren't. The Rhythm Rascals just didn't have rhythm. Even the ballads gave us trouble. Bill Simmons, as I have said, was both our drummer and our vocalist, and he had to leave his drums to sing at the mike. He would begin to work his way up to the mike a good sixteen bars before his cue, and this left the job of holding the tempo to the bass fiddle, who wasn't very loud, and Irma, who was. Then Irma, feeling the responsibility, would tense up and begin to race like an engine out of gear, and when Bill got back to his drums, just in time for the final chorus, there wasn't much he could do to slow us down.

We had, at the very least, counted on Irma to hold the tempo steady. Alone, she was a metronome. With us, something went wrong and she lost control. "Take it *easy*, Irma," Bill would say as he edged past her, and we would



"Do you know what I miss? I miss the old office baseball pools."

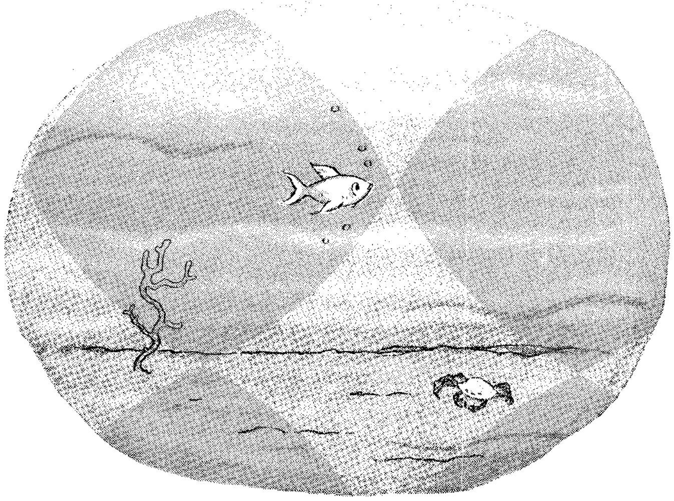
• •

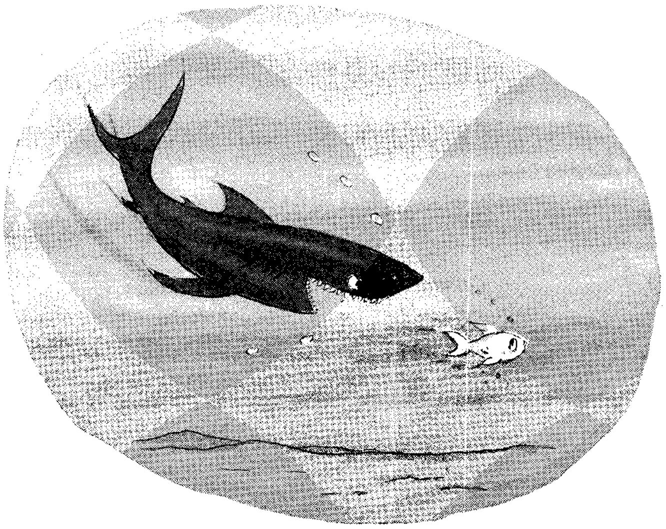
whisper to her during the vocal, "Take it easy, Irma, nice and slow."

Not that we were much better than Irma was. It was just that we had expected more from her. She was, after all, a musician. The rest of us were public-school instrumentalists, at home only in a few keys and in the lower and middle registers of our horns. We were happy enough to get through from start to finish without losing anyone on the way. I usually had the feeling that the music was playing us, and not the other way around. We would follow as best we could, and often lag a little behind. And all the time we were fumbling through a piece like "Blue Skies" or "Marie," we could hear in our heads, from the Goodman or Dorsey record, the way we *should* sound. It was a humbling experience.

In spite of all our failings, the Rhythm Rascals prospered. Augie had been right. This was a good year for big bands. Marginal producers though we were, we rode to prosperity on the soaring curve of demand. We were also the only bargain big band in that part of Michigan. Our price was fifty dollars a night and sometimes less, and we split the money evenly among us. Mr. Kohler asked for nothing but the glory.

Mr. Kohler, though, did a great deal of the work, and we found ourselves more and more closely tied to him as time went on. We became his band, really. Not that he tried to take us over, not at all. But he found us most of our jobs, and he watched over us in other ways as well—jacking our price when he knew an organization was rich, seeing to our transportation if we played out of town. Mr. Kohler was, I suppose, the real reason for our success. No one could say no to him—at least, not the first time around. The dates he booked for us, plus a few fraternity and high-school dances that Augie and I found, kept the band busy nearly every Friday and Saturday night well into June. Mr. Kohler went with us almost always, driving his panel truck, with "E. KOHLER, PROVISIONS" in gold





script letters on each side. Irma would sit next to him—she was seldom out of his sight—and we'd pile our instruments and stands in the back of the truck and follow behind in Augie's car and mine.

I would like to say that we improved greatly over those months, but it wouldn't be true. All that happened was that we got used to ourselves and didn't try too hard—which was an improvement, in a way. People seemed to like us, especially the older crowds. I suppose they thought we were cute. Irma didn't change a great deal, though by spring we were able to kid around with her enough to keep her from tensing up too often and speeding the tempo. "Take it easy" by then would get a laugh from her, and for a while the tempo, at least, would be all right. None of us ever talked to her much outside the line of duty. We had nothing in common, really, except for the band.

I do remember an evening in late May—one of the rare times when Mr. Kohler couldn't come. It was a party for somebody's silver wedding anniversary at the country club. The guests were all drunk enough so that it didn't matter how we played, and we were, naturally, better than usual. I drove the Kohler truck and took Irma home afterward.

"I guess you all must be glad it's almost over," Irma said.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "It's been a lot of fun." I could just see her out of the corner of my eye, bouncing on the hard seat next to me, her features lit dimly by the dashboard light. She had changed since fall, and seemed thinner, better-looking in a way. The baby fat was gone. I could see the line of her cheekbone now, and her mouth seemed more firmly set.

"You don't have to be nice to me," she said. "You've all been just too nice."

We were coming into town, and I stopped for a light. "Well, if you must know," I told her, "I'm damn glad it's over. A few more weeks of this and I'd go out of my mind."

Irma giggled. "You know what it is? We're all just so *awful*."

"I know it. I never heard anything so bad in my life." We rattled down the hill toward the Kohler house.

"Awful," Irma said. "And we couldn't get out of it. You couldn't get out of it. I couldn't get out of it. Augie couldn't get out of it—he's the *leader*. And heaven knows Father couldn't."

"He wouldn't. He thought we were good."

"I know."

"Why can't he leave us alone? He makes me feel like a slave sometimes."

"I know."

"You can't help liking the guy," I said. "I just wish he'd leave us alone."

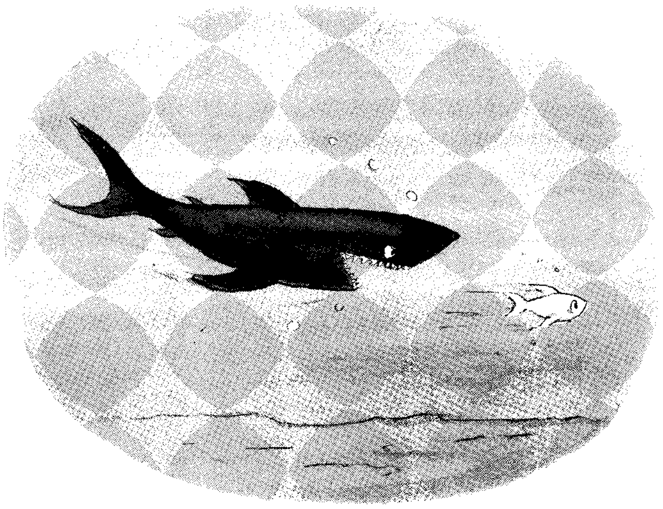
"How do you think *I* feel?" Irma said. "It's been like that all my life."

We decided to break up right after graduation. Irma, without telling any of us, had taken a job as a councillor in a music camp upstate. Augie had a summer job with the Fiery Five at a resort on Lake St. Clair, and I planned to loaf around the beach on Lake Michigan. We were scattering. There were no farewells to speak of, though the Kohlers had us all over to dinner the night before Irma left. We were just too tired to feel any sentiment.

Augie left, and then a few days later came back, bringing with him two of the original Fiery Five—Chester Freeman, piano, and Jimmy Williams, guitar. The resort job had fallen through, and they were looking for work. Almost at once it struck us that, except for Irma, the Rhythm Rascals were still around or could be brought back in. Chester Freeman would give us a good piano, and with the guitar we might have a solid rhythm section for a change. Perhaps then we wouldn't sound so bad. We decided to pull the band together again and look for a summer job. Augie said, "We won't tell Kohler—not until we find work."

We played that summer at the Crossroads Inn, a tavern just across the county line and twenty miles from town. There were eight of us—six from what we now referred to as the "*Original* Rhythm Rascals," and our new piano and guitar. We worked there from nine to two four nights a week, Wednesday through Saturday, for five dollars each a night. The Inn was a squat corrugated-iron barn, hot and noisy and usually crowded. It was the nearest place to town where you could dance and have a few drinks, for our county was still dry. This was to be the Inn's last good summer, though. The county, after several tries, had gone wet in the spring election—repeal in Michigan was by local option—and the new law was to take effect on the first of September. The three hotels in town were already installing their bars.

The dances at the Inn were exuberant and sweaty, and we began to enjoy ourselves. Chester Freeman turned out to be a relaxed pianist, with sloppy technique but a lot of drive. His own rhythm sense was strong enough to bring the rest of us to life. We began to jam a few standards, with Chester setting the key and tempo. Our "St. Louis Blues" went on and on for fifteen minutes or more, first slow, then fast, then slow again, under blue lights. We felt we were playing mean, dirty music; the crowd, most of them young, and many from the small towns and farms nearby, loved it. Between sets, we would go over to the bar for a beer and mingle a little with the customers. It was all free and easy, and that summer I



thought jazz was the only career for me.

One day, Augie and I stopped in the store to tell Mr. Kohler what we had been doing. He was nice enough, and we were too young then to realize how hurt he must have been. It had all come up so suddenly, we said, and we figured he'd probably had enough of us anyway. We asked him to stop by and hear us sometime, when he had the chance.

With Irma out of the band, we were quite sure Mr. Kohler would lose interest in us. At first, apparently, he did, but then he began to come by, usually on Wednesday nights, when it was fairly quiet, and listen for a while. We kidded around with him, as we always had, but he seemed melancholy, like the old coach fired at the end of the season who's come back in the fall just to look the boys over. We began to feel sorry for him.

The Crossroads Inn had been doing so well the nights we played there that, early in August, we asked for more pay. We were turned down cold. The owner's position was simple: we could either go on as we were or quit. We went on, but when Mr. Kohler stopped by again a few days later with a brand-new idea, we were ready to listen.

What Mr. Kohler proposed, and we finally accepted, was that we set up our own dance hall at the county fair, which was scheduled to open at the fairgrounds just outside of town on Friday, August 26th, and to run through Labor Day, which was on September 5th. We would play every night, with weekend matinées, and all the profits would be ours. Except for recovering his expenses, Kohler wouldn't take a cent. He already had an option on the space, and a cousin in Detroit would lend him a tent for just the cost of trucking it over and setting it up. We should take in, he estimated, at least a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a day. Less his expenses, that would leave us something near two thousand dollars to be divided among us. This was good money—half the amount would still be good. Even with Mr. Kohler and Irma back with us, it seemed worth it. Nothing had to be said about Irma; she had come back from camp the week before, and we all understood she was part of the deal. Chester Freeman, as soon as he saw what was going on, got sore and quit. So did Jimmy Williams. It was too speculative for them, they said.

The Rhythm Rascals closed at the Crossroads Inn on a Saturday and opened the following Friday at the county fair—seven of us now, including Irma. Mr. Kohler wanted to surprise us, and none of us had gone to look at the dance hall before our opening night. Augie and I picked up Irma at the Kohlers' house, since Mr. Kohler had been busy out at the grounds all day. Irma was in good spirits. She had made wonderful friends over the summer, she said, and she was going to music college in Chicago in the fall.

The dance hall, a tent that had been constructed for a Grosse Pointe lawn party the spring before, was beautiful. Circular, about thirty-five feet in diameter, it had been pitched in a field just between the exhibition buildings and the entrance to the midway. The roof was red-and-white striped canvas, a blue pennon fluttered from the tip of the center pole, and wire screening covered the sides. Inside, the yellow center pole gleamed with spar varnish, and there were white-and-blue canvas camp chairs placed along the walls. The bandstand, off to one side, was raised above the dance floor; potted greenery was ranged across the front, and there was a white upright piano for Irma. A glass ball, high inside the tent, reflected coins of light upon the floor. Outside, above the entrance and suspended between two poles, rippled a spotlighted banner that read:

Ed Kohler
Presents
THE RHYTHM RASCALS
$1.00 per Couple

"Good Lord!" Irma said.

"I didn't know about *this*," I said to Augie.

"Neither did I."

"Now we've got a sponsor."

"It's beautiful," Irma said, "but I don't think anybody's going to come."

She was very nearly correct. Something—none of us knew just what—had gone wrong. Our music couldn't be that bad. The first night, Friday, we played from seven to nine-twenty-five before anyone came in, and, as I remember, there were twenty-two paid admissions that night. People came up and looked. They stood outside the screen and peered until we felt like performing apes in a wire cage, but they didn't come in. Well, we said, Friday night was opening night. Everyone was naturally more interested in the livestock and the jams and jellies. "They're older than I expected," Mr. Kohler said, standing under his sign, hands clasped behind his back, looking at the crowd. They were young enough for the midway, though; they shuffled past us toward the pitch games in a persistent stream.

The second day, Saturday, we had about fifty in the afternoon and a few more than fifty that night. "It's building up," Mr. Kohler said about nine in the evening, and for the first time since we had opened he sat down. Sunday was about the same, and then, from Monday through Thursday, there were never more than three couples on the floor at one time.

Poor Kohler. He began to wander

about the fairgrounds, looking at the crowds in front of the exhibits and on the midway, puzzling over what had gone wrong. Now and then he would come back to look in on us—we were finding a bitter pleasure in playing our engagement through to the end—but nothing we could say would cheer him. Like greater and lesser men before and after, Mr. Kohler had been carried away by blind pride and by love—for his daughter and, in a way, for all of us. He had hoped to build us a pleasure dome, but the county fairgrounds was not the place. Few people in our county would come to a fair to dance in a peppermint-striped pavilion—at least, not in 1938. Perhaps we were ahead of our time.

The disaster was so total that it became funny. By nine-thirty Tuesday night, when we were well into our third straight hour of playing to an empty floor, we began to see how funny it was. Mr. Kohler had gone out for one of his thoughtful walks a few minutes earlier, and when he came back he brought a dog. He didn't mean to; the dog just came on in behind him. Augie spotted the creature first—a small, dusty terrier—just as Mr. Kohler sat down next to the ticket table near the entrance. "Hey, fellas, a *customer!*" Augie yelled. "A *dog!*" Bill Simmons began a drum roll, Mr. Kohler rose to his feet and looked around, Irma thundered on the lower keys of the piano, one of the trumpets blatted a ragged fanfare, and the poor beast yipped in fright. He couldn't find the way out, and skittered back and forth on the freshly waxed floor.

"Get him, Father, get him!" Irma cried. Mr. Kohler did. Weaving, slipping, falling once to his hands and knees, he finally herded the dog to the exit.

"Out! Get out!" we heard him cry. "Hound!" He came back in then, panting, his face flushed. "Done," he said heavily, and brushed the resin off his hands and then off his knees. We cheered. We shouldn't have, for Kohler sensed the derision in our voices. "Ach, I'm sick and tired of you fellows always horsing around," he said, then turned and left the tent.

But all we could do was laugh. "You know why he left?" Irma said to Augie. "He's going to collect admission money from the dog." Augie began to giggle and found he couldn't stop, and that was enough to set the rest of us off into a fit of group hysteria that held us captive for what seemed half an hour. Then, just as Augie began to get a grip on us, Mr. Kohler came back. He could never stay sore for long. "How much did you charge him, Father?" Irma shrieked. "How much did you charge the dog?" This time, Kohler thought it was funny, too, or he caught our hysteria. He sat down in his chair and laughed with us until he cried.

For the rest of that evening, and for what remained of our stand at the fair, Irma and the Rhythm Rascals played well together. We *all* took it easy. It would be wrong to say that we began to swing, but we held the beat, and Irma even took a few choruses on her own that weren't too bad.

Wednesday night, it rained. Augie and I brought a couple of girls along,

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THE STORM

(FORIO D'ISCHIA)

I

Against the stone breakwater,
Only an ominous lapping,
While the wind whines overhead,
Coming down from the mountain,
Whistling between the arbors, the winding terraces;
A thin whine of wires, a rattling and flapping of leaves,
And the small street lamp swinging and slamming against the lamppole.

Where have the people gone?
There is one light on the mountain.

II

Along the sea wall, a steady sloshing of the swell,
The waves not yet high, but even,
Coming closer and closer upon each other;
A fine fume of rain driving in from the sea,
Riddling the sand, like a wide spray of buckshot,
The wind from the sea and the wind from the mountain contending,
Flicking the foam from the whitecaps straight upward into the darkness.

A time to go home!
And a child's dirty shift billows upward out of an alley;
A cat runs from the wind as we do,
Between the whitening trees, up Santa Lucia,
Where the heavy door unlocks
And our breath comes more easy.
Then a crack of thunder, and the black rain runs over us, over
The flat-roofed houses, coming down in gusts, beating
The walls, the slatted windows, driving
The last watcher indoors, moving the cardplayers closer
To their cards, their Lachryma Christi.

III

We creep to our bed, and its straw mattress.
We wait; we listen.
The storm lulls off, then redoubles,
Bending the trees halfway down to the ground,
Shaking loose the last wizened oranges in the orchard,
Flattening the limber carnations.

A spider eases himself down from a swaying light-bulb,
Running over the coverlet, down under the iron bedstead.
The bulb goes on and off, weakly.
Water roars into the cistern.

We lie closer on the gritty pillow,
Breathing heavily, hoping—
For the great last leap of the wave over the breakwater,
The flat boom on the beach of the towering sea swell,
The sudden shudder as the jutting sea cliff collapses
And the hurricane drives the dead straw into the living pine tree.

—Theodore Roethke

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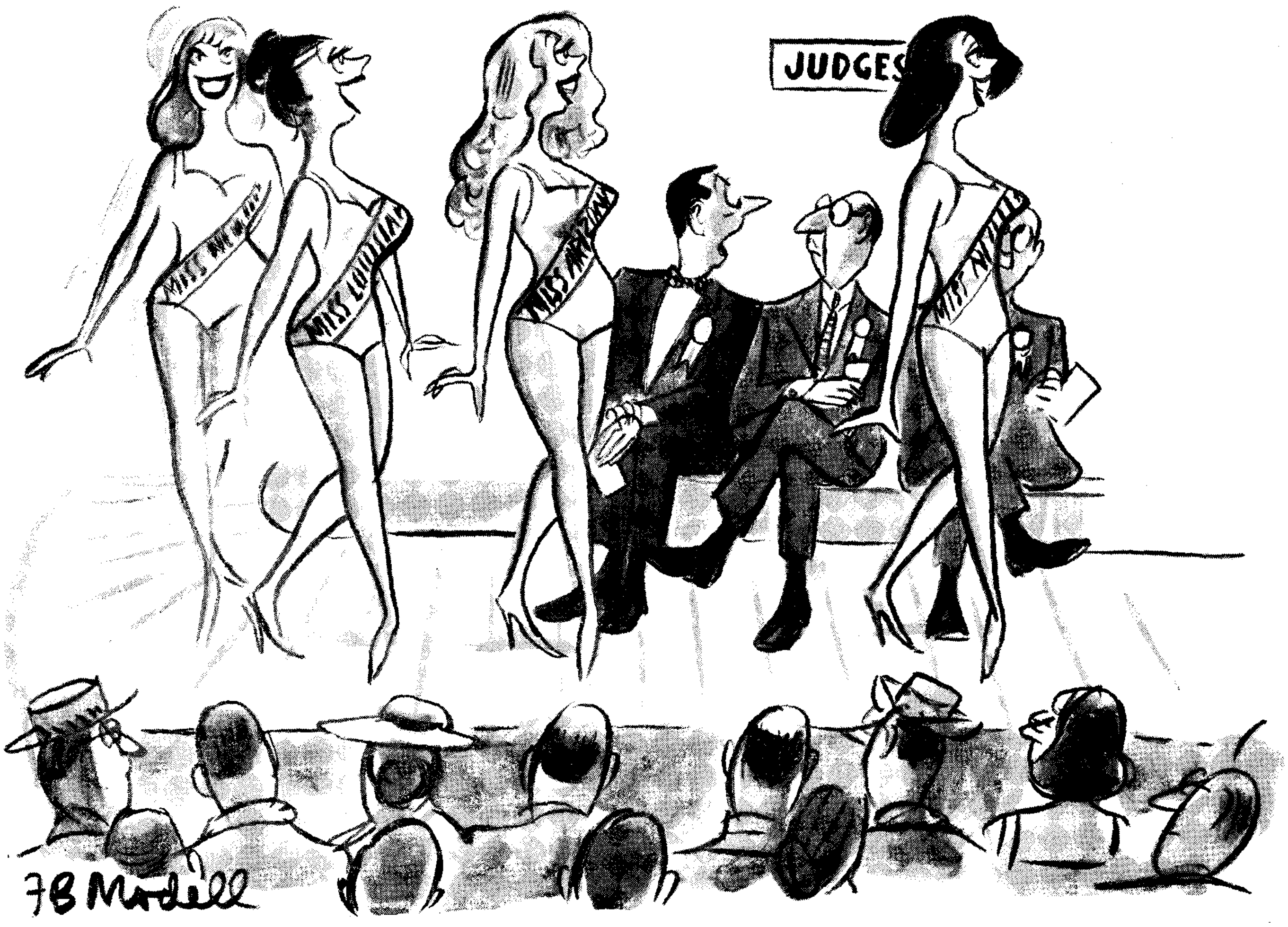


"I'm afraid I have to disqualify myself. I've fallen in love."

• •

and so did one or two others. Mr. Kohler brought Mrs. Kohler. Taking turns off the bandstand, we danced with the girls, and with Irma, and with Mrs. Kohler. No one bothered us; the grounds were nearly empty. Mr. Kohler seemed in better spirits. Like many heavy men, he was a good dancer, and the girls made much of him. We all did. It was easy, for we were free of him by now. There was enough wind with the rain to dampen us inside the tent, and that night I caught a cold that grew during the week into a feverish grippe. If the others were going to stick it out, I said to Irma, then I was, too. "The show must go on," she said, and giggled.

Thursday night I remember less clearly, except that my dreams after the dance were of empty ballroom floors in splintered moonlight, with the refrain of "Music, Maestro, Please," Kohler's favorite song, going around and around in my head. Friday and Saturday and Sunday were a blur. Sunday night, after the dance, Mr. Kohler told us how much we had made, and, as he put it, we divided the spoils. It came to ten dollars each, or not quite twenty cents an hour. Then he made us another proposition.

"Because tomorrow is the last night," he said, "I thought it would be all right with you boys if we let the public in free. Sort of a Labor Day celebration and a last farewell from the band. That way, we might get the crowd to come in for a while. I might even provide some refreshments."

Mr. Kohler was pleading with us when he didn't have to, for we wanted to fill the hall as much as he did. By then, we all saw, or felt, that it was really for Irma that he had done everything. He had hoped to surround her with young men, to build a summer palace for her and pack it to the walls. Now he wanted to make one last try.

"Sure, Mr. Kohler," I said. "Let's give a party."

MRS. KOHLER had us all over for a picnic in their yard on Monday afternoon. Mr. Kohler wasn't there—last-minute things to do at the fairgrounds, she said. Around six, we drove out, Augie and I in his roadster, with Irma between us. The parking lot, to our surprise, was already two-thirds full. "I wonder what's in store for us *this* time," she said.

"Look at all the cars," Augie said.

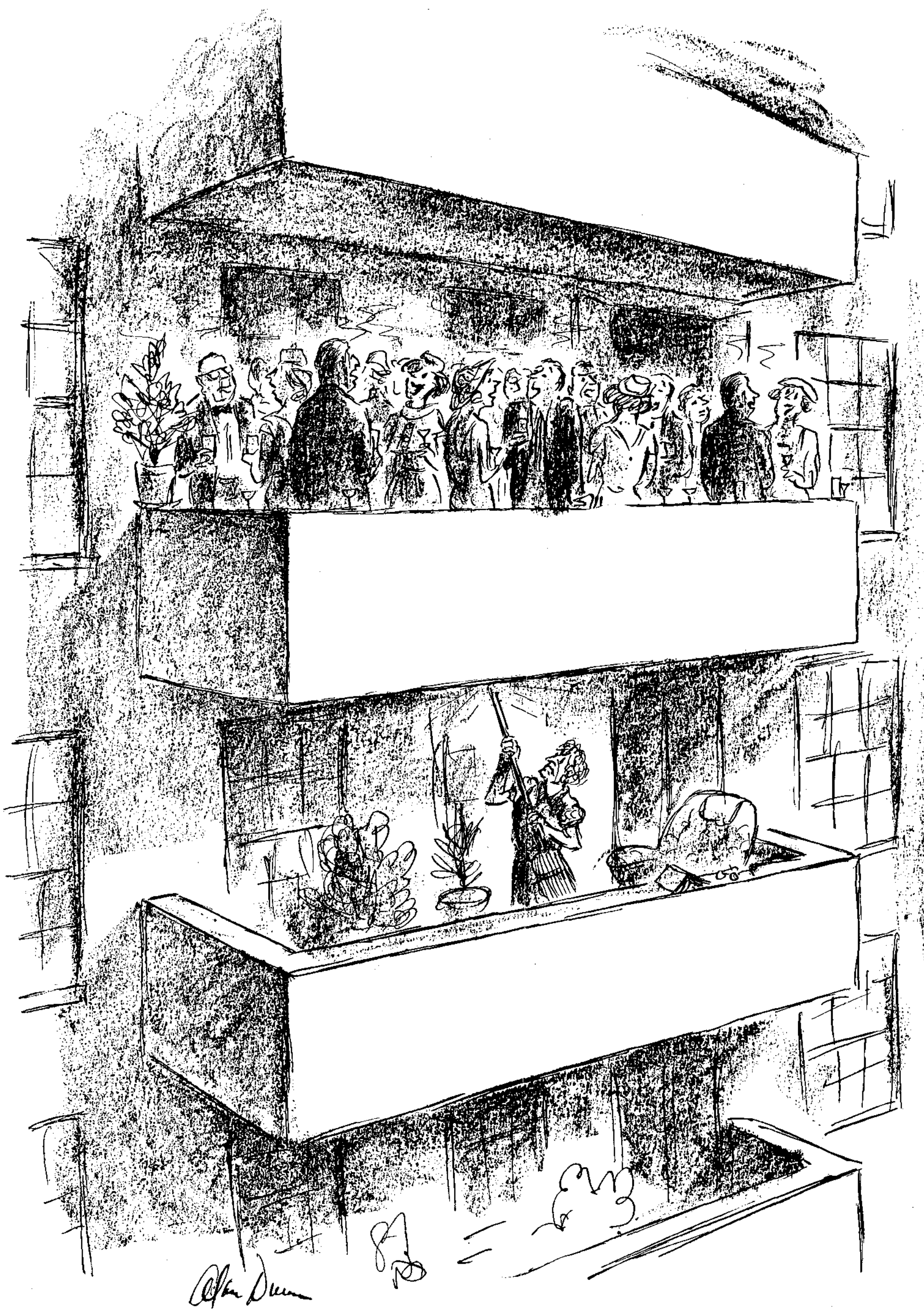
There was a great deal of commotion in front of the tent, and as we worked our way through the crowd toward it we began to see why. "*Hon*estly," Irma said, "this time he's gone too far." There was a new sign. "FREE DANCING," it read, and, below that, "FREE BEER." On each side of the path leading to the tent entrance there was a row of long tables, made of bare planks set on sawhorses. On the tables were ranged, at intervals of about seven feet, small kegs of beer. By each keg was a stack of paper cups. Behind each keg stood a man in shirtsleeves and white apron. Above the tables fluttered banners reading "HAPPY DAYS! RIVIERA'S HERE AGAIN!" A truck emblazoned with the Riviera emblem, a blatant yellow-red sunburst in a square blue sky, was drawn up by the side of the tent, and we could see more kegs of Riviera beer inside the open doors.

Mr. Kohler, as jolly as Santa Claus, stood near the entrance talking to a man who nearly matched him in weight and girth. This was Jack Brandell, he told us, of the Riviera Brewing Company, in Detroit, with whom he had prepared our surprise. Mr. Brandell said that he had been waiting since 1933 to introduce Riviera to our county, and when his old friend Tiny Kohler had called with this proposition he had jumped at the chance. No one had a license yet to sell beer in the fairgrounds, but we didn't need a license, because our beer was free. Kohler, the old fox, must have been planning this for more than a week.

We were being used, and we knew it, but we didn't mind at all. Brandell gave each of us a five-dollar bill, taught us the words of his company's jingle, set to the tune of "Happy Days Are Here Again," and then organized half a dozen of us into a marching band. We paraded through the fairgrounds, wearing paper party hats, with local youths behind us and before us holding signs that read "RIVIERA BEER" and "HAPPY DAYS!" We tooted our "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" and "Happy Days Are Here Again" over and over, a little drunk with the cheerful idiocy of the entire enterprise. By the time we got back to the marquee, the words of the jingle were dancing in my head. Every half hour or so, all evening long, we'd play "Happy Days" again, the full band, and chant:

"*Riv*-i-era beer is here,
It *is* the beer that
Brings good cheer,
So have a glass or two
Before you're through.
Riv-i-era beer is here!"

Some people had a lot more than a glass or two before they were through, but it was a happy, high-spirited bacchanal. The dance floor was filled for the first time—packed full—and the couples shuffled about through spilled beer, rustling the empty paper cups. Instead of closing at eleven, we closed at one, when the beer had all been drunk or spilled, and most of the midway's booths and tents and rides had already been struck. Toward the end, the carnival hands and barkers and pitchmen came around to hear. Mr. Kohler was never far away. We could see him standing off at one side of the floor, talking to friends, his white hulk polka-dotted with red and blue flecks of light from the reflector above. Then he would be swimming out of the haze toward us, to silence the band and shout another dedication into the microphone—this one, say, "To Clyde and Jennie Trumbull, of Twin Oaks, and their little girl Beverly, who's just turned sixteen." Then he would lead the band through "Music, Maestro, Please" once more, swaying before us, his great arms waving just a little off the beat. Then "Tiny! Over here, Tiny!" someone would yell, and he would be sucked back into the crowd, usually before we were through the first chorus. Everybody had a wonderful time.



During the last hour, Augie managed to pull us together, and we played some of the numbers we had liked best ourselves. I remember Bill Simmons at the mike, standing sober above the crowd. "It's very clear," he sang, "our love is here to stay." His voice broke for a moment, and then he went on. "The radio *and* the telephone *and* the movies that we know may just be passing fancies and in time may go. . . ." It is easy to be sentimental at such a time, and we were.

Mr. Kohler had his victory. I remember Irma best as we saw her late that night, after nearly everyone had left. She was being passed from one man to the next—most of them carnival hands—dancing, whirling, being kissed by them all. At last she was delivered to her father, who stood by the door. She was with him still when we broke away, and headed for home.

Mr. Kohler was a little drunk. "Have you ever seen anything like it in your life, boys?" he was shouting as we walked toward the parking lot. "Have you ever seen anything like it in your life?"

—Robert Hemenway

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Mrs. Michelfelder was also formerly director of public relations at Douglass College, the woman's college of Rutgers University; assistant director of the news bureau at the University of New Hampshire. Believe she was with the Associated Press in New York.—*The Times.*

We love the *Times*. It's so chatty.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LAST WILDERNESS

PERUVIAN JOURNAL

FRIDAY: This journal entry is written in the Peruvian mountain city of Cuzco, at the start of an expedition into the interior, but it was some months ago, in the river town of Pucallpa, in the jungle four hundred miles to the northwest, that the expedition had its real beginnings. Pucallpa is the trading post for thousands of square miles of wilderness, and it attracts a motley fleet of cargo craft and long canoes, which swarm like a hatch of flies on the broad, brown Ucayali, drawn out of the watercourses of the vast selva—the Amazon jungle, which, lying in steaming silence across the river, stretches away northward more than two hundred miles to the junction of the Ucayali and the Amazon and eastward more than two thousand miles to the Atlantic coast. The cultural center of Pucallpa is the bar of the Gran Hotel Mercedes, which serves coffee and liquor and *gaseosas*, or soft drinks, from dawn until after midnight, and it was there that I encountered a certain Señor Vargaray, an intense, dark man who owns a *chacra*, or small plantation, upriver from Pucallpa, and who is primarily responsible for my now being about to set forth on an uncomfortable, perhaps foolish journey of nearly a thousand miles along Peru's jungle rivers. When I revealed to Vargaray that I was a writer with a strong amateur interest in natural history, he swore to me on his honor that there existed in the jungles of the Río Mapuya, far to the south of us, a prehistoric fossil jaw so monstrous that "five or six men could not lift it." The Mapuya is located in a distant part of the Ucayali's watershed, in the flat Peruvian rain forest near the Brazilian frontier, which seemed a most unlikely site for paleontological discovery; floods, humidity, and jungle vegetation were among the numerous factors adduced by others present to convince Vargaray that his fossil could not exist. Vargaray became very angry when he was thus doubted, and his passion about the huge *mandibula* was impressive. Before long, so strong was his insistence upon the existence of the fossil, and so strong was my interest in it, that everybody in the bar began to take a search expedition for granted. But since there was not the slightest question in the mind of anyone, including me, that the American writer would be expected to pay for this expedition, I let an ironic smile play about my lips, in the manner of one willing to go along with a good joke, and peered cynically about the room through my own cigarette smoke. No one took any notice.

At this point, there appeared in the bar a man named César Cruz, who was presented to me by the proprietor of the Mercedes, Señor Fausto López, as just the person to conduct a party to the bone. Cruz, a rancher on the Urubamba (a major tributary of the Ucayali), said he possessed the necessary boats, outboard motors, mosquito nets, guns, and men. He was a graceful, quiet man of medium height, very dark, with wary eyes pinched close to the large hawk nose of an Indian, and a sudden smile that revealed three teeth of gold in the very center of his own upper *mandibula*. He spoke gently and had an infrequent, appealing laugh, and I took to him immediately. In the following days, I had a few whiskeys with him. By the time I left Pucallpa, I had caught fossil fever, and had made arrangements, financial and otherwise, for meeting Cruz and his men on the headwaters of the Urubamba, about three hundred miles to the southeast of Pucallpa, when the rainy season was drawing to a close and the upper rivers would be navigable.

During the weeks immediately after my stay in Pucallpa, while I was travelling in other parts of South America, two friends in Lima, Andrés Porras Cáceres and his brother Alfredo, were kind enough to arrange for me some of the details of my journey down the Urubamba, and ultimately Andrés decided to join me on it, which was a great stroke of luck for me, since he is a veteran of the region—a former prefect of the frontier department of Madre de Dios, who possesses all the jungle experience I lack—and is a most agreeable man besides. So today Andrés and I are here in Cuzco. Tomorrow we plan to go by train to Machu Picchu, where I want to revisit the Inca ruins briefly, and from there we will travel north to the town of Quillabamba, beyond which there is a road of sorts to the confluence of the Urubamba and the Yanatili Rivers—a point called El Encuentro. Here, if all goes according to schedule, we are to be met by César Cruz and three of his men, with a small boat and a canoe. We shall descend the Urubamba, navigating a famous rapids called the Pongo de Mainique, to a spot where we are supposed to pick up Vargaray and head eastward to the Mapuya to search for the *mandibula*. We shall then travel, by way of the Urubamba and Ucayali Rivers, to Pucallpa.

Because we have had only one hazy telegram from Cruz, and have no idea of the completeness of his preparations, our time in Cuzco has been largely devoted to minor outfitting—snake medicine, malaria pills, machetes, and so forth. Fortunately, Andrés is already well equipped with more basic materials, including a pup tent, hunting knives, waterproof rubber sacks for our gear, and a .44 carbine. He has lent me a .38 revolver, since one is never certain what manner of unfriendly beast one may encounter in the selva.

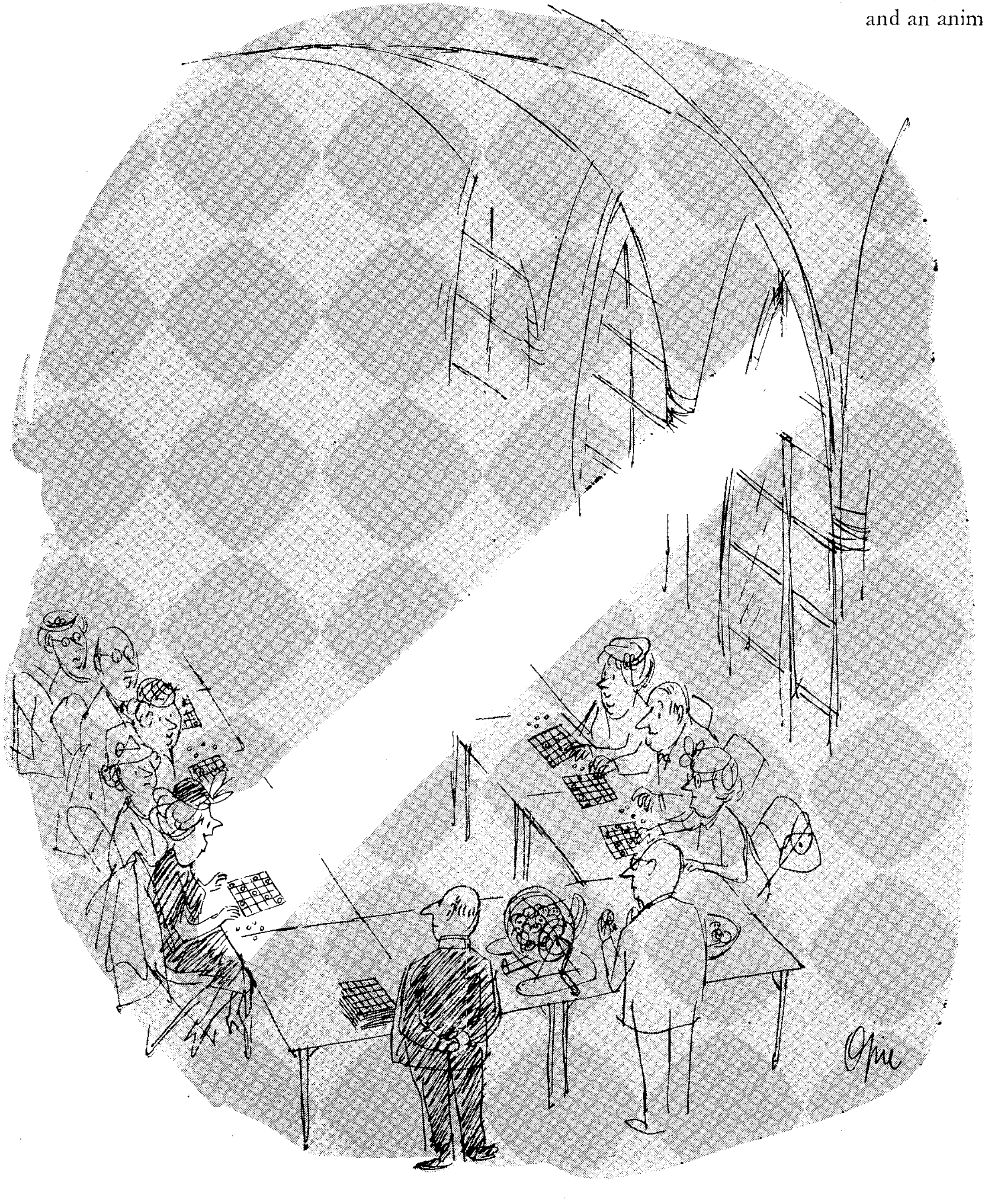
SATURDAY: The ruins at Machu Picchu have been described in detail, ineffectually, by any number of writers, including me; one must see the place to comprehend it, and that is that. If it is seen in conjunction with Cuzco, and with other Inca ruins elsewhere in the mountains, it is, against its backdrop of stark alpine tundra and clear, flowered valleys, the principal sight of South America, and sufficient justification in itself for a visit to that continent.

In the Inca world, from Machu Picchu southeastward, the traveller is served with efficiency and, more remarkable still, with a concept of hygiene bordering on outright cleanliness. The rare wayfarer who leaves Machu Picchu in the wrong direction—northward—will notice a marked change in service the moment he sets foot in the crowded one-car train that proceeds down the valley of the upper Urubamba. It seemed we had scarcely moved out of sight of the station at Machu Picchu when the railroad track came to an end at a large hacienda. Here we changed to the inevitable South American *góndola*, or miniature bus, with its protruding limbs, packages of food, and redolent good cheer, and journeyed along a dirt road toward Quillabamba in the soft twilight.

Some parakeets flying above Machu Picchu were the first specimens we encountered of the wildlife indigenous to the montaña, or high jungle, but other signs now began to appear. These were the red-flowered air plant bromelia and the hanging nests of the black-and-yellow river oriole. Far below ran the Urubamba, turbulent and unnavigable, its brown waters in vivid contrast to the white mountain torrents that dived into it at the mouths of ravines. When the sun went down, clouds of mist drifted in the valley like dirigibles; by the time the *góndola* reached Quillabamba, night had come.

SUNDAY: Before dawn, we were away from Quillabamba, bound for El Encuentro aboard a market truck on which we had hitched a ride through the montaña valleys. The dirt road, often no more than a ledge, skirted the steep banks of the Urubamba; the torrent could not be seen, but it roared from almost beneath us in a way that was very disconcerting. The driver told us that the jaguar and the Andean bear were the common mammals of this region; a glimpse of either would have started the journey auspiciously, and I kept a sharp lookout ahead in the yellow headlights. But presently we met instead a strong smell of skunk, and an animal of this family, a mustelid called the *raposa*, sidled furtively, with neither grace nor speed, into some roadside weeds; so this creature, rather than a jaguar or a bear, became the first animal recorded by the expedition. There then charged across the road, missing first place by a matter of seconds, a diminutive mouse, or perhaps a shrew.

Like many places featured on jungle maps, El Encuentro marks only a geographical location; there is no settlement of any kind. The road, in fact, comes to an end a few miles short of it, at a hacienda known as Qquellouno—a Quechua Indian name meaning "yellow water." A small stream of this color flows through the hacienda and down into the Yanatili, which has its *encuentro* with the Urubamba just below. Yanatili is also a Quechua name, slightly corrupted; roughly, it means "black drunken river." Though the torrent is in fact dark gray, the name is a good one, for the river comes sprawling down out of the mountains in rolling curves, pitching beneath a footbridge by the hacienda at an awesome rate before losing itself in the brown Urubamba. We



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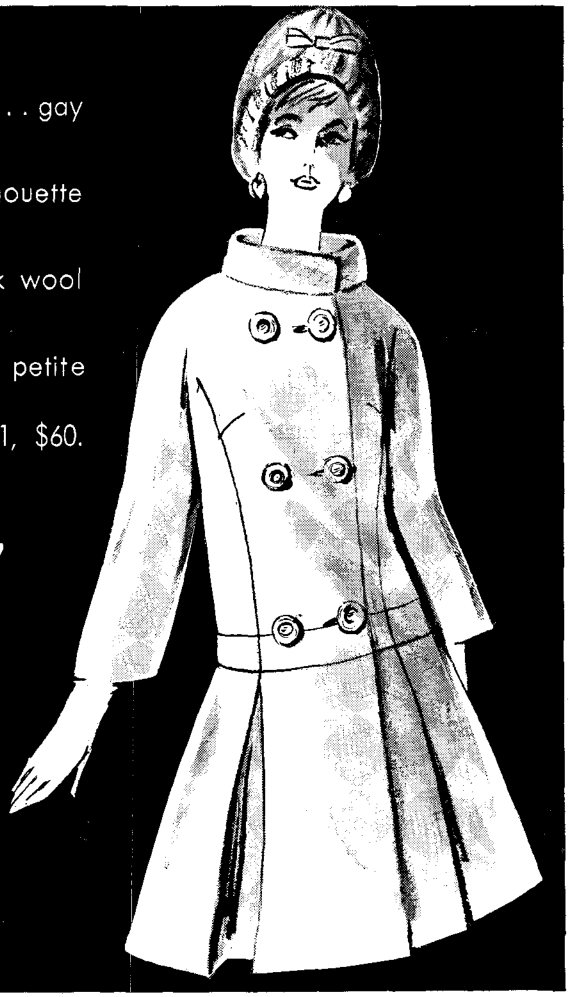

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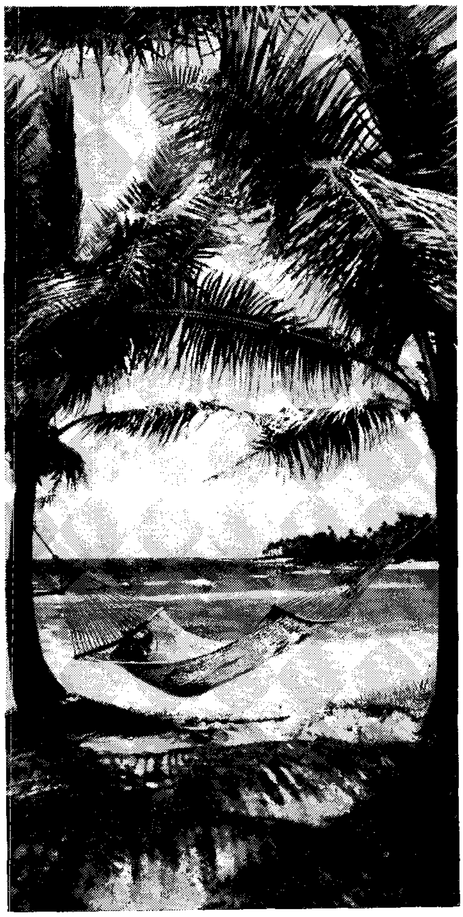
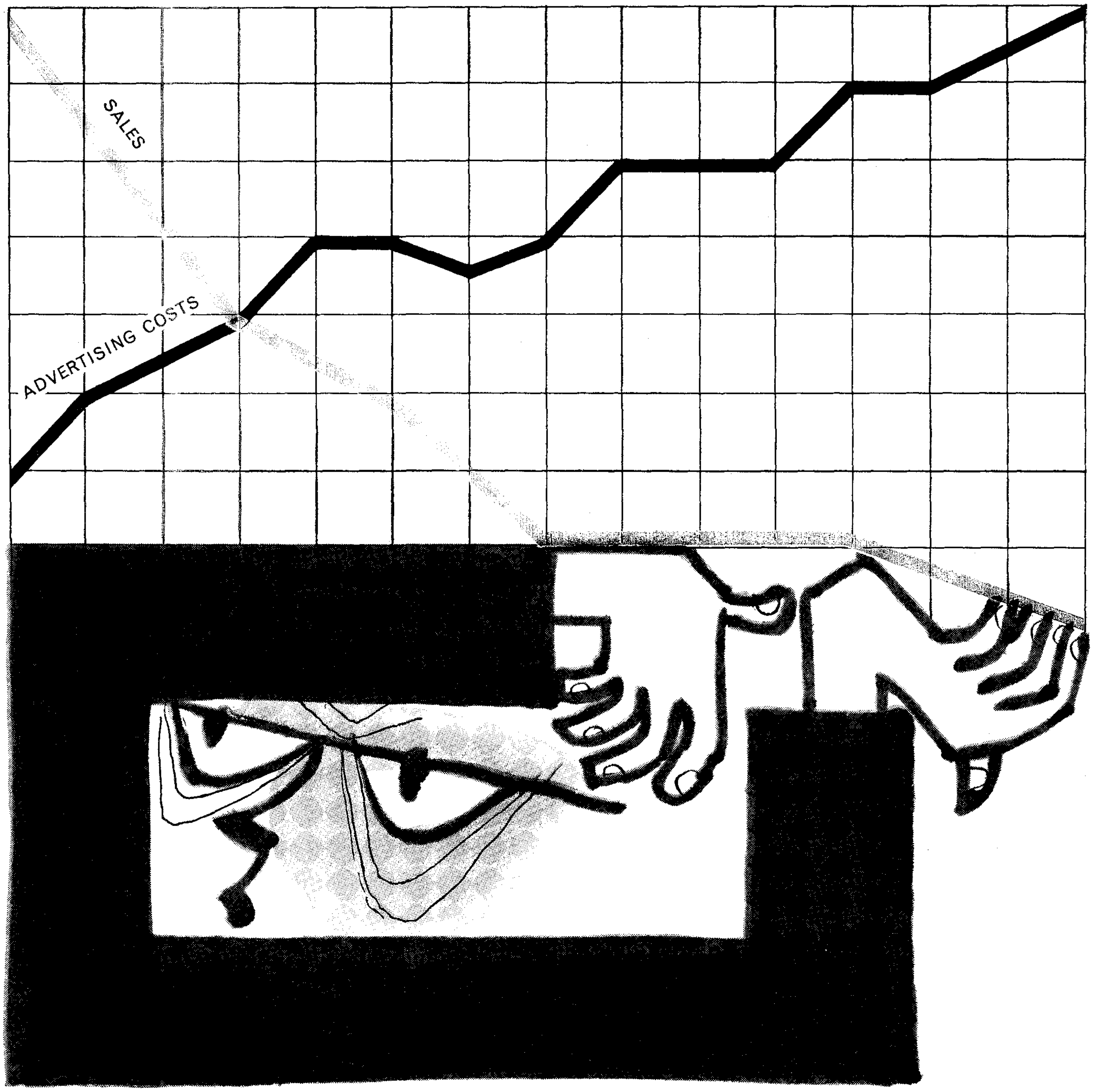


arrived at Qquellouno just after daylight, and after we had greeted the hacienda's proprietor, Señor Abraham Márquez, we walked to El Encuentro. The path there starts out through a grove of cacao trees; the hacienda concentrates on coffee and cacao, though it also grows corn, yuca (manioc, or cassava), tea, and coca, the Quechua narcotic that is the source of cocaine. El Encuentro itself is lovely, the water gravelly and swift, reminiscent of our own Western mountain rivers, and there is a morning breeze and a wet sparkle in the leaves. But there are also incongruous cloud islands against dark, thick mountainsides, providing that air of mystery and vague threat so common in the landscapes of South America.

César Cruz was not at El Encuentro, and a Quechua we met, who lived near there, said there had been no sign of him. The path back up to the hacienda of Qquellouno was slippery and steep, and the day—though by this time it was only nine o'clock—was fiercely hot. I gradually became aware that Andrés and I were indulging in some sort of competition, testing each other, so to speak, though I don't believe that Andrés realized that this was going on. Such a competition was foolish; Andrés is in his early sixties—nearly twice my age—and a man at that time of life has no business hurrying on such a slope, regardless of how good his physical condition is. Andrés, who is an athlete, is rightly proud of his condition; he does not smoke, drinks very little, and on occasion still likes to surfboard, Hawaiian-style, in the long waves of the Pacific. A man's heart does not always respect good intentions, however, and Andrés' doggedness worried me a little. By feigning near-mortal fatigue, I managed to slow him down—not that fatigue was difficult to feign, for I was soon gasping like a *sungaro*, as the giant catfish of this region is known.

Andrés is a jungle veteran, hard as nails and anxious to instruct a greenhorn, while I am neither a jungle veteran nor hard as nails, but stubborn. So I suppose, until we are broken in, we shall have to go on sizing each other up a bit. Actually, after a few days together we get on very well. This is a credit to Andrés rather than to me, for I am somewhat unpredictable, given to fits of speech and jollity when pleased but otherwise rather moody, while Andrés is, I think, cheerful by nature, besides being very gentle and soft-spoken—though talkative. The gentle quality of his voice, in fact, is one of the first things one notices about him. He is a



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very sympathetic man, in the Spanish sense of *muy simpático*.

MONDAY: We have decided to make our way downriver as far as we can, by any means possible, in the hope of meeting César Cruz en route. Our host, Señor Márquez, has told us he may be making a river trip himself in a day or so, to a holding of his at a place called Sirialo, and he has promised us a ride in his large canoe. But I am impatient to get under way, so this afternoon I decided to see whether I could find some sort of canoe or raft at the next hacienda downriver, which belongs to a Señor Lugarte. I set off on foot, guided by a small boy who happened to be carrying a chicken, while Andrés remained at the Márquez hacienda to guard our gear. The walk down the valley was pleasant enough. *Loritos*, or parakeets, hurried in all directions, and the riverbanks swarmed with swallows, anis, river orioles, and a number of small birds unknown to me. We came on two dead snakes, one a sort of green racer, very pale—*culebra chicotillo*—and the other large and brown with a bright-yellow belly; neither is very poisonous. The boy knew the names of all the trees; there was the *leche-leche* (literally, "milk-milk;" my small companion fetched one a fierce whack with my machete, and a white fluid sprang forth), the red-trunked *sacha huinta*, the pale *ojé*, and the *palo santo*, or "holy tree," conspicuous for its great gleaming leaves and its infestation of biting ants. As usual, ants were numerous and varied. We inspected two large ground species—a leaf-cutter with a broad head, known as *cuki*, meaning "mother-in-law," and a black variety, which we observed marching in long files. The boy called this latter species the *chaco*, and was awed by it, saying, "This one attacks anything—*anything*—and kills it." I presume this is the famous army ant.

We were now well below El Encuentro, and could see in the distance three high cascades of great beauty, one below another, at the foot of which, the boy said, lay the Lugarte hacienda. At dark we still had not got there, but we soon came to the hut of the boy's family, whereupon a still smaller boy came out of it to join us on our trip. The older boy spoke ominously of the dangerous creatures of the night, including the jaguar—*el tigre*—and the large venomous snakes. Both boys were barefoot, and I must say I admired their sang-froid. The little boy would run ahead, and his high voice

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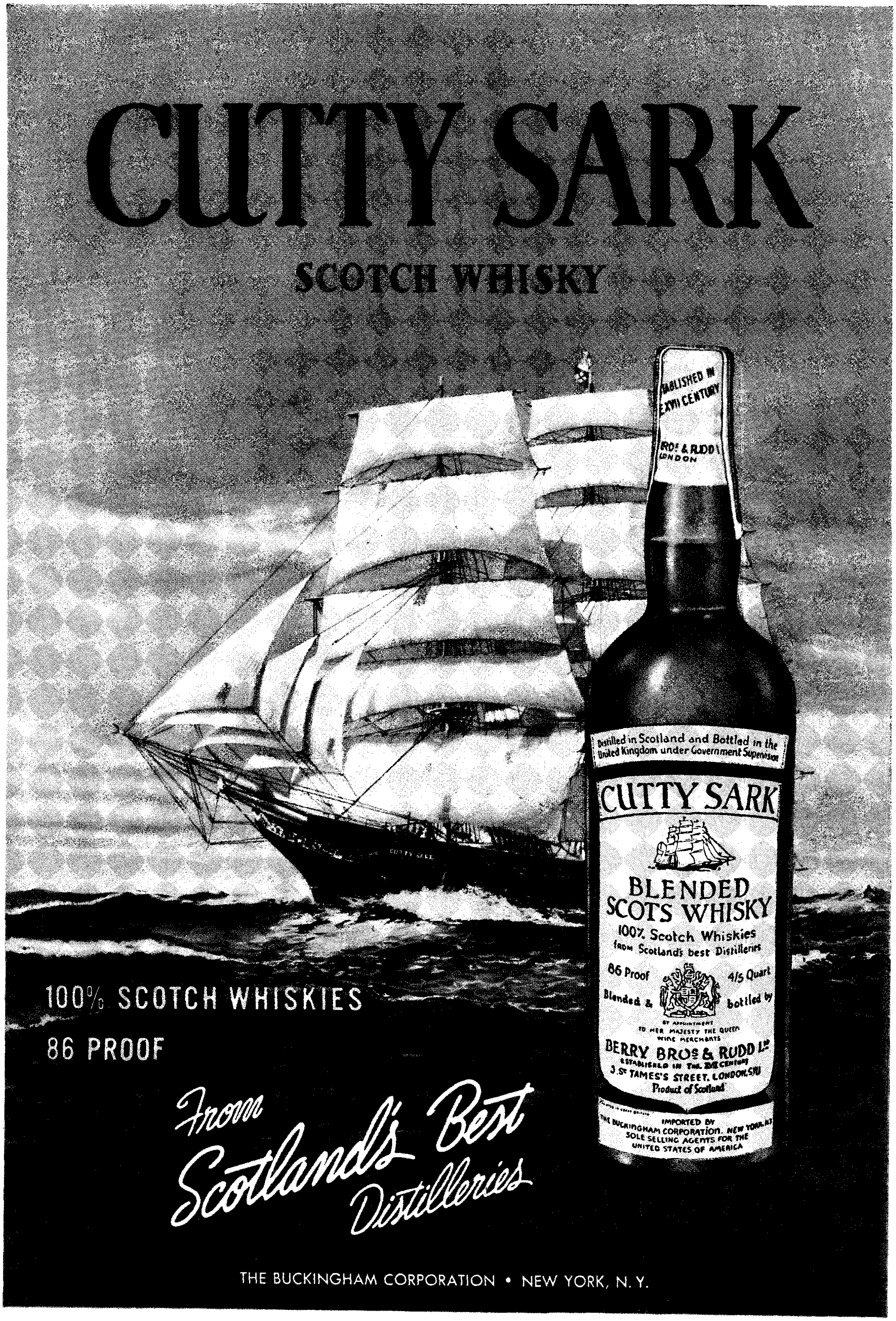
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would come floating back to us, wistful and regular as a birdcall: "Look, look, what's that? . . . No, it's nothing. . . . Look, look, what's that? . . . No, it's nothing." But after a while, the suspense became too much for him, and he fell into line behind us. Here and there a dark lump would stir softly on the pale path ahead. The first such lump gave me quite a start, for I remembered a description I had once read, in a volume called "Green Hell," of a huge tarantula seen under similar circumstances. But apparently I am not fated for the horrors that befall my literary confreres in these regions. My serpents are not only nonpoisonous but dead, and the evil-looking lumps on my night paths are large, harmless frogs.

It was nearly seven when we turned onto a side path and came out at last at the edge of a mud yard surrounding a building with a single dim light on its stoop. "*La hacienda*," one of my guides whispered, and before I could thank them properly, the two children had darted back into the forest. On the porch sat a solitary man in jack boots; before him, in the yard, an enormous pig—truly a monster, larger than a pony—stood stock-still, the light reflecting from each bristle. Neither man nor animal took any notice of me. I approached the steps. I had walked at least ten miles, and was dry and tired.

"Señor Lugarte?" I said.

"No," the man said. With the wan light and bleak mud, the silent man and the giant pig, the whole scene seemed theatrical, full of evil portent. But after a moment the man stood up politely and invited me to join him on the porch. He was bald, smooth-faced, and intelligent-looking, and his smile was chilling. We went through the usual elaborate courtesies that are observed in these countries, and although I never did catch his name, I discovered that he owned a neighboring hacienda. I asked if he thought that Señor Lugarte's hacienda truck might be rented for me to go and fetch Andrés, and if Señor Lugarte might have a boat I could rent. The truck, my new acquaintance said, had broken down. He then wondered aloud where I imagined I was going on the river. When I told him, he smiled unpleasantly. "You know," he began, "even in the dry season the rapids at Sirialo, not to speak of the Pongo de Mainique, are no joke. This is not the dry season, Señor, and I must tell you that what you wish to do is very dangerous." In a manner that dismissed the whole subject as absurd, he added,

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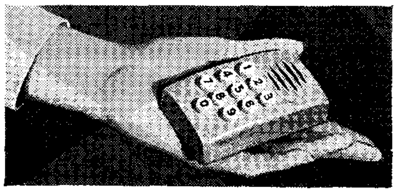

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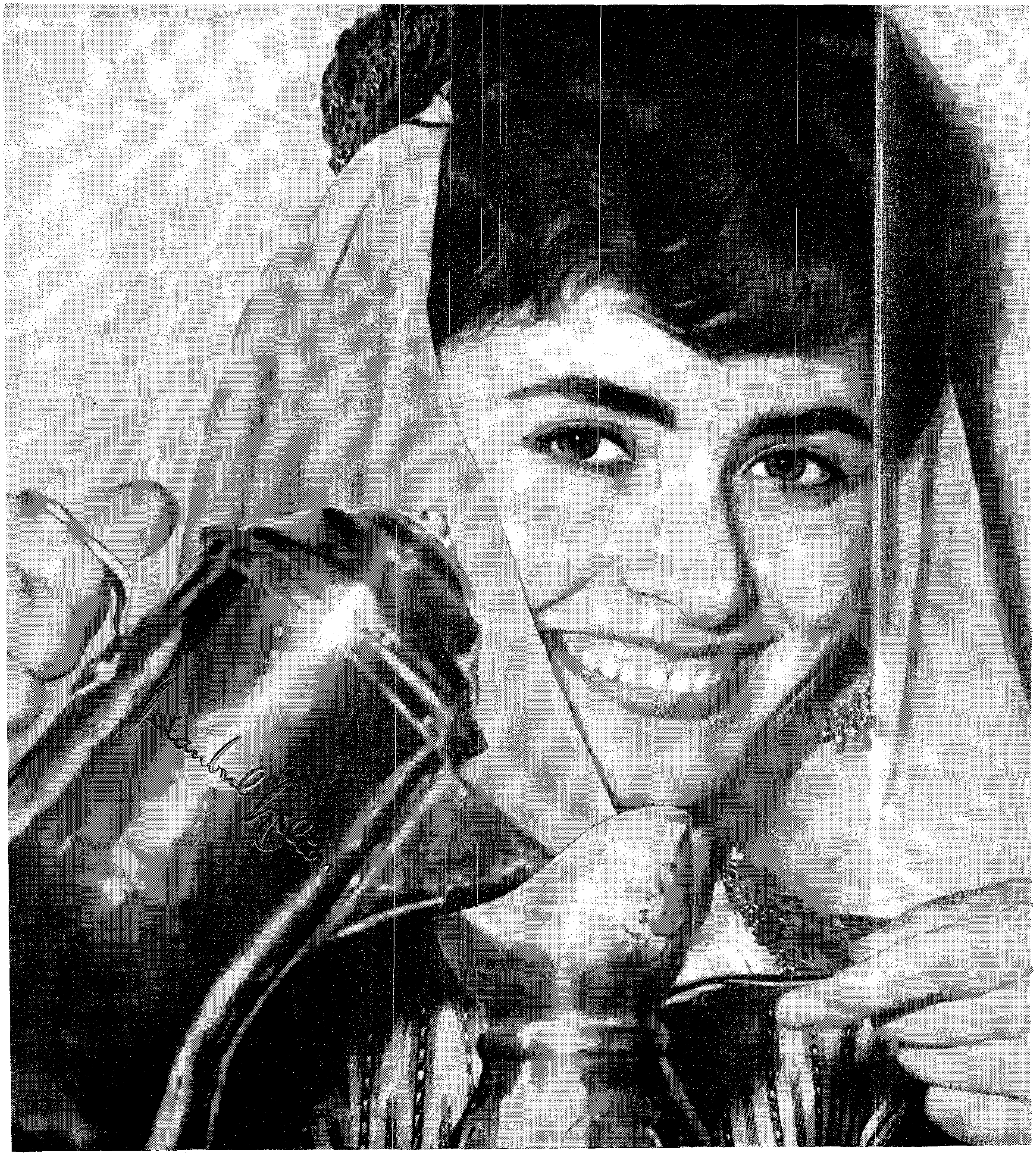

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"In any case, your man Cruz could never make it up that river."

Now out of the darkness appeared Señor Lugarte, a small, bewildered man, who peered at me suspiciously. He could not seem to decipher a card of introduction I had brought from Andrés' brother in Lima; either the name Porras Cáceres meant nothing to him, or he was unable to read. He told me he had no boat he could spare, and agreed with his friend that the river was very dangerous at the moment—*muy bravo, muy feo.* In fact, he said, it was the highest, for the date, that he could remember. Though every other piece of information I had received so far on this journey had proved to be questionable or mistaken, I still found this report extremely discouraging. An Indian woman now appeared and served us a dismal supper—rice, yuca, and a piece of meat so strange and foul that, try as I might, I could not get it down. The three others took baleful notice of my defection. The radio was blaring senselessly (in South America, radios are always played for all they're worth, at full volume), and just beyond the murky yellow light in which we ate, the monster pig grunted spasmodically.

Señora Lugarte, if that is who the dispirited Indian woman was, was kind enough to give me a bed in a large loft, where the smiling hacienda owner from downriver also slept. The greater part of the loft was devoted to drying coca, and the leaves gave off a sweet smell not unlike that of alfalfa. My companion, who still seemed to be smiling, even in the dark, had an Indian servant, who slept (appropriately, I thought) on the floor at the foot of his master's bed.

Tuesday: This morning Andrés and Abraham Márquez appeared, with seven Quechua peons and a young Quechua boy, and Márquez announced that we would set off for Sirialo in his dugout canoe, which he keeps near Lugarte's hacienda. This craft is typical of those on these rivers—big and deep and black, hewn from a single log. In the stern, looking highly incongruous, the outboard motor, with its dirty gasoline line and general air of sludgy incompetence, is typical also. The canoe did not seem the conveyance for carrying ten men and a boy, plus cargo, down a swift mountain river. But Don Abraham Márquez is a spirited young fellow, and we were consigned without further ado to the torrent, where we travelled upstream a few yards on an eddy and then, gaining speed, moved offshore on

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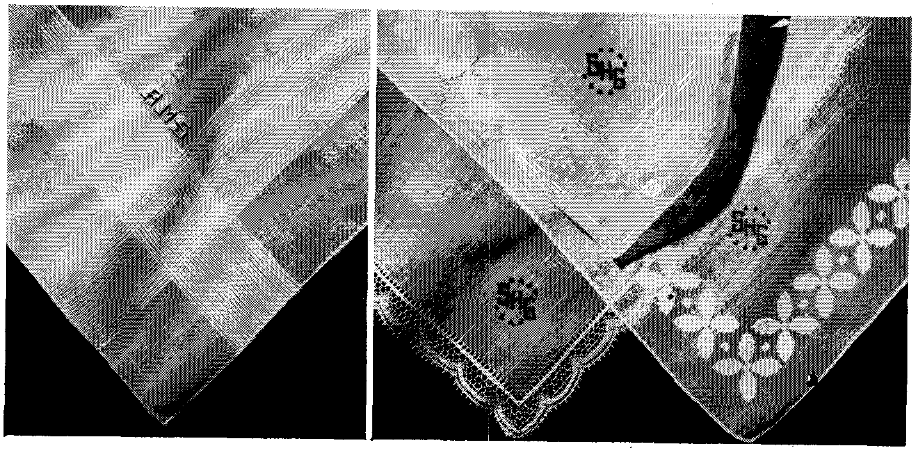

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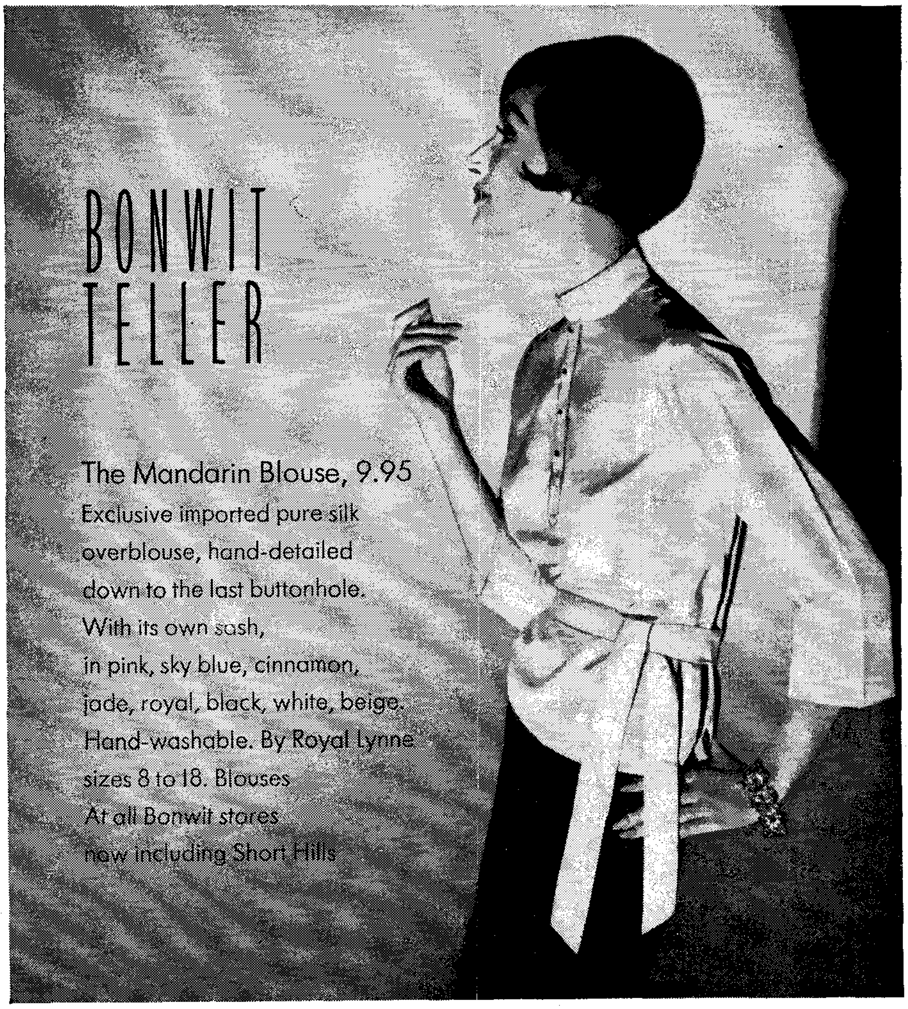

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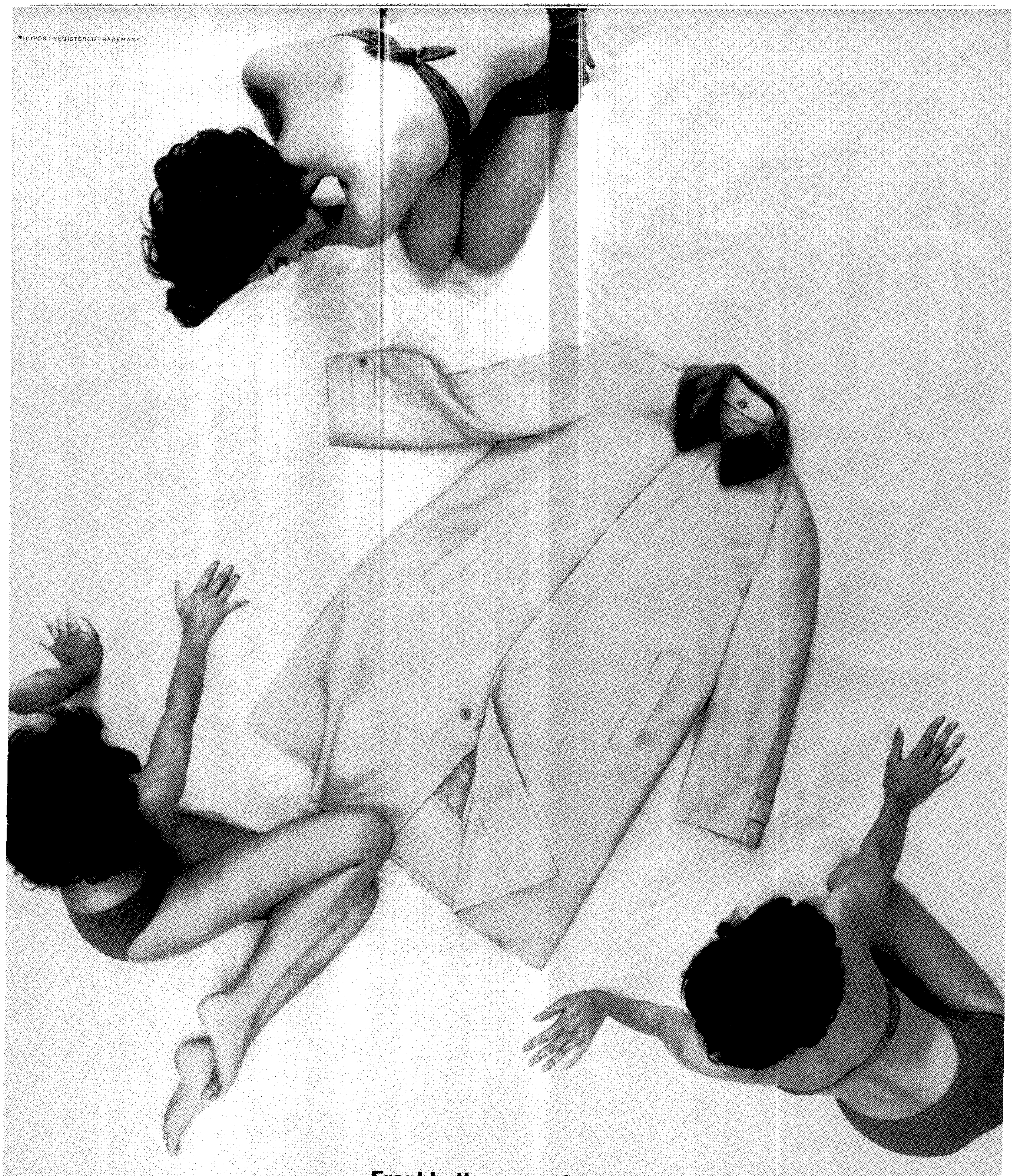
the eddy's curl, swung violently around, and started off down the Urubamba. Almost immediately, in the waves of the first *vuelta*, or river bend, we came to, the motor stalled, and a good deal of water slopped in. The boy, Ascensión, a beautiful child of twelve or so with an infectious laugh, was wide-eyed with alarm. "Are you afraid?" he asked me. I said I wasn't yet, though I might be at any minute, and he managed to smile.

The width of the Urubamba here varied from forty to a hundred yards, and its current, even in the wider reaches, must have exceeded eight knots; in the rapids and in the deepwater swirls of the bends it was noticeably more swift. The canoe was unmistakably top-heavy, owing to the fact that some of the crew were piled on top of the cargo; after a while we made a landing, and the heavier items of cargo were deposited on the bank, Ascensión being left to guard them. Another of Márquez's peons, who was bringing some mules to Sirialo down the jungle trail along the Urubamba, would pick up the boy and the gear. We took to the river once again. The canoe rode better now, but Andrés and I, sitting on its floor in the forward section, were several times up to our waists in water, and spent most of the afternoon bailing. We had yet to strike a true *mal paso*, as the danger points in the river's course are known; the river was swift, and turbulent at the bends, but it should not have presented a severe problem for a good canoe and good boatman. Unhappily, we had neither. Márquez admitted this himself while we were making camp for the night, on a broad river beach of gray sand, where the white water of a tributary stream roared into the Urubamba. Márquez was amused by the inexperience of his men, some of whom had stood up and leaped about in the precarious craft at the first sign of trouble; in the frequent intervals when the motor was not working, those entrusted with the paddles had done everything in their power, so it seemed, to keep the canoe broadside to the current. I asked how many of the men had had experience on the river. "Not one," Márquez said, and grinned at the hugeness of this joke. "Not a single one."

WEDNESDAY: Last night, I went to sleep to the rush of the river, with only the "thip-thip" of hunting bats between me and Orion; we had reached the wild montaña, and were well on our way. In the morning, Márquez had told us, we would come to a village of



Frankly, there are about twenty days you won't wear this coat!

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Machiguenga Indians presided over by a Dominican priest, Padre Gordia, who knew the river well, and who might lend us a canoe or balsa raft, with Machiguenga *bogas*—boatmen—for the journey to the Pongo de Mainique, and perhaps farther. Also, we were told, Padre Gordia had a two-way radio, and could notify the missions downstream to the north that we were on our way. There the priests would tell César Cruz, wherever he was, to come and meet us.

At four in the morning, the bright stars disappeared and rain began to fall. At five, we huddled miserably in a steady downpour. The peons got a fire going, and we had a breakfast of lemon juice and hot water mixed with a finely powdered farina made of yuca and beans. By six, we were on the river again, in a dim light, with water coming at us from every direction—from the sky, over the bows, and through the bottom. A dull fear joined the farina in the pit of my stomach, for capsizing or foundering in this current would be no joke at all, especially when one was trying to protect camera, binoculars, notes, and other fragile essentials of the journey.

When we reached the huts of the Dominican mission, the Indians on the streaming banks stood like statues in the rain, and we were greeted with dismal silence. Soon Padre Gordia appeared and succored us with coffee. An able-looking man with white hair standing straight up on his head, he assured us that the river farther down, and especially the Pongo, was not navigable at this season, and that Cruz could not possibly come up the river, even if we were foolish enough to try to go down. Furthermore, he announced, his radio was out of order, so there was no chance of our communicating with Cruz. I digested this spate of good news with some difficulty, staring out across the thatch huts of the Machiguengas, which seemed to grow up out of the mud.

There was nothing for us to do but continue to Márquez's hacienda at Sirialo, so once again the river, navigable or not, was navigated by Don Abraham and his merry men, this time with near-fatal consequences when we hit a rough swirl at one of the final bends before Sirialo. Even the indomitable Márquez exclaimed afterward, "That was an ugly one, hey, Señores!" Now we careered to a landing in a canebrake, just short of a horrid pile of black rocks tumbled at the mouth of a thick, sulphurous tributary. The black rocks

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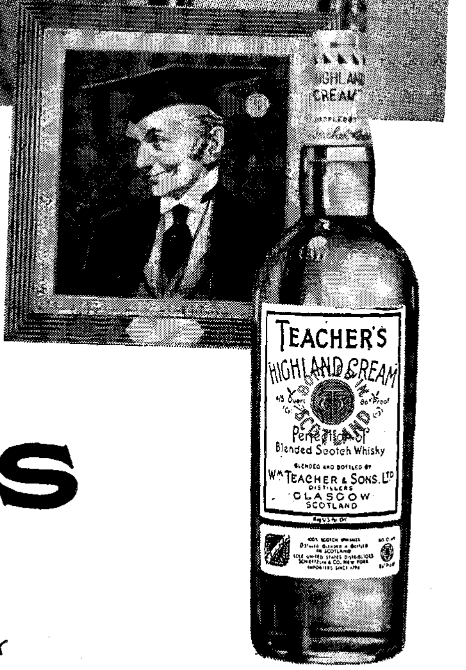
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marked the first real *mal paso*—a point at which even the doughty Márquez considered the Urubamba unnavigable. The canoe was hauled ashore, and to reach the hacienda we had to shoulder our gear and ford the tributary's rush of yellow water, waist-deep. This was a particularly bad moment, since my knees, weak and shaking with cold, offered little or no control over my sneakered lower limbs, which splayed wildly on the slippery rocks below. One false move, I thought, and I would slip beneath the yellow waves, to be swept along to the Pongo de Mainique and points beyond. When I froze momentarily in my tracks, Andrés sensed my alarm. His assurance and encouragement stung me forward like a goad, and I came plunging out at last on the far side.

At Sirialo, we stood dully, with our clothes soaked and muddy, and nothing dry to change into, while the hacienda manager told Andrés and me that the foot trail gave out entirely not very many miles below. We contemplated the insects and the mud, which was steaming now that the rain had stopped; our state of mind at that moment was so abysmal that it is difficult to describe it without inducing it all over again. As of this evening, this is our situation: We are little more than a day's canoe travel downriver, but returning upstream on foot would be a matter of three days. So we are faced with the choice of an arduous and expensive retreat of at least ten days, via Quillabamba, Cuzco, and Lima, or a desperate plunge down a river said to be unnavigable at this season. As we spread our dank gear and soaked sleeping bags on muddy rocks and stumps, I suggested to Andrés that we might have to go back. "I know," he said, almost gratefully. "I've been thinking the same thing." He was grateful not for the chance of retreat, of course, but because I'd finally voiced our doubts; I was grateful, in turn, that he did not conceal his own misgivings under cover of my own. A smaller man might have said, "Oh, do you think so?"—as if the possibility of turning back had never occurred to him. In any case, the moment the misgivings had been voiced, our morale rose again, and the idea of retreat appeared intolerable.

THURSDAY: This morning, Márquez located for us a Quechua, one Zacharías, who for twenty soles, plus a twelve-sol bottle of pisco, the local brandy, to be used as fuel (or a total salary of approximately one dollar

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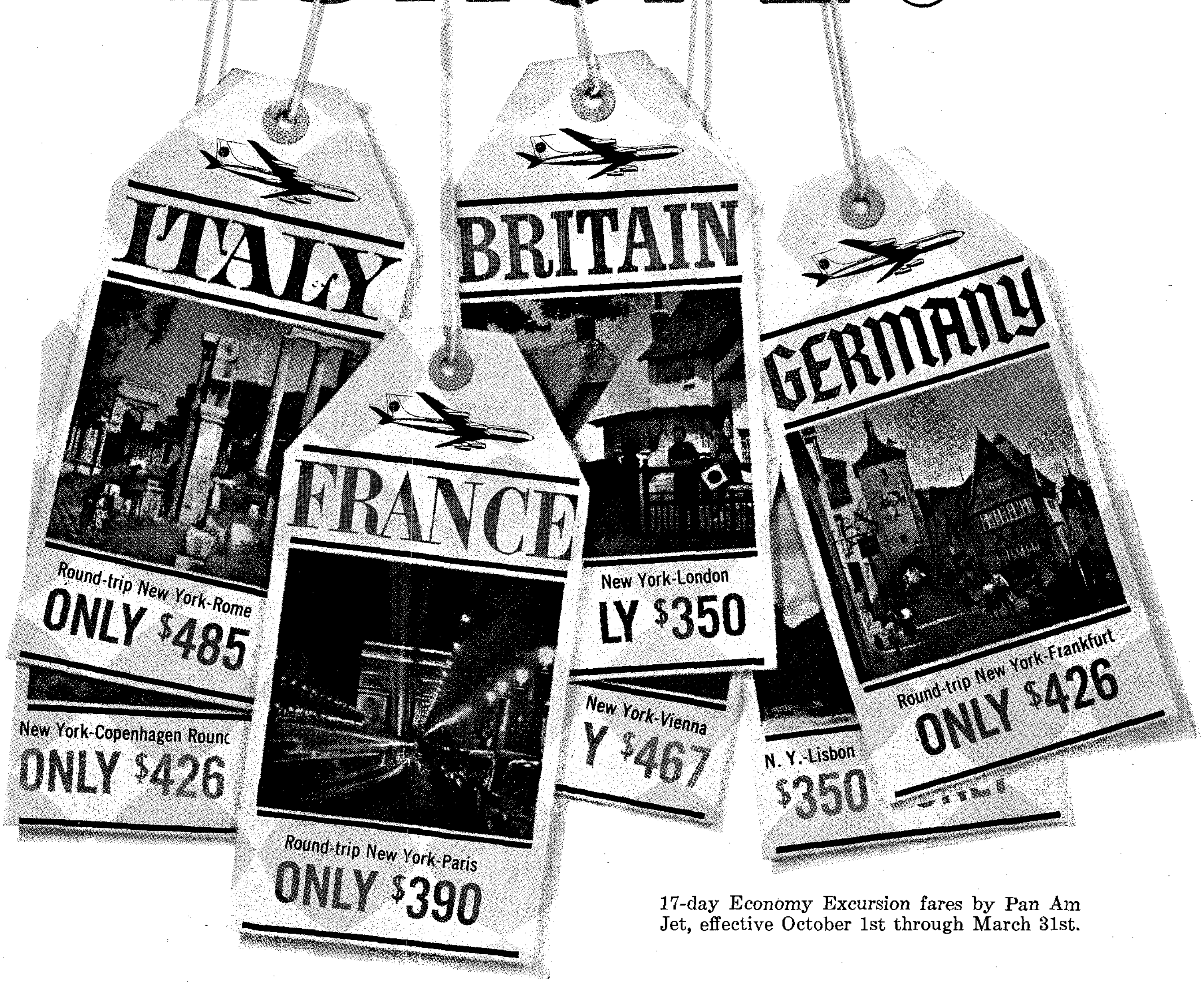
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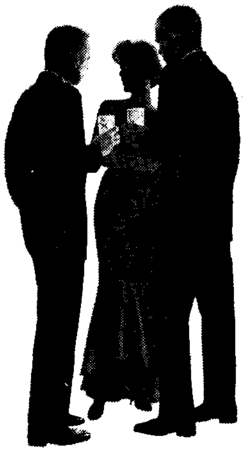
and fifteen cents), contracted to bear a truly enormous weight for a day's walk downriver. The magnitude of his travail—carrying two large rubber duffelbags full of heavy gear, plus a sack of canned goods and other emergency food—cannot be imagined unless one keeps in mind the steep, muddy trail full of slippery and sliding rocks, the stream crossings, the insects and clinging thorns, the fierce heat in the open swamps, and then the prospect of the long walk back to his home over what in any other part of the world could only be called an obstacle course. Nonetheless, Zacharías rolled the sacks up in his *qquepina*, the cloth head sling of the mountain Indians, and we hoisted the load onto his bent back. He set off cheerfully, the pisco bottle snug against his side, a wad of coca in his cheek, and his small mongrel, Tarzan, at his heels. Having thanked Márquez for his many kindnesses, we followed.

We were bound for the hacienda, four or five miles downriver, of a Señor Rodríguez, who, it was said, might be helpful in finding us some sort of river craft or some Machiguenga porters. As the day wore on and the miles moved slowly past, Zacharías, pisco-crazed, got farther and farther ahead, and Andrés slowly fell behind. Whenever we stopped to rest, I could see that Andrés was suffering. Once, offered a swig of the Quechua's white lightning, he accepted gladly, which was quite uncharacteristic. I felt a pang of conscience, and began to worry. I felt bad at having gone along with his own estimate of his endurance. He admitted now that he had felt a twinge of pain in his chest, and I got to the point where I had to consider what I would do if his heart should give out. There would be no possibility of getting a body back to Quillabamba; he would have to be buried in the jungle.

At dusk, we emerged onto the riverbank opposite the Rodríguez huts, and their owner came across for us in his canoe. A small, dark, suspicious man who later proved quite hospitable, he denied ownership of any extra canoes or rafts with a vehemence suggesting that he felt himself falsely accused; he further denied that he harbored either Machiguenga boatmen or the slightest inclination to take us anywhere on the river. Beyond Rodríguez's, there are two or three small holdings; from the last of these to the Pongo de Mainique is a vast wilderness controlled by a legendary and reputedly hostile planter and trader named Fidel Pereira, and by his sons. We faced the possibility

BELL'S SCOTCH



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of a three- or four-day march with nothing we could count on at the end of it.

FRIDAY: When we awoke this morning, our faithful Zacharías and his valiant Tarzan had left for home in the early hours, bearing, as it turned out, the greater part of our emergency rations. Tired before we started, we soon set off ourselves, accompanied by two fresh bearers lent us by Rodríguez, bound for the hacienda of one César Lugarte—no relation, it was said, of the Lugarte upriver. This Lugarte lived "three hours away, Señores, walking slowly." The march in fact required between five and six hours, over a path infinitely more tortuous than that of the previous day. At its end, we slumped exhausted on the bank while Lugarte peons on the opposite shore waved us back upstream; they were trying to indicate that we should cross at a point farther up—a point where, an hour previously, other peons had waved us downstream. At last, two young men came across the river on a small balsa. One of them, called Ardiles, claimed to have a larger balsa farther downriver, and, to our surprise and pleasure, agreed to take us down to the Pereiras', just above the Pongo de Mainique. Now, as we started off across the river toward the Lugarte clearing, one of our bearers, Alejandro, decided to come along with us; he told us he wanted to run away from Señor Rodríguez. In return for his services, we agreed to see to it that he eventually got to Lima.

Of the Pongo de Mainique we have hitherto had only dark reports, and now Ardiles has told us excitedly of enormous waves, falls, and whirlpools, or *remolinos*. As for the Pereiras, they are a legend not only in the montaña but as far away as Lima. This much about them is probably fact: The patriarch, Fidel Pereira, is the mestizo son of a Portuguese slaver and a Machiguenga woman. He was sent to the university in Cuzco, where he became a brilliant law student. But during this period, according to local reports, Fidel Pereira and his father had a violent quarrel, which resulted in the latter's death, after which Pereira disappeared into the valley of the upper Urubamba. There he established a huge domain, and gained control of virtually all of his mother's people above the Pongo, even the wild Machiguengas of the tributary rivers. For nearly forty years, with the exception of a single visit to Quillabamba, Pereira has not left the jungle. Recent-

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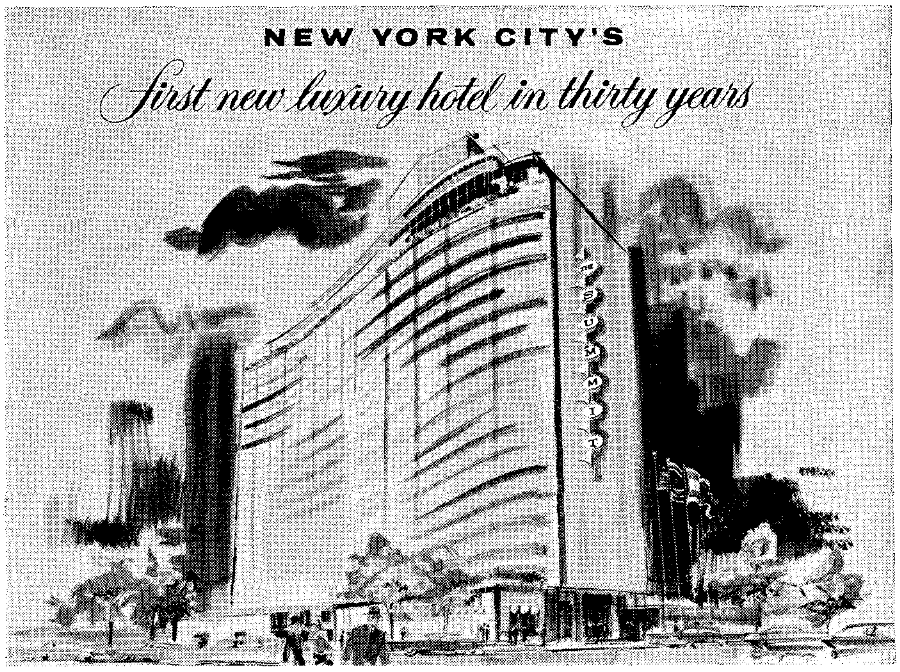

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ly, he has parcelled out some of his holdings among three sons.

SATURDAY: Ardiles appeared in mid-morning, and, with Alejandro, we set off on foot into the jungle. Toward noon, we arrived at the clearing of our third boatman-to-be, Julio; after a short argument, he was conscripted, and we celebrated this agreement over a bowl of *caldito*, the watery jungle soup in which, from time to time, one comes upon a piece of chicken. In a few minutes, the five of us were off again. It was a sunny afternoon, and, while humid, not uncomfortable in the shade, so I was able to absorb the atmosphere of mountain jungle as we went along. As we have descended the river, the palms have increased in variety and number. The dominant tree, however, is still the tall white *leche-leche*. This afternoon, there were new birdcalls, many butterflies, a huge emerald-and-mauve cricket, and the biggest black ant I have yet seen. This beast, an inch long, looked capable of killing one outright. The trail ended in the papaya grove of a Señor Olarte, who, his peons told us, was away in Quillabamba; a peon offered me a papaya and a lemon, and I ate greedily. Ardiles' balsa was stored nearby, and he, Alejandro, and Julio set about repairing it, cutting three new logs—trunks of the tree from which the very light wood for model airplanes is obtained; the trunks are stripped of their green bark and lashed into place with lianas. The machete is the only tool used by these people to construct what can be a very large and able craft. Ardiles' balsa is somewhat less than that, having a certain fly-by-night air about it. The logs of a first-class balsa are pegged together with hardwood spikes, cut usually from the black heartwood of the chonta palm; our logs are unpegged. Julio, in fact, has made no secret of his contempt for our craft—an attitude that strikes me as rather unhealthy.

It seems, at least, that our days on foot are over. I am tired and my impressions of our route are blurred, for, trudging and clambering and sliding onward, I have had to stare at the ground most of the time in order to find my footing. But there have been some fine moments—the cold water drunk face down in white mountain streams, the mysterious animal cries and birdcalls, the light-dappled forest stretched high above the roaring river, the scarlet macaws that followed us with their raucous screeches, the long files of leaf-cutting ants swaying along with their

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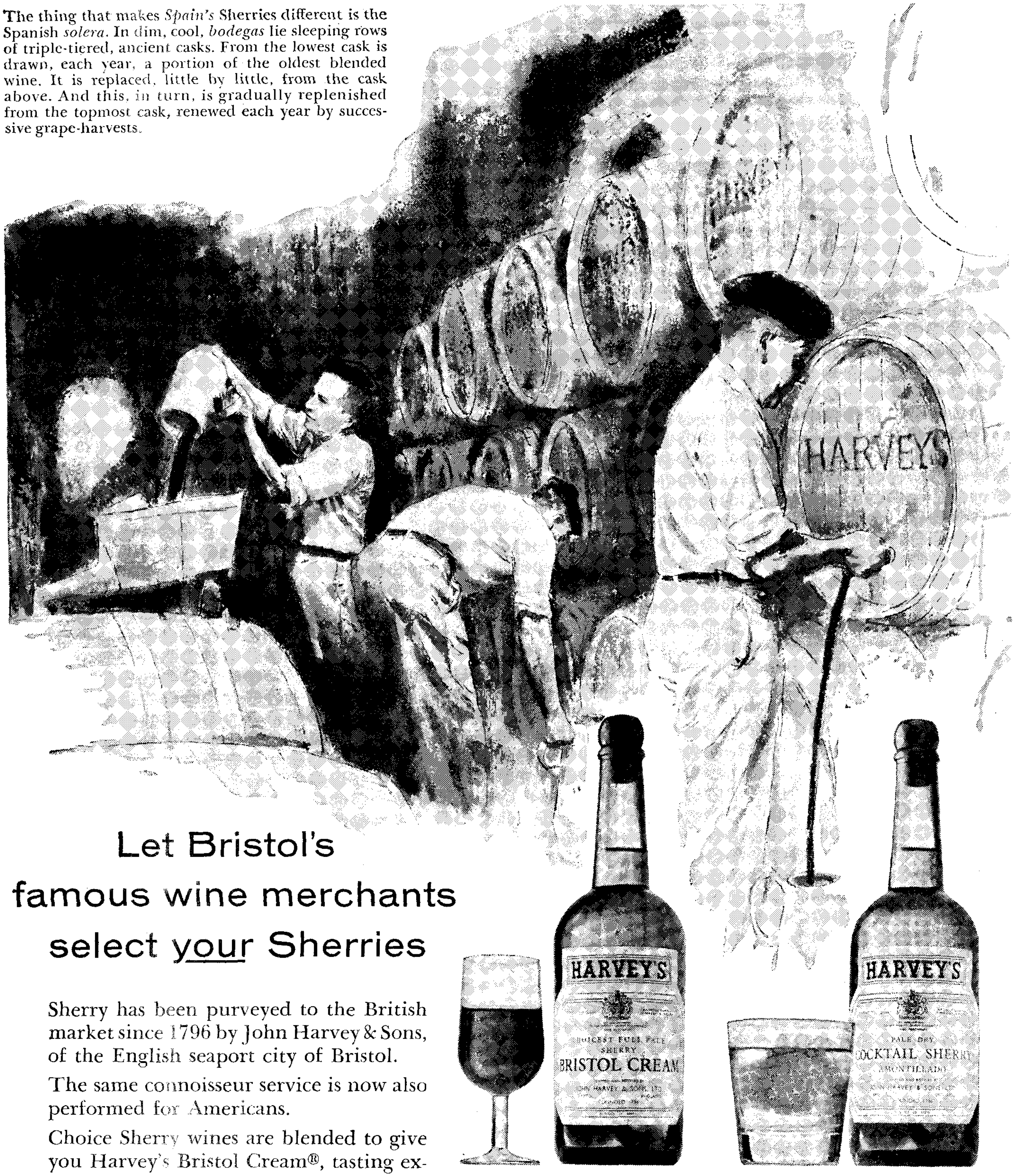

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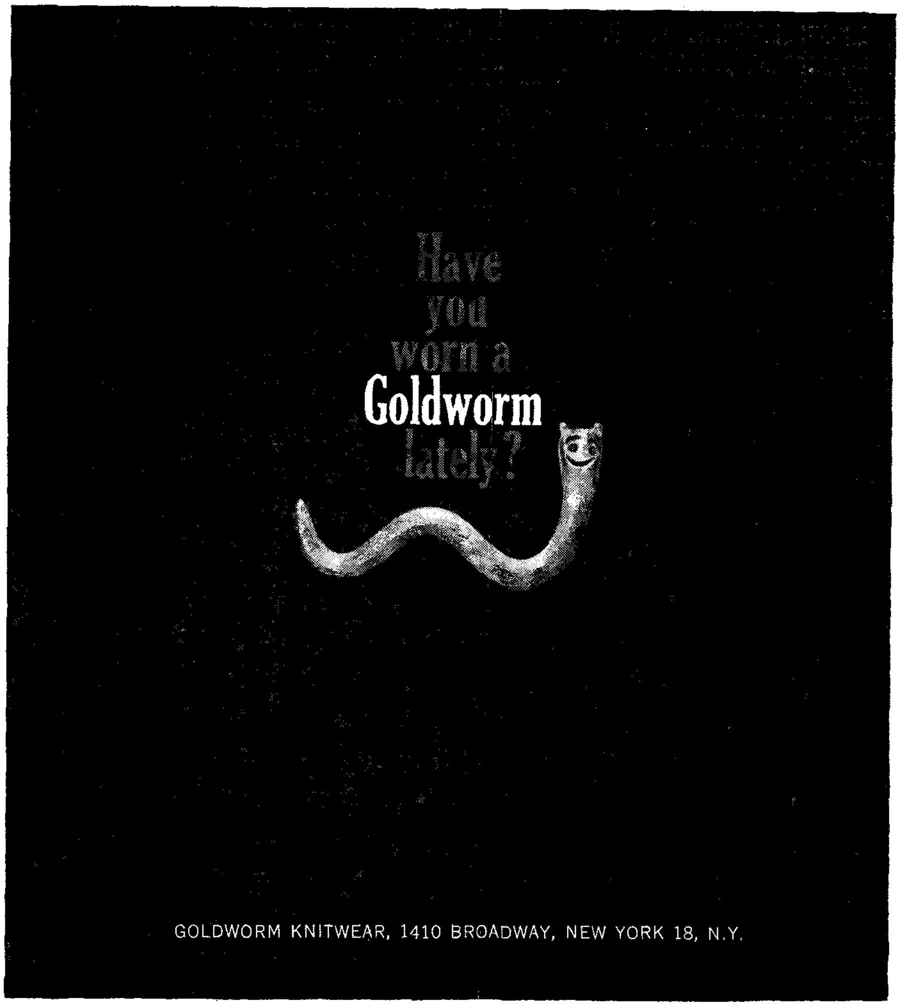
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burdens like endless thin green snakes, the perched wood butterflies with the strange "eyes" on the undersides of their lifted wings staring owlishly from the jungle shadows. These details I shall remember longer than the muddy hillsides, the dry, rasping canebrakes, the palm thickets, the thorns, the fierce humidity.

SUNDAY: This morning it was raining hard again—it has rained at least once every day—and the brown river, with its dark, dense, green walls, was cheerless. At nine, we set off on the raft into the rain, and immediately the river seized us up and bore us remorselessly toward our first emergency, at a *mal paso* that the Machiguengas call Bacanique, or Cattle Drowning Place. We came over a shallow fall into a strong whirlpool, and for a few horrid moments the raft rode at a forty-five-degree angle. During those moments, the waves bore away the largest of our duffelbags. The sack floated, and we retrieved it farther down, only to notice for the first time that it had two sizable holes in it—in addition to my sleeping bag.

Bacanique was the worst passage of the day, though several others were a little tight. Had the sun been shining, the whole business might have been quite exhilarating, but the rain poured down and a cold wind was blowing up the river valley, and the wildlife consisted of one orange serpent, drowned and belly up in the swollen river. We paddled furiously all morning, not only to avoid the falls, or *tumbos*, and the *remolinos* but to keep warm, for we were nearly naked, wearing only underpants. The raft was permanently awash, to a point above our ankles in the smooth stretches and above our navels in the rapids. At midday, the rain stopped at last, and shortly thereafter, exhausted by a *mal paso* called Quirimotini, or Place of the River Demon, we beached the raft on a gravel island and rested. A pisco bottle was produced, and a little waterlogged yuca, and Julio supplied us with a big jawful of coca, the juices of which, when swallowed, produce a pleasantly numbing sensation, giving one relief from both cold and hunger, and even a vague serenity of mind; one sees immediately why this plant is carried everywhere by the Quechuas, whose bleak existence might otherwise be insupportable. Our Alejandro is a Quechua, and the coca and pisco had a strong effect on him; manning one of the bow paddles after we took to the river again, he failed to squat when we plunged into a rapid, standing upright and swaying fearlessly until a shout from us brought him to his senses.

In the early afternoon, the hacienda of Fidel Pereira came into view, high up on a bank at a bend of the river. Andrés and I wished to stop, but Ardiles, plainly uneasy, evaded the issue until the swift current had swept us irrevocably past. Ardiles told us that the old man had become extremely difficult, and kept an armed guard of Machiguengas to waylay trespassers. Ardiles said we would be far better off in the hands of Pereira's son Epifanio, who was a good friend of his. Some Indians from Fidel Pereira's place came to the bank and watched us in silence until we disappeared around the bend.

Farther down the river, Epifanio Pereira, a round-faced young man with a permanent vague smile and an air so innocent as to be rather disconcerting, greeted us cheerfully enough. He now works his father's old *chacra*, which is named Pangoa, after a monkey demon associated with the fogs on a nearby peak. The hacienda's only building of any importance is a very large, high shed, open on all sides, under the eaves of which is a small loft where Epifanio has his bed; below are a rough table and bins of drying coffee, and around the edges the Indians build their fires. Spears, bows and arrows, tomtoms, cane baskets, feather apparel, and other pieces of Indian equipment are strung from the crossbeams. In addition to the shed, there are two small Indian palm-leaf huts, before one of which we found an old squaw and a girl, squatting over a fire. Two other girls were washing coffee beans in a log trough at the mouth of a small brook. Just after we arrived, four men appeared out of the canebrake behind the hacienda and stood watching us in implacable Indian silence; the women, for their part, would not even look at us, and kept their backs to us whenever possible. All the Indians were dressed in poncholike *cushmas* of a coarse cloth, striped black, brown, and red, and woven from wild cotton. They are an open-faced, wide-mouthed lot, very appealing. One of their legends is that, long ago, their god took away their wisdom and cleverness, because his child, while entrusted to them, was swallowed by the river demon of the Pongo de Mainique, and the wisdom was given to the whites. One day, the Machiguengas hope, their god will relent, and their former cleverness will be restored to them, but for the moment they have resigned themselves to ignorance and stupidity—a marvellous

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stroke of luck for the Pereiras and the other *patrones* who have enslaved them.

MONDAY: Ardiles wishes to travel no farther with his precarious balsa, so we have paid him off, and Epifanio Pereira has agreed to provide us with a new and, we hope, stouter raft, and also with men to navigate it through the Pongo de Mainique and as far as a Dominican mission below the Pongo at Timpia. Early this morning, the Indians were assembling the new balsa, using some seasoned logs together with some just-cut green ones that had been gathered at a point upriver and floated down to the hacienda. These were soon notched and spiked and lashed together, and I realized, with rather a start, that we were actually on the brink of "risking our lives," as Andrés remarked (unfortunately, I thought), in the Pongo de Mainique. But between risking his life and making his way back up along the river on foot, Andrés would infinitely prefer the former, and though I am filled with a growing dread, I must say I agree. One is through the Pongo in fifteen minutes, it is said—though ideas on the subject vary so much that I wonder at times if anybody has ever been through at all. Pereira suggests that in one way the passage of the Pongo in the rainy season may be less dangerous than it is in the dry season, when people ordinarily try it. His theory is that some of the dangerous rocks are safely underwater. I hope he is right, but I would have more faith in what he says if he were going to accompany us. However, he is a likable fellow, and, standing on the bank as we clambered gingerly onto our new balsa—which, in a desperate attempt to amuse myself at this ominous moment, I have christened the Happy Days—both he and Ardiles seemed genuinely sorry to see us go. Between them, after providing our rafts, they had most of our money in their pockets, and they no doubt felt that in letting us disappear into the Pongo they were killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

The Happy Days is composed of four large balsa logs, with two much smaller ones along either side, cross poles fore and aft, and a cargo frame mounted in the center. It strikes me that about twelve more large logs would be just the thing, but apparently there comes a point—it is said to come rather often in the Pongo—when maneuverability is more important than bulk. Over all, our craft is about eighteen feet long by four and a half feet wide—very little

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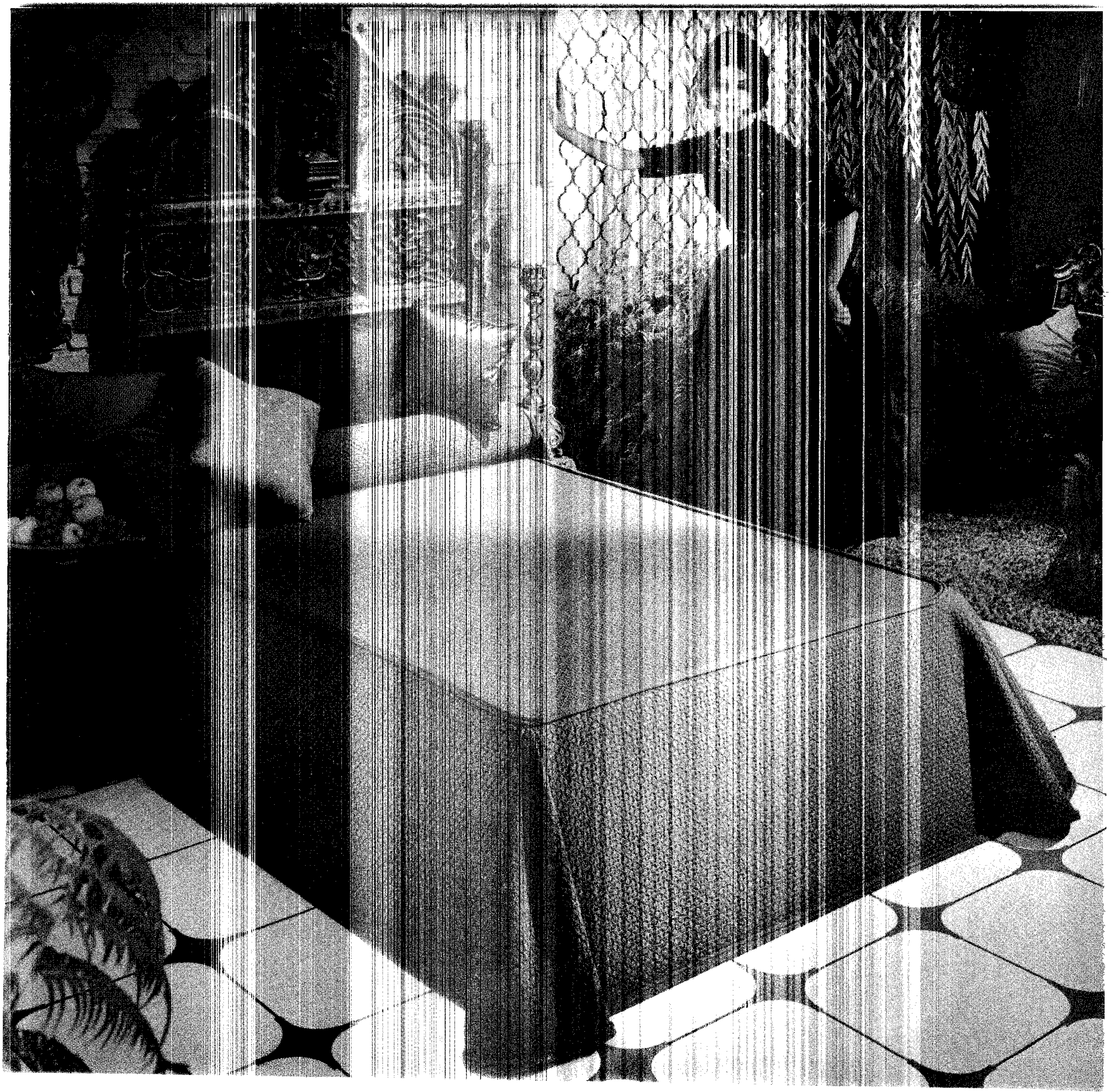

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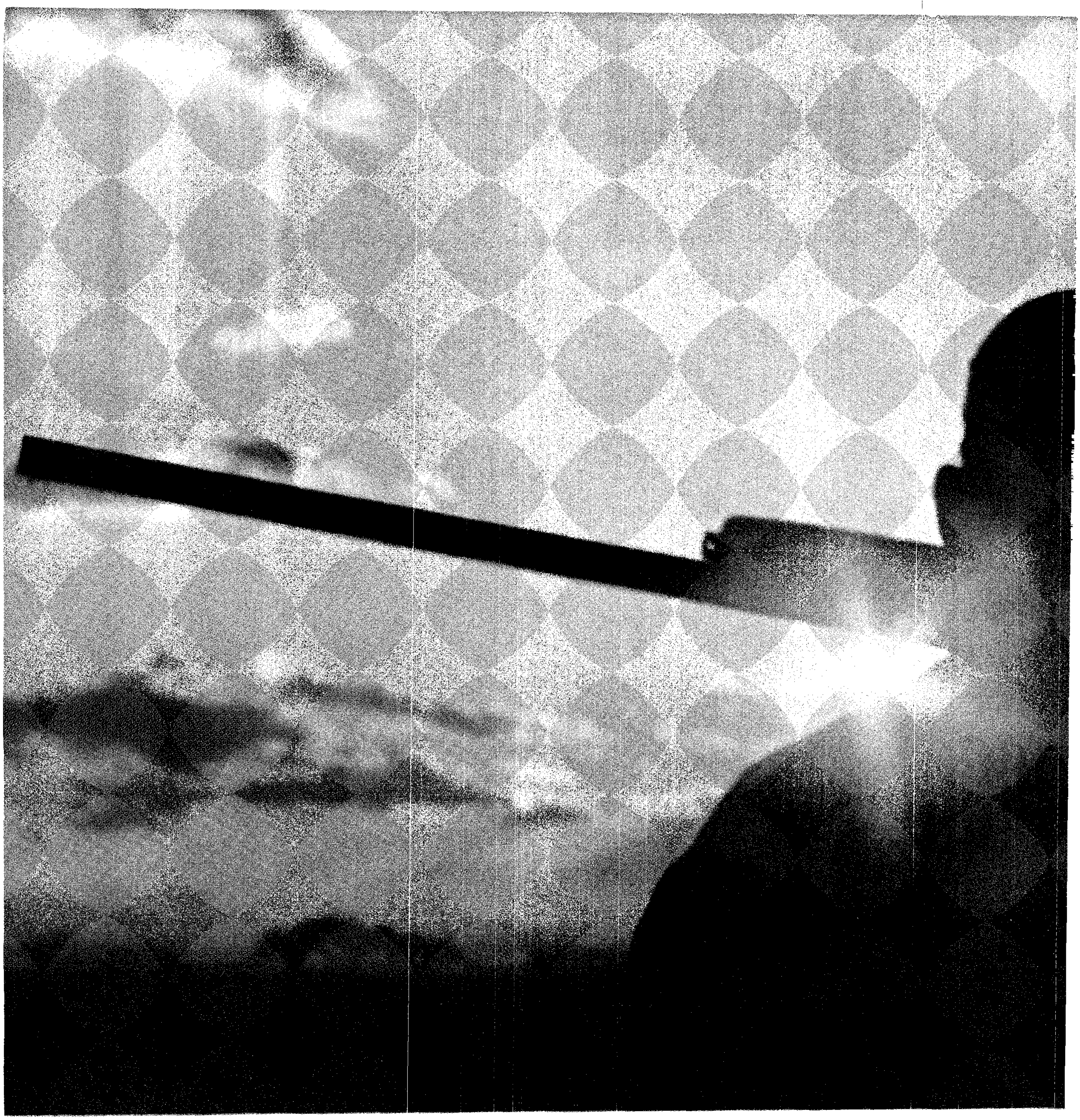

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Our boatmen are three young Machiguengas, who ordinarily wear *cushmas*, with shorts beneath; while on the river they wear only the shorts. The three have Christian names—Toribio, Raúl, and Agostino—but they do not speak Spanish. Alejandro, who kneels clumsily behind the bowman, Toribio, manages to divine their intentions now and then, but when he is asked to interpret he only smiles gently and says, "I don't know. Theirs is a different tongue." Alejandro is dressed in his poor underwear, and he is a very ugly boy. When he is cold, his skin is the nameless color of an old bruise, blotched with old, healed sores of purple; his shoulders are narrow and his joints knobby, and his feet are short and thick as clubs. He has none of the grace of the Machiguengas, who slide into their places on the raft like fish. Beneath a low forehead, he has exceedingly long lashes over small, discolored eyes, giving him a lidded look, and he is not alert. Yet he is strong and faithful, and has natural gentleness and good manners. His sole belonging is a little plastic comb, and with this he goes each morning to the riverside and carefully draws flat his coarse black hair. This is the substance of his ablutions, and five minutes later his hair is awry once more, thus to remain for the next twenty-four hours. He was born in Cuzco, where he belongs, and wishes to seek his fortune in Lima, where he does not.

We had not gone very far downriver toward the Pongo when we saw a small canoe drawn up on the bank. The Indians steered our balsa in beside it, and without a word our three Machiguengas disappeared into the tangle. One reads of Indians' being "swallowed up" by the jungle, and the phrase is a good one. One moment they were there and the next they were not. Surprised, the rest of us sat stupidly where we were. Andrés was openly apprehensive; aside from some fresh fruit acquired at Pangoa, our emergency food was all but gone—we had two cans of peaches, a bottle of pisco, and a bottle of Scotch that a friend had given us at Machu Picchu—and for anyone but a native Indian, starvation in this jungle is a simple matter. In effect, our one chance would be to risk the Pongo and try to reach the mission at Timpia, although, undermanned and inexperienced as we were, this course would be all but suicidal. Within ten minutes, however, the

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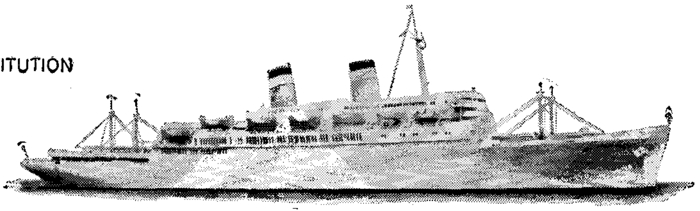

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Indians were back. They brought with them lengths of strong liana, and these vines they secured to the forward cross pole and then led back to the stern. They managed to convey the idea that from now on we should use these lianas as safety devices, and hang on for all we were worth.

A few of the *mal pasos* above the Pongo de Mainique are alleged to be worse than the Pongo itself, and while this is not so—at least, in the rainy season—they are worse by far than anything to be found higher up. No two are alike; the *encuentros* where the Yavero and Mantalo Rivers enter the Urubamba create very different types of maelstrom, and besides these there are such places as Bongoni (Waves Next to the Land), Malanquiato (Ravine of Vipers), Shintorini (Place of Pig Transformed Into Fish), Patirini (Place where a Man Named Patirini was Drowned), and Mapirontoni (Place of Many Stones). These are but five of the sixteen *mal pasos* between Pangoa and the Pongo that are recognized by name, and, of all of them, Mapirontoni, where gray waves, leaping up in a narrow channel, crashed down across the raft, is perhaps the most spectacular. But there is something for every taste: swift rapids and evil *remolinos;* water climbing a canyon face, and tilting the raft at an uneasy angle; holes in the water where a boulder does not quite protrude; rushing white waves where a boulder does; and the inevitable falls. Each *mal paso* drenched us. We wore only shorts and shirts, in case we had to swim, though I can't believe swimming would have helped very much; everything, in the end, depended on the stoutness of the Happy Days and the skill of the Machiguengas.

Both of these seemed in good order, since, although the dangers were far more serious than any we had encountered with Márquez or Ardiles, the actual emergencies were fewer. For the most part, the Indians, squatting on their heels, worked deftly and silently, without the desperate shouting and confusion that had characterized our earlier journeys. They spoke to each other softly, in little whoops, like children, and only in three or four places before the Pongo did their alarm get the better of them. Then they would screech at one another to paddle harder—"*Shin-she! Shin-she!*"—or, when paddling was of no avail, would set up an unearthly howling. Raúl, especially, would emit sounds of terror and psychic pain that were extremely hard on the nerves. It must be said, though, that a certain

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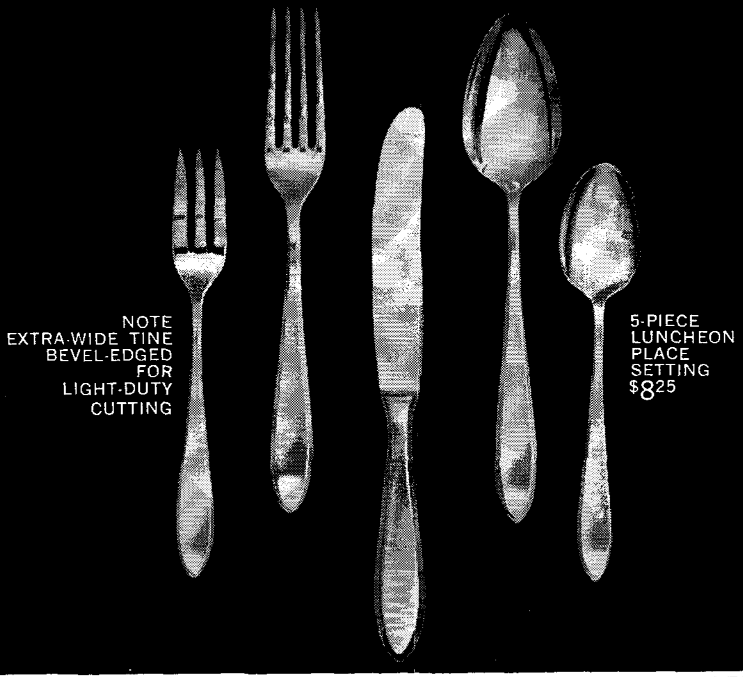

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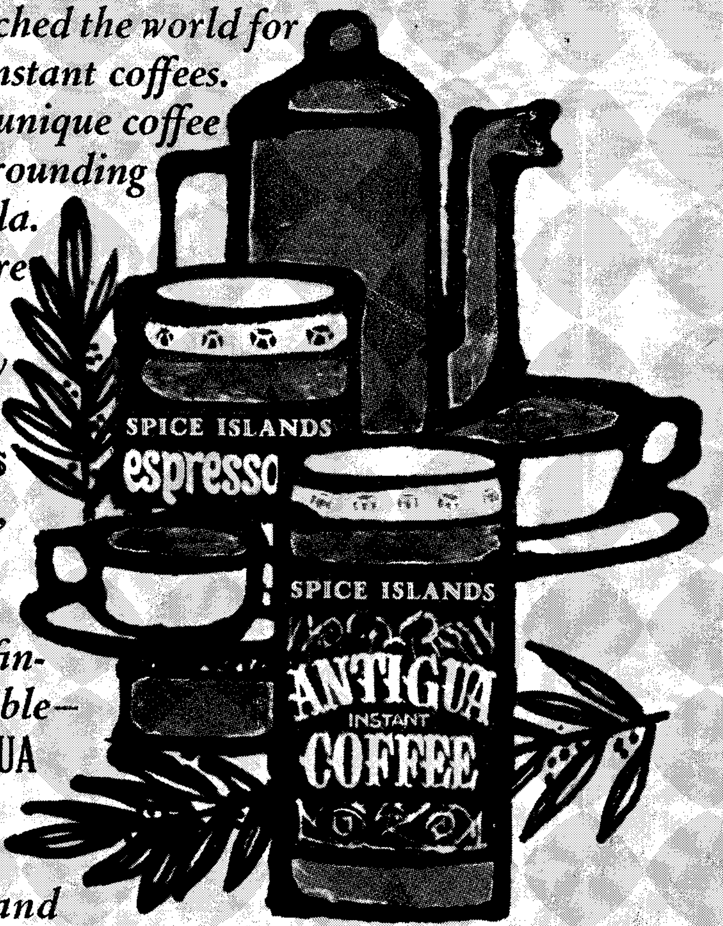
amount of racket comes naturally to these Indians in tense moments, and that they continued to do their work very well indeed.

We were racing along into a driving rain and wind when suddenly we rounded a bend and dropped over a shallow waterfall, and there, two hundred yards ahead, rose the sheer portals of reddish granite that form the entrance of the Pongo de Mainique. At this, the Indians howled anew, and struggled desperately to bring about an emergency crash landing on a small beach of black sand lying under the steep bank on the left side. The bowman, Toribio, leaped for the beach with a liana, but he sank from sight in the torrent, and the line pulled free. I was certain in that instant that we had seen the last of him. But he popped up, mouth wide, and, as the current swept him down, caught hold of the stern of the raft, which had just swung around toward the bank; his tug had pulled her in. The timing was miraculous, but though Toribio grinned uneasily, the Indians otherwise took no notice of it. They tied the balsa to a stiff, scraggy shrub that is common along this part of the river, and Agostino and Raúl went downstream over the sharp rocks along the bank, barefoot, apparently to peer into the Pongo.

There had been some idea before we left Pangoa that we would wait until morning to try the Pongo, on the theory that, in case of accident, we would not have the oncoming night to contend with. Now I was not sure how I felt about it; I was afraid—I knew that much—and more so because of this dark, gloomy afternoon of rain and cold, and I kept asking myself what in the name of God I thought I was doing here in the first place. On the other hand, there was no turning back; we were already trapped between cliff and torrent, and the side of me that was frozen stiff and scared longed to be put out of its misery, one way or the other, as speedily as possible. Andrés was shaking so with cold that he could scarcely talk; I imagined that he felt as I did. As for poor Alejandro and Toribio, they squatted, shivering, on the rocks, arms wrapped around their knees, naked and resigned as a pair of apes; their dark skin looked knobby and dead. I had in my shirt a little coca, presented to me, as a last-minute token of affection, by Ardiles; I took some, and almost immediately felt better. At least, I stopped trembling sufficiently to be able to stand steadily. I offered some to Andrés, but he refused it, saying that it made him dizzy.

Now the two scouts returned and,



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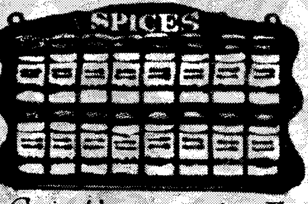

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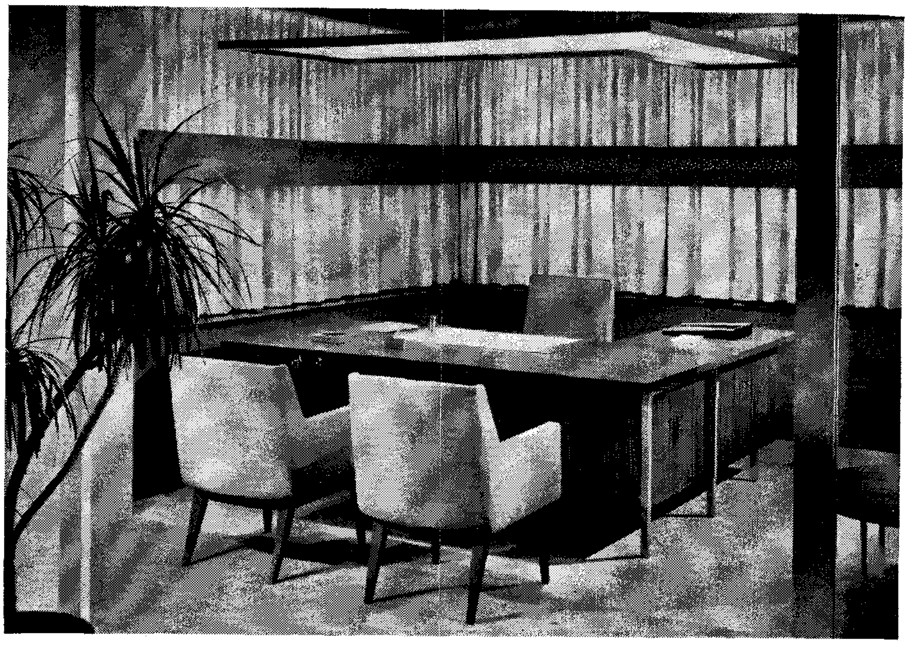

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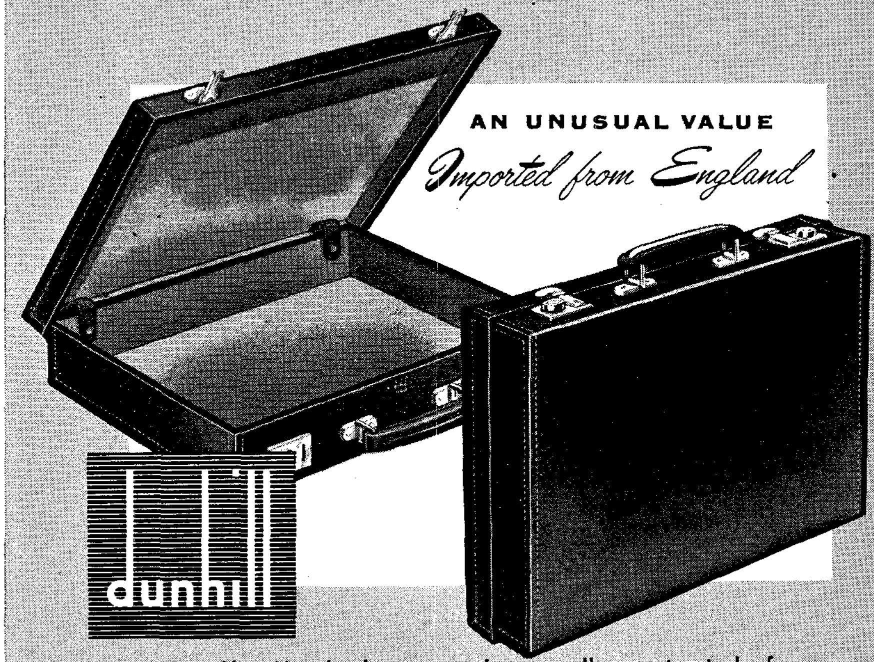

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without a word, untied the raft. A moment later, and much too swiftly for my taste—it seemed to me that I had a lot of important questions to ask about the Pongo, even though our boatmen could not communicate the answers—we were under way, at a speed that, if we had had even the slightest control over it, could only have been called insane.

The word "*pongo*" means, in Peruvian Spanish, a ravine or gorge where a river bursts through mountains. To the Machiguengas, the Pongo de Mainique is known as the Place of the Bear. The legend is that a river monster or demon, in the form of a bear, lurks in its waters, rising up now and again to do some drowning. The single *mal paso* on the far side of the Pongo the Machiguengas call Tonkini, or the Place of Bones, which may or may not be an indication of the bear's success. "The Pongo de Mainique is the worst pass on the river," wrote Mr. Stratford Jolly, an Englishman who made a trip down the Urubamba in 1929 and subsequently described it in a book called "South American Adventures." "The approach was a magnificent sight. Gaunt rocks rose sheer on either side, with great white waves dashing high against them. . . . The river thunders over huge boulders in a mass of foam and spray at a speed I estimated at forty miles an hour. The fall is from fifty to sixty feet." My own impressions of the Pongo are less definite, owing to a certain nervous confusion. I can say only that if the conditions in the Pongo are as Mr. Jolly described them, then in portaging the rapids on foot (I insert this with a certain calculated smugness) he and his party did the right and sensible thing. It is true that the approach is a magnificent sight, as the Gates of Hell must be, and the gaunt rocks and high waves at the entrance undeniably made a marked impression on me, but after that I had only a tenuous grasp on my aesthetic vision. I don't say that everything went blank, but my outlook was decidedly blurred even when my head was not submerged.

Fear is very much like pain, in the sense that in the intervals when one is free of it, one forgets how very disagreeable it is. I am not an authority on fear—a condition I avoid, if possible—but I do know that its worst agony comes well beforehand, in the period of suspense. By the time the crucial moment arrives, a certain detachment—a fatalistic sense, a longing to finish the suspense, followed by a dull resignation—has replaced the quaking. Stupidly, one plods to meet one's fate. In any

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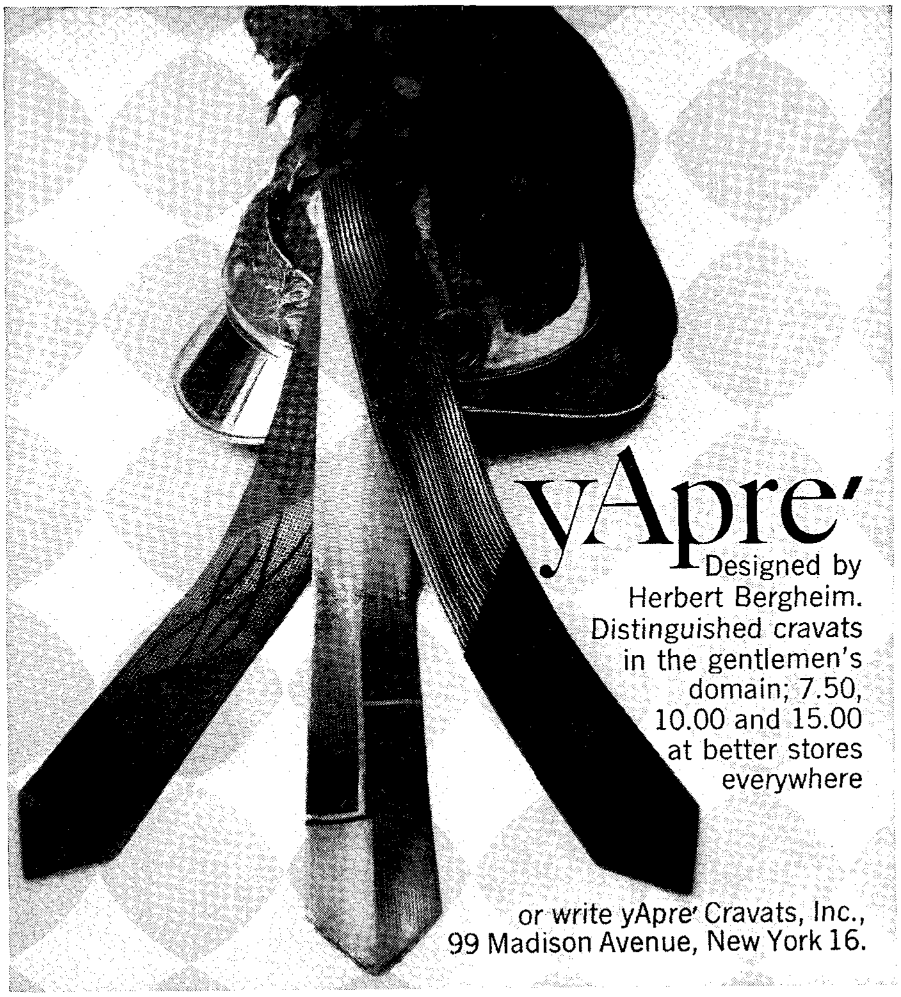

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case—and the coca may have helped a bit—I found myself able to absorb the experience more or less objectively.

The Happy Days rushed down upon the entrance and struck a white swirl under the great monolith to our right, on the east side. The Indians screamed, and the balsa yawed down into a kind of hole, spun around twice, and bobbed free again. Waves were coming at us from all directions, and I took several large ones full in the face. The next moment, to my astonishment, we were sweeping along in swift, calm water. I had expected a maelstrom from one end of the Pongo to the other, and this breathing space came as a very pleasant surprise. Not only that, but it gave me a chance to look around. The Pongo must certainly be one of the most beautiful canyons in the world. Late in a rainy afternoon, it must also be one of the darkest. The sheer cliffs rise several hundred feet on both sides of the narrow cut, and the higher walls are overgrown with rich mosses and ferns and other denizens of shade and shadow. The rocks near the water, as well as the numerous caverns, look black, and the water itself, where it runs clear, is as black as the water in a fairy tale. The current bore us along in soft, slow, ominous swirls—we were actually moving swiftly—passing us from one vague *remolino* to another. All this time, the rain and wind swept at us up the canyon, which stretched away like a long avenue of high, dark battlements.

On the raft, there was now the utter silence of simple awe—awe of the *mal paso* traversed at the entrance, perhaps, and also of the majesty of this forlorn place, which might be the rock garden of a giant, but mostly of the fact that we were now in it, irretrievably, with no place to stop, or even to pause. I remember a small yellow bird, like a yellow warbler, flickering along from ledge to dripping branch; the bird seemed as natural and heedless in that world as we were not.

I was sitting in the fore part of the raft, behind Toribio and Alejandro. Then came the small cargo rack and, behind it, Andrés. I turned to look at him, and he peered at me noncommittally, like a beaver. We were just hanging on now, psychically as well as physically. Behind Andrés, Raúl and Agostino began to moan, and I faced forward again. The channel was narrowing, and ahead the water had turned white. The Indians were yelling something, and Andrés called to me, his voice a little strained. "Look out, now," he said. "Hang on with all you've got." I

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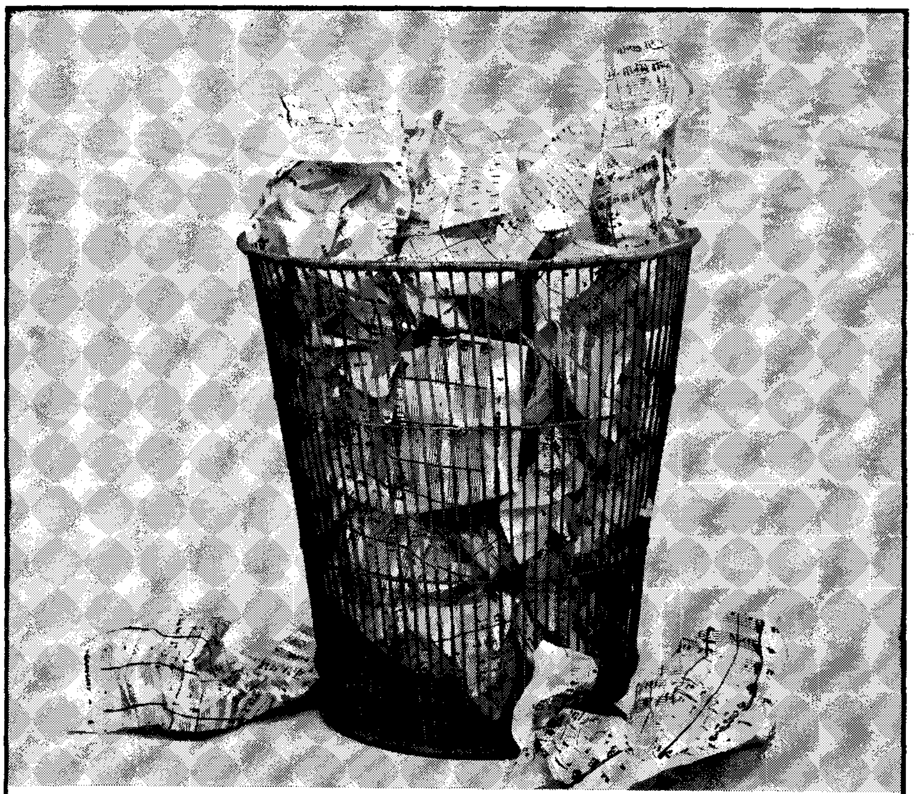
got a death grip on the lianas. Alejandro was staring forward, and even his back looked surprised. The waves ahead had not seemed very high at first, but this was because we had seen only the crests of them; the waterfall between them and the raft had not been visible in the rain. "Alejandro," I said. "Be ready now." He nodded rapidly, and flashed a kind of smile in a quick half turn of his head. This was all he had time for. The Machiguengas were yipping and grunting, Raúl making a special sound of his own that came from somewhere in his pelvis—the sound a man might make if, having been confronted with the imminence of his own death, he was then punched in the stomach. The next moment, all three, stowing their paddles, howled as one and sprang for the lianas; there was nothing more they could do. We seemed to slide sidewise down the waterfall, and then we were looking up from the bottom of a hole, with the waves caving in on us from impossible heights. I say "impossible heights" because from a raft any wave looks very large, and these waves would have been beauties anywhere—a good guess would be something between eight and twelve feet. But they had little force; as one of them swept across us, it washed me violently to one side of the raft, but I recall shouting to myself with relief at how weak the wave seemed for its size. Of course, they were not true waves at all but only the upflung boil or chop of a great rapid. Nevertheless, when the first big one loomed above our heads, I said to myself quite clearly, with a kind of startled exasperation, "Oh, come *on!*"—as if waves of this dimension had no business in a river, Pongo or no Pongo. After that, for an endless period, which may not have exceeded half a minute, the Pongo went totally berserk. The raft spun and tossed, dived down and popped up again, tilted, leaped, backslid, and behaved generally in what Mr. John Brown, the imperturbable British author of "Two Against the Amazon," would have described as "an eccentric manner." At the same time, it behaved very well, for it remained intact, and at no point did it reach that precarious angle, on the point of overturning, that Ardiles' craft had achieved at Bacanique.

Both Alejandro and Toribio, floundering together like a couple of dogfish on the ends of their lianas, were washed back against the young American *caballero* riding first class. We were all piled up like maggots, and there was a good deal of vulgar clutching before things got straightened out. Then the waters



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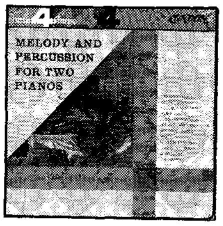

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abated, and the two Indians resumed their stations, as did Agostino and the hysterical Raúl—and a good thing, too, because this particular *mal paso*, the worst on the Urubamba, is followed immediately by a very large whirlpool on the east side of the river. The Indians paddled furiously, but the clumsy balsa slid implacably across the *remolino's* outer rim. Instantly the raft was spun around and sucked toward the neat hole at the vortex; there came a horrid gurgling as the bow was drawn beneath the surface. This, for me, was about the worst moment. Alejandro and Toribio scrambled up the slope toward me, to a chorus of death cries from astern; then the raft popped out, turned around, and tried it all over again, stern first. Once more, the good old Happy Days surged free, and this time, having made a complete circuit of the *remolino*, it skated out to the rim again; there the frantic skill of the Indians drove it on into the open current.

It is just below this spot, as I recall, that a lovely waterfall feathers down the cliff face on the east side. Rather coolly, I thought (though, on reflection, I was probably trying to ease my nerves), I remarked on its elegance to Andrés. But Andrés only stared at me from behind the cargo as if I were a madman. He had been calm throughout the passage, but later, when I asked him his opinion of the *remolino*, he said fervently, "I didn't like it."

We went on down the black current, and in a little while Andrés called forward, "I think they're saying that we're through the worst of it!"

"Good," I said. I was dying of relief, and could say no more.

We went on in silence, through rapids and swirls that could seem negligible only in comparison to their predecessors, and a few minutes later we were approaching the lower portals of the Pongo. These are less imposing than the entrance, but they are mighty, all the same, and contribute immensely to the drama of the place. The rocks toward this end are rectangular, as if cut by some mighty hand, and the ferns and mosses growing on them, and the lavender-red flowers of a vine falling down the face of the portal to the west, give the whole place the air of an ancient landscape in the romantic mode.

I turned and looked back up the canyon. The dark walls were merging in the distance, closing us off, and beyond them the mountains rose and disappeared into the mists of the cloud forest; there, somewhere, lay the dank realms of Pangoa. For the Pongo de

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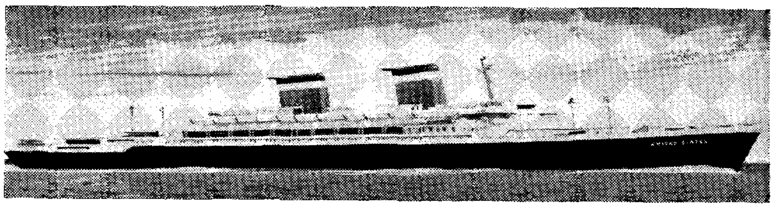

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Mainique is the gate of the Andes, in a way more dramatic than can possibly be described; the jungle on the lower side is quite different jungle from that above, only a few miles away. The river, emerging through this cut perhaps twenty yards wide, broadens out into a river of the rain forest, with sweeping forks and islands of gravel. The mountain valleys and shadows have disappeared, to be replaced by the flat selva, which stretches away indefinitely behind eroding red banks. The swift white streams plunging into the river are gone, too; in their place are quiet creeks and shady leads. Even the wildlife takes on a fresh aspect; within a mile of the Pongo we saw a pygmy deer not much larger than a hare, and out of the river rose a pair of black ducks or small geese with large white patches vivid on their wings.

There were several other tricky places, one of which, presumably, was the Place of Bones—Tonkini. But we were veterans now, with full trust in the Happy Days. On we drifted, in a kind of growing realization and exultation. At last, I heard a sigh behind me. I turned to see a new Andrés, grinning from ear to ear. "Now I feel at home," he explained. "Isn't it beautiful here? Flat, flat, flat! We're out of the Andes, and I'm glad. The mountains make me gloomy, and I hate them." The change in his appearance was remarkable. For the past week he had looked old, and now he looked simply tired.

The Indians were grinning, too: Raúl, with his black face tattoos and crude haircut; Toribio, with the tight gas belly and thin legs of malnutrition; Agostino, who, in his way, is beautiful; and Alejandro—Alejandro, in an access of belated nerves, was devouring piece after piece of the fruit we had brought along.

And I was grinning, at least inwardly. We were through the Pongo, and we were an important step forward on our way; at Timpia, not far below, Cruz might be awaiting us. In any case, there ought to be a radio there, enabling us to make contact with him. I, too, had had enough of the mountain valleys, the lowering clouds, the wary, nervous people. The weather was clearing, and my spirits were clearing with it; I experienced a terrific surge of joy and life, and felt like singing.

WEDNESDAY: Rain, which began while we were camping Monday night, continued through yesterday morning, and a lovely stretch of river slipped past us all but unappreciated. At

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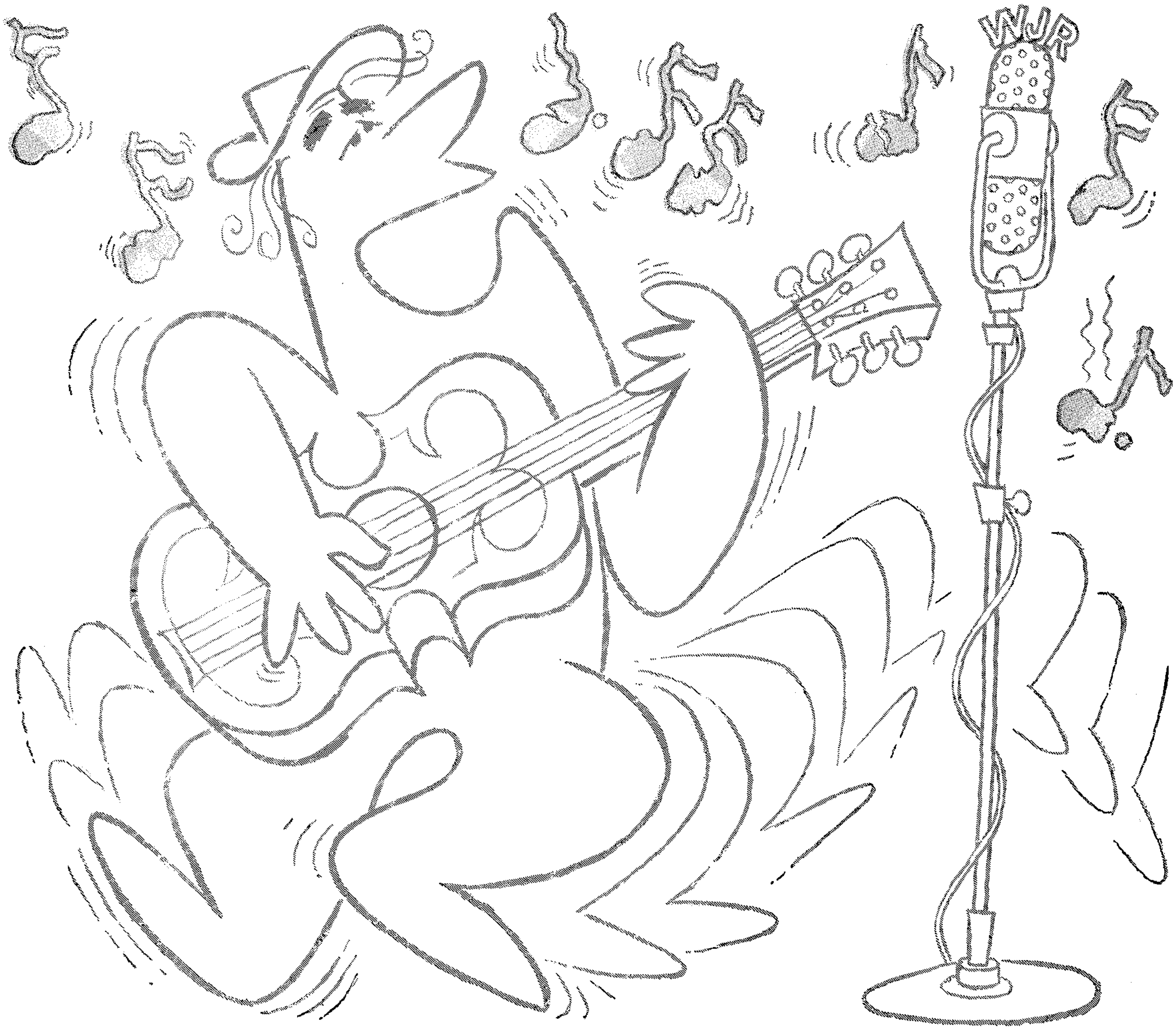

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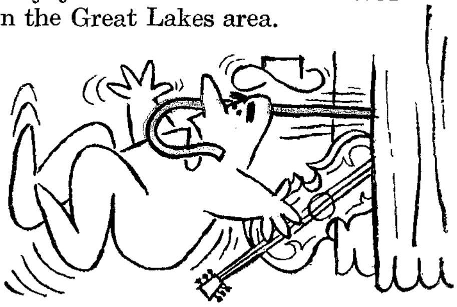

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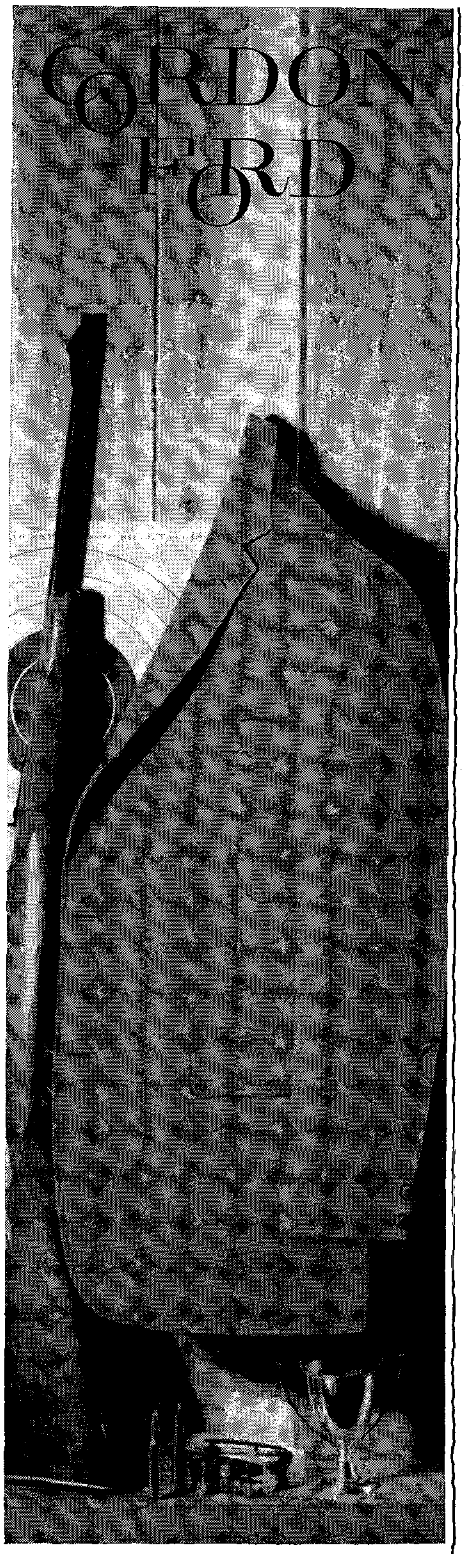

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one point, we started a heavy animal—probably a tapir—from the brush, but the visibility was poor, and we saw no game. The Urubamba curled away ahead of us, mile upon mile, with only an occasional small rapid. We came at last to the confluence with the Timpia (most of the missions and other settlements are located at spots where tributaries enter the Urubamba, and derive their names from these rivers), and the mission materialized in the mist about half a mile away.

The Indians beached the Happy Days on a sandbar of the Timpia delta, where we disembarked. Not wishing to leave them alone with the baggage, Andrés gestured to them to accompany us to the mission, but this they refused to do. He unlimbered his carbine, making it plain that we would not leave the balsa until they did, and then suggested that I make a show of taking my revolver from my bag and strapping it on. I did so, feeling very silly. Agostino now stepped forward, followed by Toribio, but Raúl was still stubborn; he was giggling, and seemed to me less larcenous than frightened. Finally he joined us, and we walked up the long sandbar of the Timpia, leaving Alejandro behind with the carbine to guard the raft.

The padres were happy to receive us, and expressed astonishment on hearing that we had traversed the Pongo. They immediately sent their mission Indians down by canoe to retrieve our gear. One of these, having carried a sack up the steep bank, slung it carelessly to the ground, smashing our precious bottle of Scotch; I took this as an exceedingly evil omen. And, indeed, Padre Daniel López Robles, the Spanish Dominican in charge of the mission, had no good news for us. Cruz had not reached Timpia, assuming he had ever left home, and the priests' radio transmitter was out of order, so we could not make contact with him. However, it turns out that Padre Daniel and his assistant, Fray Jaime Ayesta, are starting in a couple of days on a trip down the Urubamba by outboard-powered canoe, and they have said they will take us as far as Cruz's hacienda.

Timpia is a village of about forty Machiguengas, whose huts are raised above the ground on poles to keep the pigs, chickens, and cows that roam the central yard from making themselves too much at home. The Indians grow yuca and bananas, and also hunt and fish. They are civilized here, and the *cushma* has been largely replaced by calico and homespun. Our boatmen, with their *cushmas*, face marks, long

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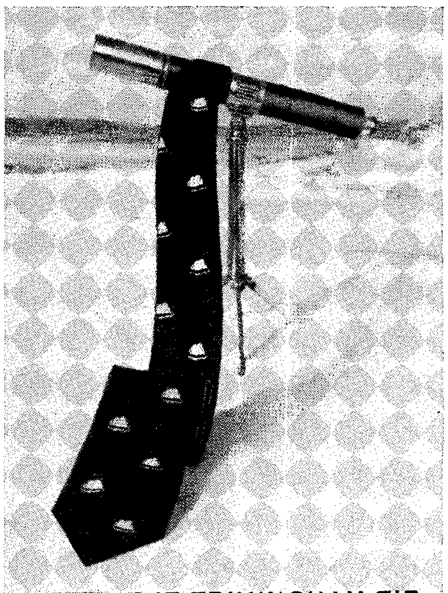

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hair, and bows and arrows have stood out like wild flowers in a bed of vegetables. The three left this morning, guided upstream by people from the village. Raúl, Toribio, and Agostino were not happy at Timpia. It seemed to me that they felt uncomfortable in their wild dress, and might have been made to feel inferior. They stood silently beside their bows and arrows, rolled in neat bundles tied with the bowstrings, while the mission children, in their cheap factory shirts, stood around them, gawking. I thought about the three Machiguengas a lot today, down at the river, where I walked around naked in the sun, feeling infinitely clean. Their world was not the mission yard but the white trees and swift river, the tracks of a large ocelot or small puma on the sand, the lost arrow feathered with blue-and-yellow macaw quills that I found in the cane behind the beach. I'm sorry I didn't have a chance to say goodbye, though this is a sentiment that they would not have understood. My life and Andrés' were preserved by the skill of these three smiling, graceful boys, who, as a reward for building the balsa and risking death on it, may or may not receive from Epifanio a cheap knife or some pisco. Today they are hunting barefoot through the jungle, moving back toward the strange world of Pangoa. They will be there three days from now—or thirty-three, for time means as little to them as their Christian names, Toribio, Raúl, and Agostino.

An interesting sidelight on our whole ill-starred voyage down the upper Urubamba is the possibility that, quite unwittingly, we may have had a more significant adventure than we sought. According to the Dominicans, trips through the Pongo are exceedingly few, and in some years there are none. Such passages as there are occur in the dry season, when the river is low and slow. The priests know of only one passage in the rainy season, and that is doubtful; it may have been made at this same time last year by a Machiguenga who turned up at Timpia, having run away from the Pereiras. If the priests are not mistaken, Andrés and I are the first white men ever to travel the Pongo de Mainique in what the Indians call "the time of waters." Since this feat could not have been further from our minds, we thus become the greatest heroes *malgré eux* since Wrong-Way Corrigan.

Without intending to set myself up as any sort of authority, I would like to give the opinion that, with a good balsa that will not break up on a rock or cliff, and good boatmen who will not panic,

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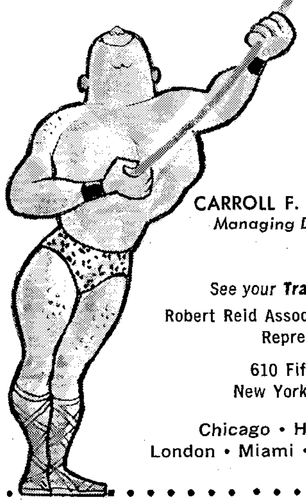

the Pongo can probably be passed safely at any time of year. Although even a well-constructed balsa will break up in a hurry if it is overloaded or mismanaged, the most serious danger is probably of a *volteado*—an overturning. This would be possible even for a strong balsa if it was permitted to hang up on a rock or shallow shelf, with one end sliding around and down into a rough pool below. We very nearly overturned in just this way at Bacanique. Possibly life preservers would be a comfort; certainly they would do no harm, but in the Pongo in the rainy season I doubt if they would do very much good. Sooner or later, the swimmer would be caught in one of the big *remolinos*, and even if this did not drag him down, it would keep him spinning merrily in his bright little jacket until he starved to death. (Andrés has been on a balsa that was stuck in a large *remolino* on one of the jungle rivers for sixteen hours, and there is a known case of a balsa and crew caught in one for twenty-four days.)

FRIDAY: This morning, we left early, emerging from the mouth of the Timpia before seven; behind us, at the *encuentro*, the good old Happy Days nuzzled peacefully against the bank, its lianas trailing in the current. Although, on this stretch of river, there are only a few clusters of Machiguenga huts and two or three modest *chacras* in over a hundred miles, wildlife seems fairly scarce. We have seen a few small hawks, a kind of turkey vulture with a yellow head, the blue-black-and-white swallow of the Amazon, a number of long-tailed blue-and-green parrots, a splendid blue-and-gold *guacamayo* (as the macaw is known in this region), and a flock of large, primitive gallinaceous birds, greeny-black with white crests and wing patches. These last are called *pavas*, or turkeys, though actually they are guans, resembling the chachalacas of our Mexican border country. We were able to shoot two of these for supper, as a consequence of their indomitable stupidity, which gives them the ability to sit tight on their perches with an outboard motor roaring nearby and small-arms fire crashing around their ears. In addition to the birds, we saw a magnificent specimen of the huge blue Morpho butterfly before a sparkling waterfall, and two white crocodilians—the white and the black "crocodiles" of the Amazon basin are caymans—which ran to the water, with their quick, unpleasant gait, at our approach. But the monkey, the tapir,

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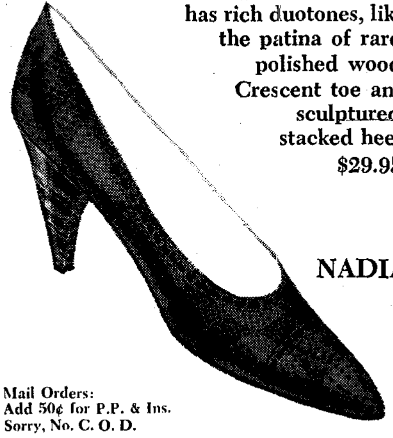

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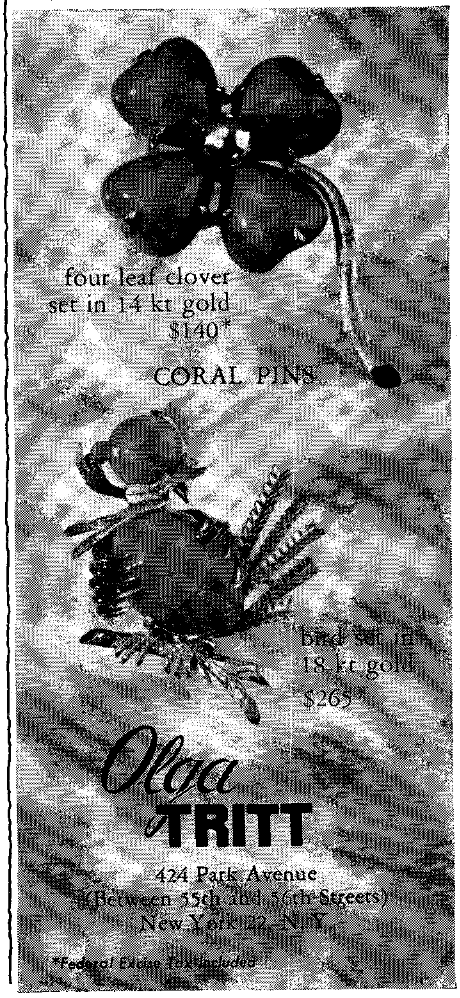

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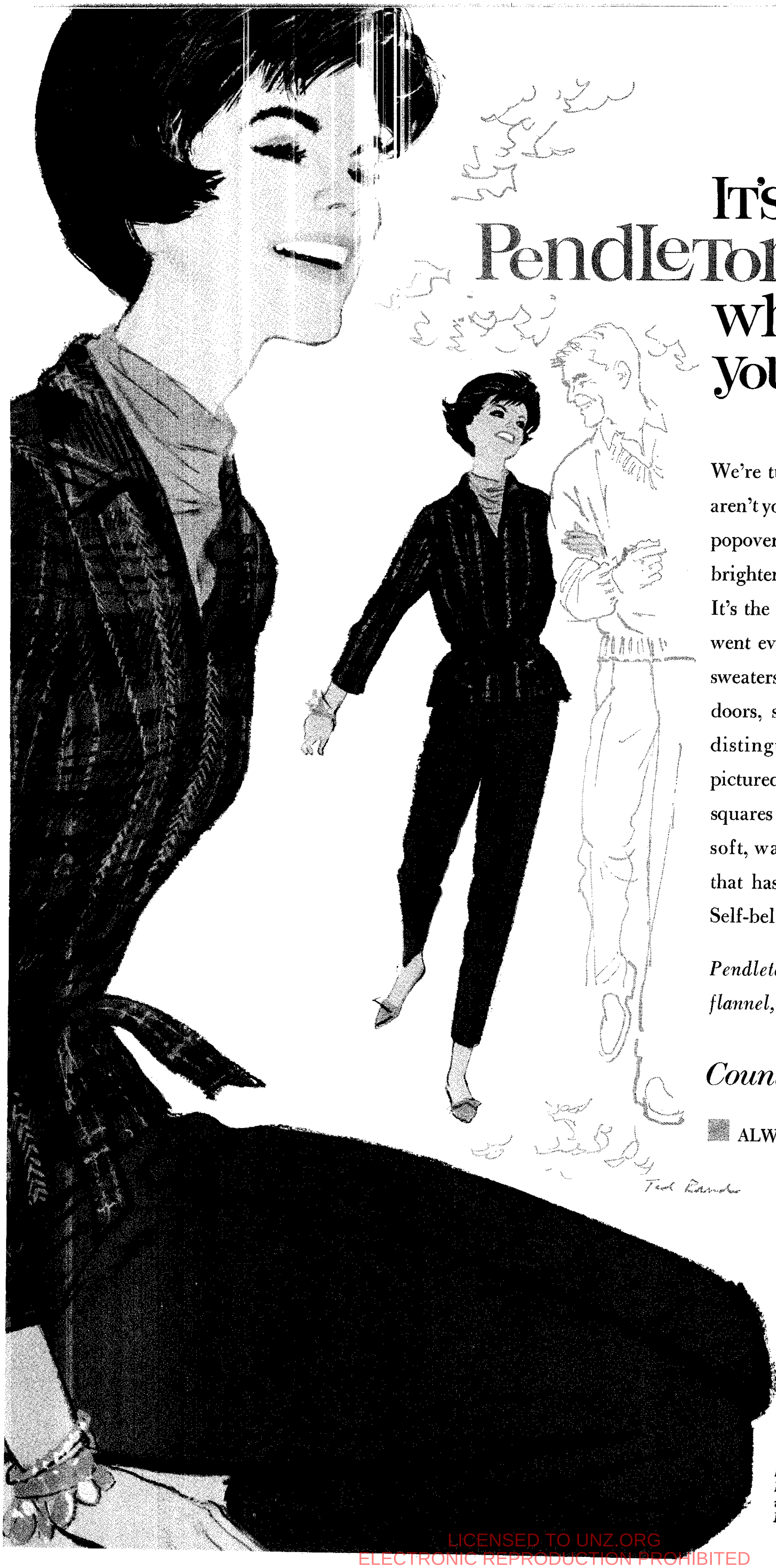

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the capybara, the puma, the jaguar, and other mammal members of the community kept their own counsel behind the still wall of trees.

This is, of course, still not the kind of country where one can go poking about the woods, as I discovered late this afternoon, after we had landed to spend the night at a small mission settlement. I tried to make my way into the jungle, with the vague notion that I might come upon one or another of the elusive mammals, and possibly a snake or two. But the jungle turned out to be a thorn forest of bamboo, cane, and cat's-claw growing densely around large *ojés* and another large species of tree, with a white-blotched reddish trunk, that is known locally as the *charapilla*. Stumbling along, supremely conscious of the din I was making in the airless silence, I was caught at by vegetation from above, below, and on all sides, and, having put everything for miles around to flight, I soon gave it up as a bad job and made my way back to the river.

At the settlement, the priests were building a chicken coop, Andrés was listening to his radio, and Alejandro was occupied, as he usually is when not eating, in providing his huge mountain lungs with oxygen. A few Machiguengas loitered about, including one pretty girl who, I later learned, had recently let one of her twin babies starve to death, and would have done as much for the other if the Dominicans had not intervened. Such maternal negligence, cruel and unnatural by our lights, is by no means uncommon among the jungle Indians, especially when a shortage of food or even a simple disinclination to assume the burden makes children undesirable.

SATURDAY: Today we made the longest journey of the trip—nearly a hundred miles, to a point on the lower Urubamba just above a penal colony at Sipa. Since we have still had no word of Cruz, Andrés and I are increasingly dubious of his intentions. Today I received a further jolt when I questioned the head of a Dominican mission near Sipa, Padre Manuel, about Señor Vargaray, the man who started me on this search for the great fossil jaw.

"I know of him," said Padre Manuel. "You mean the man who has a *chacra* near Atalaya."

"That's the man, I think."

"I see," the padre said.

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Yes, I do," the padre said. "He's dead."

Padre Manuel was not absolutely

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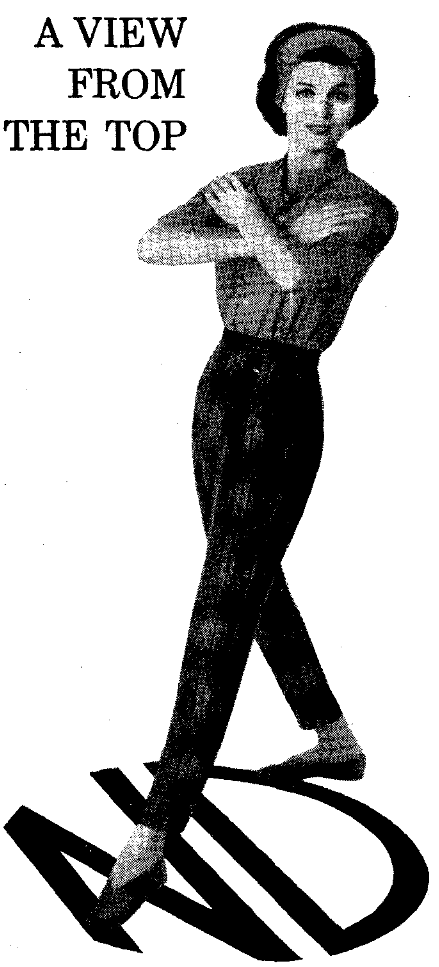
sure that the late Vargaray was the man I had in mind—only that a certain Vargaray of Atalaya had recently died. About how he had met his end the priest was uncertain, and the question remains up in the air. At any rate, we are to reach Cruz's hacienda tomorrow morning. Vargaray's fossil now seems very remote, and the only positive aim left to the expedition is to retrieve its money from Cruz.

There is some thin satisfaction in the fact that Padre Daniel of Timpia, although a born scoffer, displays us proudly as Don Andrés Porras Cáceres and the American ingeniero Señor Matthiessen (in order that my presence on the Urubamba might require as little long-winded explanation as necessary, Andrés long ago hit upon the device of identifying me as an engineer, and I am called this by one and all), who have passed through the Pongo in the "time of waters." Padre Manuel, like the rest, has never heard of a trip made at this season, though he himself is a veteran of the Pongo.

SUNDAY: This morning we were on the river by a quarter of six, hoping to catch Cruz today or never. About seven, we swung in out of the mist and landed on the bank below his hacienda, and there, surrounded by curious peons, the man himself rose disgruntled from his breakfast, clad in a pair of weary pajamas. He was not glad to see us, and made no real effort to appear so, though once he flashed his sudden golden smile. He took the position that the *encuentro* he had had in mind for our original rendezvous point was the *encuentro* of the Tombo and the Urubamba, downstream from his place, where the two rivers join to form the Ucayali. Andrés and I think otherwise. In the selva, truth, being a thing open to infinite manipulation, has never been highly prized, whereas the saving of face is of the utmost importance. We proceeded immediately to a reappraisal of our contract, and in a few minutes worked out a new one acceptable to all. Cruz said that he had travelled up the Mapuya on a lumbering trip several weeks ago and had actually seen the great fossil jaw, at a lumber camp to which it had been moved from its original position in a jungle creek bed. He even showed us a rough sketch he had made of it, though I could tell very little from this. The discoverer of the bone, he told us, is an Indian, Juan Pablo, who works for a friend of Cruz's—one Victor Macedo, operator of the lumber camp on the Mapuya. As for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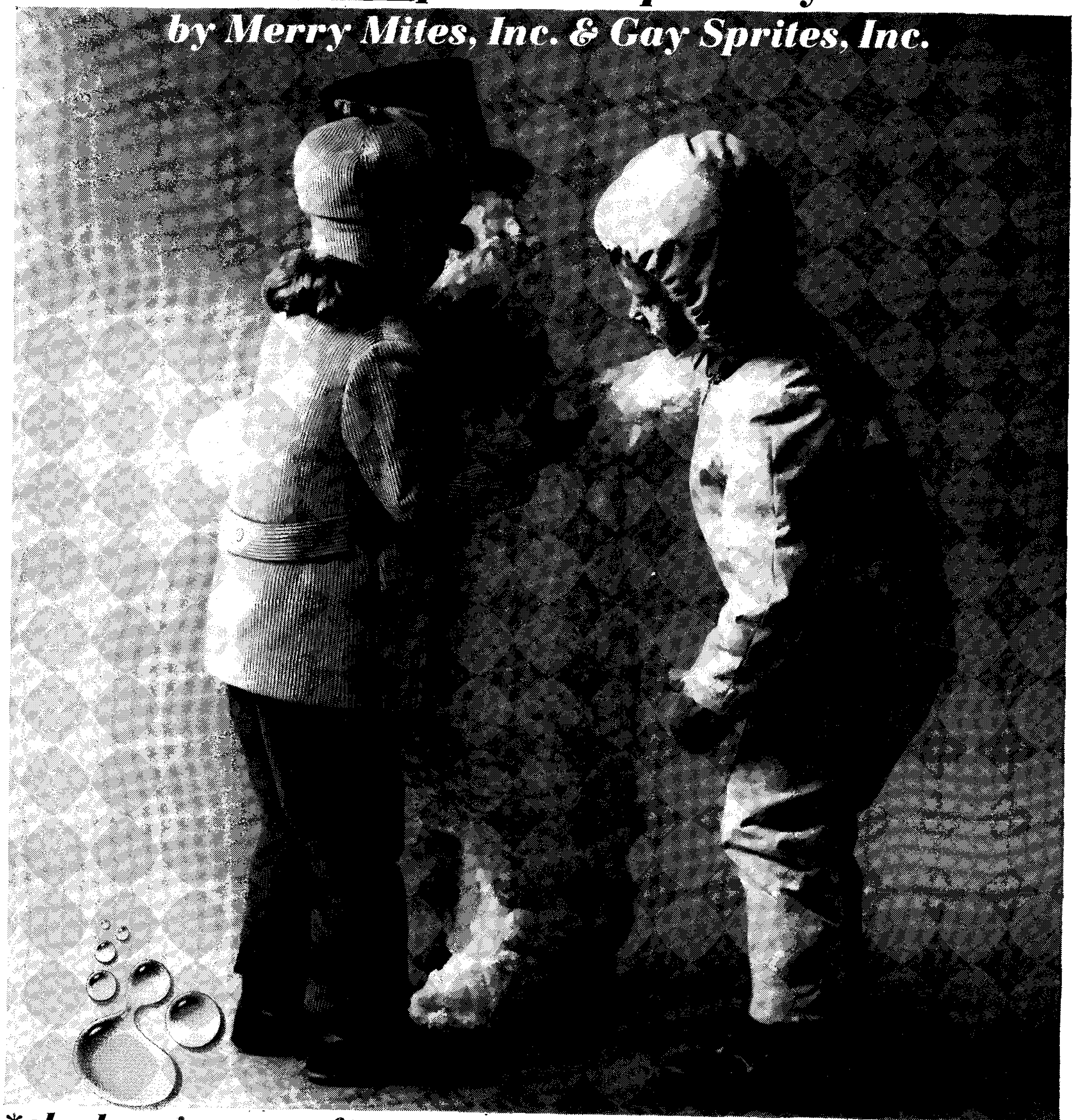

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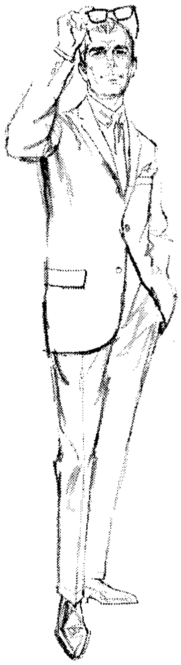

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Vargaray, he is very much alive (it was his father who died), but Cruz claims that Vargaray has never actually seen the bone. Whatever the truth of the matter, it seems clear that Vargaray has been maneuvered out of the expedition. Cruz was prepared to leave immediately in quest of the giant *mandibula*, being fully supplied with gasoline, food, medicine, and pisco. The equipment, in fact, was all ready and waiting in a large crate, and I took this to be a sign of Cruz's serious intentions until Andrés suggested that Cruz must have heard, by the mysterious and infallible jungle grapevine, about our descent of the river, and got himself prepared at the last minute.

In the afternoon, we set out, in a narrow outboard-powered canoe over forty feet long, sharp-prowed and rakish, and, like almost all such Amazonian craft, hollowed out of a single log. Cruz has four men with him; I was about to say four Indians, since at least two are as Indian as anyone we have seen so far, but Cruz, himself much more Indian than not, made rather a point of saying earlier that he had no *Indios* on his place. One gets the feeling that an educated and intelligent mestizo like César Cruz has been forced by caste pressure into the position that only naked savages, or those under heavy paint, are to be called Indians, all the rest qualifying as Peruvians—a *Peruviano*, in this case, being a man who speaks Spanish and wears clothes.

Turning eastward into the Inuya toward the Mapuya, which is one of its tributaries, we saw the Geoffroy's dolphin, or *inia*, the gray-yellow river porpoise common throughout the Amazon basin. How strange it seems to find this animal more than three thousand miles from the sea—though there is a theory that all the porpoises and whales of the world were originally land mammals of the Amazon basin, and that they returned gradually to an aquatic environment and, at last, to the ocean itself.

TUESDAY: Until the very last minute, Andrés was skeptical about the existence of the giant jawbone. But, at the end of our trip last evening, there it was, sunk in the mud of the Mapuya bank, and it is almost everything Vargaray said it was—a mandible so large and heavy that it takes four strong men to lift it. Its great weight, which must exceed two hundred pounds, is a consequence less of its size than of its matter: beneath the smears of petrified clay that have adhered to it lies a solid block

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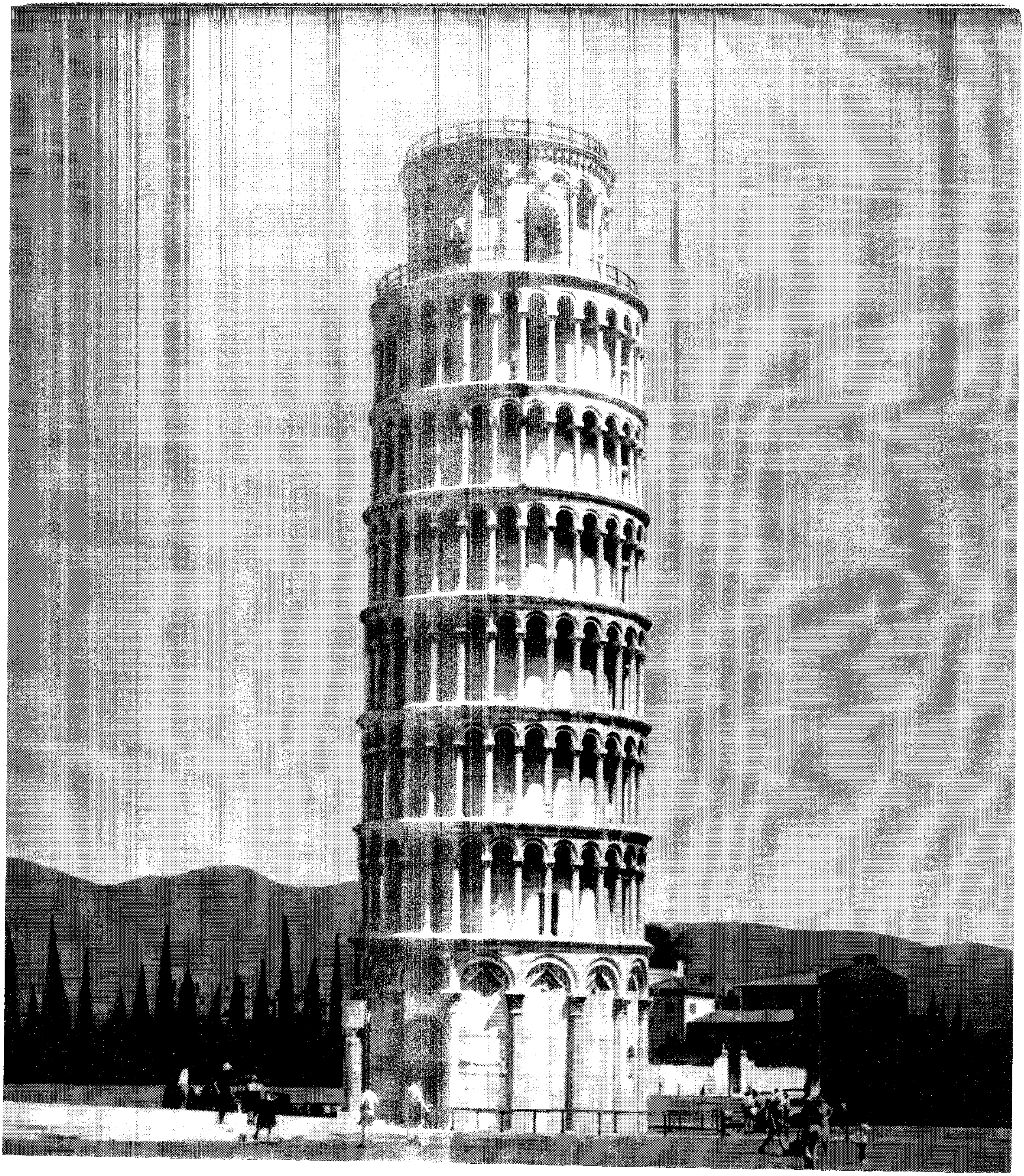

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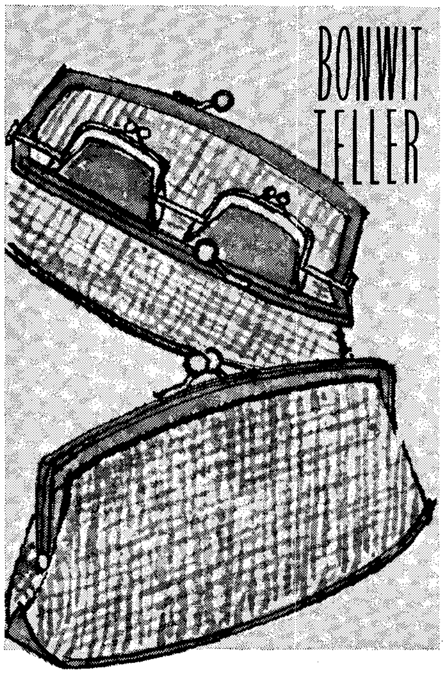
of marblelike stone. It appears to be the upper jaw of an enormous animal, though of what geological age, and whether mammal or reptile, I am not equipped to say; we shall learn this, I hope, in due time. The bone measures twenty-four inches across what was once the roof of the mouth (the corresponding distance in our own jaw might be an inch and a half), and twenty-eight inches from the front tooth sockets to a line drawn through the rearmost sockets on both sides. There are twenty-six empty tooth sockets, which are approximately round, and more or less equal in size, having a diameter somewhat larger than a silver dollar. In short, a formidable apparatus. On the upper side, there appears to be, beneath the clay encrustations, at least one petrified nostril, as well as a large cavity behind the snout, as if the creature had ended its own life by lowering its head and charging headlong into a boulder.

Cruz and I had a mild celebration, on pisco and Peruvian vermouth, and we sat up very late before bunking in with the peons of Macedo's camp—Macedo himself is absent—including the proud Juan Pablo, discoverer of the jaw. This morning, I set off with Juan Pablo, another peon named Luis, and Guillermo Tejo, of César's crew, to visit the original site of the jawbone and determine if any of the rest of the animal was to be found. It took us nearly an hour and a half to reach the place, and the going wasn't easy. The first half hour or so, we poled up a *quebrada*, or side creek, in a small canoe; the stream is officially nameless (the Mapuya itself cannot be located on any available map), but because of the shiny oil slicks that ooze in some places from the mud of the banks it is called by the peons Quebrada Grasa, or Grease Creek. About two miles above the Mapuya, Juan Pablo stopped at a rocky place. At this exact spot, he announced, he had found himself, one day, standing on what he thought was a submerged rock, and, happening to look down, had discovered that he stood in something's mouth. He called out to Victor Macedo, who was nearby. Macedo was at first impatient, but eventually came over and had a look. Together, they managed to lever the thing to the shore. Since then, Juan Pablo tells me, he has discovered two more fossil sites, one of which contains, embedded in a rock, the petrified shell of a giant turtle, and the other a variety of enormous bones. We located a few more bones this morning in the river bed, but whether these belonged to the



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possessor of the jaw would be hard to say; in any case, most of the animal was buried or missing. Since the bones were too heavy to carry back with us, I encouraged the men to leave them exactly where they were, on the theory that any interference on our part would only make things harder for a properly equipped expedition that might come later; I asked them to take the same precaution at the other sites.

I haven't said that I've had a magnificent morning. I have. And, curiously, the magnificence of it consisted not so much in finding what I was after—more poor old bones, and thus a certain scientific confirmation of the find—as in the purity of this jungle stream. Only a few woodcutters, like Juan Pablo, seeking the isolated *cedro* and *caoba* trees, ever have ascended it, and there is no mark of the white man's heavy hand. Its still banks are laced with the tracks of the tapir, the capybara, and other creatures, and its clear water, running quietly on sandy shoals, sparkles with the flash of a pretty fish called the sabalo. In the bends, the water runs beneath stone banks and is a pure, limpid green, and the trunks of the trees that lend their leaf color to the water soar away in great white columns. That queer, clumsy, Oriental-looking fowl, the hoatzin, huffs everywhere in the lower branches, and hidden birds of unknown shape and color whistle and answer down the cool silences, in counterpoint and incredible clear harmonies. The tree frogs loose their prodigious croaks, and from a mile away resounds one of the mightiest sounds in nature, like nothing so much as an ominous moan of wind—the community howl of the *mono colorado*, or red howler monkey.

As we paused to breakfast on a kind of nut, I wondered why the stream itself was so much more exciting than the bones we had found in it—more exciting than the first sight of the great jaw itself. And it occurred to me that, quite apart from its beauty, it was precisely the inward, mysterious quality of the jungle, represented so well by this lost stream, that I had been searching for and that I feel I have found at last; and that, in addition, there was an adventure here, an exploration, however timid. The trip to the Mapuya from Cruz's hacienda had been fun, but had lacked that element of the unknown, the unpredictable, that the ordeal of the mountain river had had in abundance. We know now where we will be from one day to the next, and that we will have enough to eat; we carry our food

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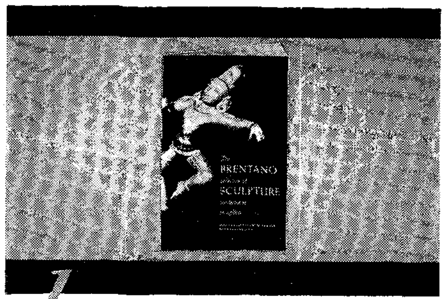
with us, and there is plenty of it. Everything is organized, everything taken care of, and I think back on the first days of the journey with a faint regret. As so often happens, we did not comprehend, did not evaluate our experience until it was all over, and gone forever from our days.

We left Macedo's camp toward ten o'clock, having given a joyful Juan Pablo five hundred soles de oro (about twenty dollars), which was most of our remaining cash, for his find. Cruz thought it better to get going with our trophy before Macedo reappeared, in case he should demand some money for himself. Juan Pablo was paid out of the bonus that Cruz had been scheduled to receive in the event that we were able to obtain the bone, and Cruz was not so happy about our find that he wished to pay Macedo as well. Considering the likelihood that the bone, monetarily, is not worth what it would cost to cart it to the slag heap—for I don't think bones have much monetary value, even to museums—Juan Pablo was handsomely rewarded, the sum he received being equivalent to six weeks of his puny wages. Juan Pablo is a strong, modest man with a huge, enchanted smile, and I wish him joy of his windfall.

MONDAY: Three days after we left the Mapuya, the metal roofs of Pucallpa's sheds gleamed in the misty inferno ahead, and soon the fossil was safely ashore and in the hands of a good carpenter, who was to crate it. The next morning, just as I was seeing Andrés aboard a plane for Lima, Cruz came running up. A telegram had arrived for the police chief of Pucallpa from his confrere upriver in Atalaya. It read: "PLEASE DETAIN A SEÑOR CÉSAR CRUZ, WHO APPEARS TO HAVE REMOVED A FOSSIL MANDIBLE FROM PROPERTY ON THE MAPUYA RIVER WITHOUT CONSULTING THE OWNER, VICTOR MACEDO." Clearly, Macedo, upon learning from Juan Pablo what had happened, had raced down to Atalaya and had registered—despite the nice wording of the telegram—a charge of theft. Clearly, also, Macedo was hoping for a share of what he thought was loot; there was a fast-spreading and troublesome rumor that the fossil was worth a fortune. In any case, the bone has now been confiscated by the police "until the matter is clarified." In South America, this phrase can sometimes be translated as "until a satisfactory amount of money has changed hands, or more powerful influences are brought to bear." Before boarding his plane,



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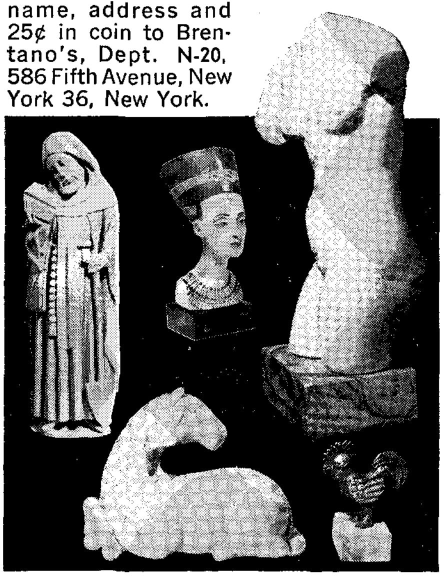

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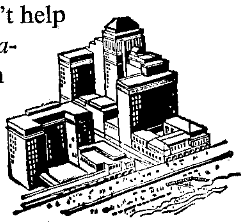

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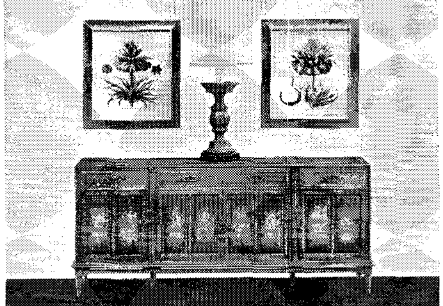

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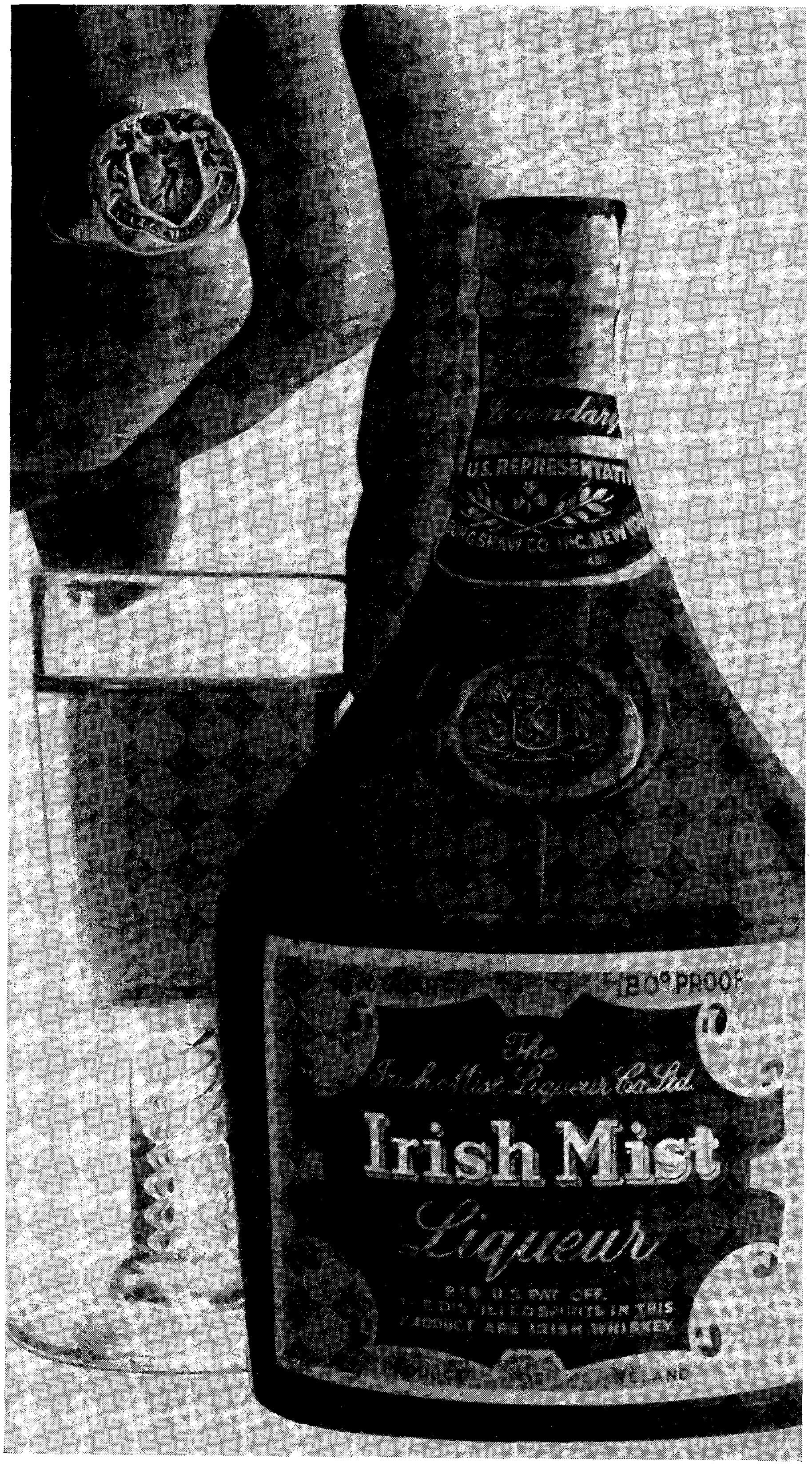
Andrés promised to arrange in Lima for those influences, in the form of a wire from a Cabinet Minister releasing the local police from further responsibility and directing them to return the bone to me. So far, however, there has been no word.

Yesterday—the day after Andrés departed—Macedo turned up in Pucallpa. Cruz ran into him on the street, and they greeted each other with their relentless Peruvian civilities, but then Macedo walked off coldly, without mentioning the small matter of the bone. This afternoon, the three of us convened in the office of the chief of police, who was duly informed by Macedo that the poor, unsuspecting Juan Pablo had delivered up a very valuable bone belonging to Macedo for the equivalent of eighty cents, having been previously brought to a state of total intoxication by the liquor with which he had been plied. Unfortunately, though, Macedo's claim to be the owner of the bone was supported by the revelation that in March he had been offered a thousand soles for it by César Cruz—a fact that Cruz had not seen fit to tell me until this afternoon, and that shot a terrific hole in our contention that Juan Pablo had always been recognized by all parties as the lawful owner. Cruz now claims that he had dealt with Macedo only as the employer of Juan Pablo, not as the owner of the jawbone. Cruz is the very picture of a man unjustly accused, and complains bitterly of his plight, though in fact he is the only person who has anything to show for the whole business. Macedo is embittered, and tells me that if we had awaited his return on the day we took the fossil, everything would have worked out, but that now he is so angry with Cruz that he will not give up the bone for any price.

FRIDAY: I have now passed a week in Pucallpa, most of it spent in attempting to deal with an aroused populace. The bone has become the talk of the town, almost every inhabitant of which has come to the yard outside the police station to stare at it in its crate. The misinformation heaped up by excited reports from Pucallpa's radio station has caused me to be recognized by all as I walk the streets, and I am frequently stopped and asked my opinion as to the identity of the monster. The truthful answer—that I have no idea—is entirely unsatisfactory, and I now say that it appears to be some sort of long extinct herbivorous mammal. Depending on my audience, this answer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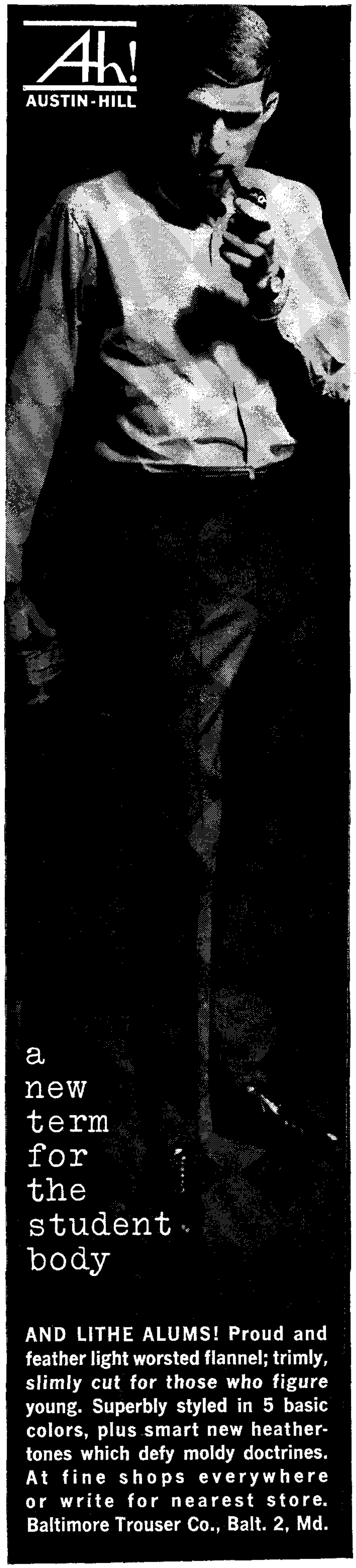
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produces either a blank stare or a furious nodding of the head, as if to say, "Of course, of course—just what I suspected."

After six days of suspense, a radiogram has at last arrived for me from Andrés, saying that everything is O.K.—whatever that means. Things are not O.K. here, for the police have still heard nothing, and Macedo still angrily stalks the streets, susceptible neither to bribe nor to logic. The question of ownership is hopelessly lost in a mountain of lies and accusations, and the only hope of a change in this situation appears to be a wire from Lima stating that the bone belongs to neither Macedo nor me but has been confiscated by the state. Meanwhile, it stands mutely beneath the vulture sky, of no use to anybody. My original plan was to take it to the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, since there is nobody in Peru equipped to make an exact identification. But an expert opinion is not required to make it clear that our unwieldy find is of considerable scientific value, and it seems unlikely that the government of Peru, if it should once claim the bone, would ever let it go; Peruvians, resentful over the number of Inca and pre-Inca artifacts that have been taken from the country, are more than normally sensitive about "national treasures." The law regarding such treasures does not embrace paleontological finds, but doubtless it can be construed as doing so.

I have taken photographs of the bone from every angle, but there seems to be nothing else that I can do here. I am flying out tomorrow, minus the object of the expedition and with only a faint hope that matters can be straightened out in Lima. The week has passed in a sort of dream—a miasma of unreality such as only a jungle town can induce. One noteworthy experience was an evening when Cruz and I tried a jungle potion prepared by an old Indian of the town. This bitter stuff, which in appearance resembles opaque apple cider, is called, variously, *aya huasca*, which is Quechua for "dead man's rope," or *soga de muerte*, which is Spanish for "rope of death." It produces hallucinations of faraway music and arrested time, a sense of several simultaneous worlds that is quite remarkable; there is also the vague giddiness of being drunk, without the exhilaration. Toward the end, a distinctly morbid state occurs—quite disagreeable. I have since identified the plant from which it is made as *Banisteriopsis caapi*, a flowering

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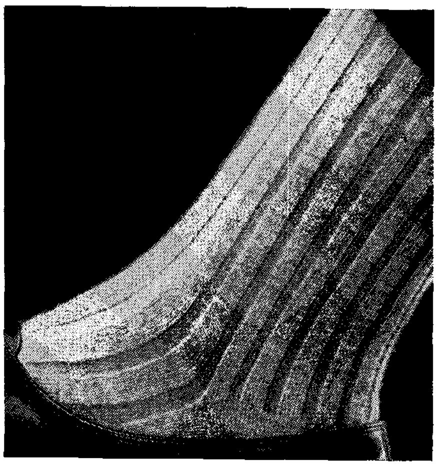

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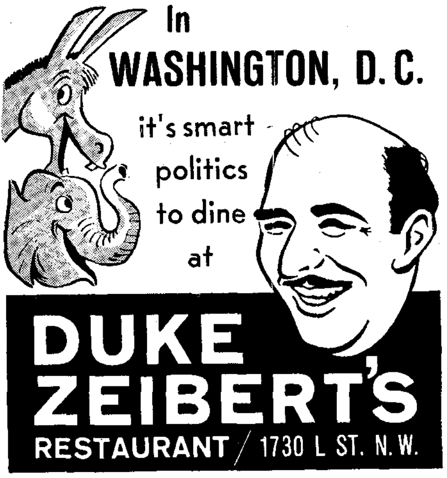
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liana of the Malpighiad family, which was first described by Richard Spruce in 1853, and is used as a narcotic by the Indian tribes throughout the Amazon. It is the narcotic known to the American writer William Burroughs, and other admirers of its use, as yage. (Some days later, in Lima, I turned over a large draught of *aya huasca* to the wandering beat poet Allen Ginsberg, who subsequently visited Pucallpa and saw what he called the "excellent monstrous fossil." Of *aya huasca*, he wrote me, "No wonder it's called *soga de muerte*.")

POSTSCRIPT: I have taken the photographs of the giant mandible to the American Museum of Natural History, where Dr. Charles Mook, the Museum's senior authority on fossil reptiles, has inspected them and tentatively identified the former owner of the jaw as a very large crocodilian that, in Dr. Mook's opinion, inhabited the earth at some period between five million and twenty-five million years ago. He was much interested in the discovery of this creature, which represents a species heretofore unknown to him, and said that the Museum would very much like to see the fossil and would pay for its shipment from Peru if I could obtain permission for its export.

I have written a number of inquiries to Peru, where César Cruz has since become the defendant in a suit brought by his former friend Macedo, and where the ownership of the bone itself has been obscured for good under a mass of documents and memorandums. But for the written testimony of Allen Ginsberg, I might almost believe that the whole adventure of the jaw was the very sort of jungle hallucination against which I have often been warned. "Between the outer world and the secrets of ancient South America," the famous British explorer Colonel P. H. Fawcett once lamented, "a veil has descended." It now appears that the giant *mandibula* will remain behind it, sinking slowly beneath man's detritus on the steaming banks of the Ucayali.

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

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[*From an editorial in the Saturday Evening Post*]

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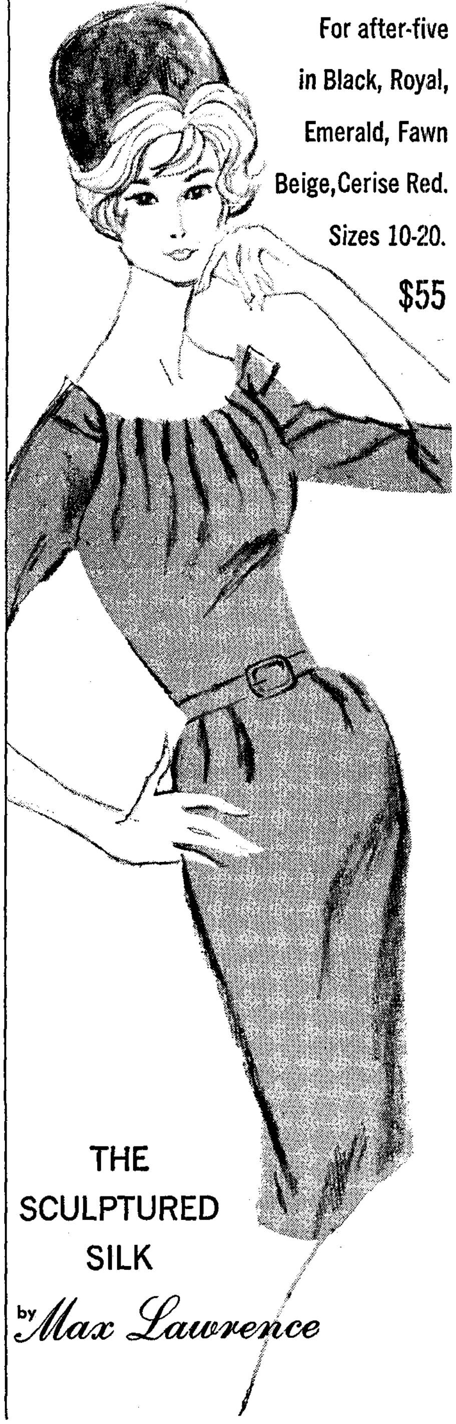

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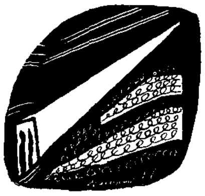

WHEN I try to imagine who could possibly take pride in "The Big Gamble," a movie produced by Darryl F. Zanuck, directed by Richard Fleischer, and filmed from a screenplay by Irwin Shaw, the only name that comes to mind is the Dublin Lorry Owners' Association, if such a group exists, which I have every reason to doubt. For in a movie where no human being is permitted to behave in a plausibly human fashion, our interest settles by default on objects, and the starring object in "The Big Gamble" is a splendid bright-red ten-ton lorry, which the supposed hero of the movie purchases in Ireland and transports to Africa for the purpose of turning a quick quid in the trucking business out there. We first glimpse our mechanical star lashed to the deck of a freighter coasting grandly seaward down the Liffey, and so fond of her do we become that when the exigencies of the plot require her brakes to fail at a crucial moment the incident seems not only hard to believe but unjust. Better no plot at all than one besmirching the character of a machine that up to the time of its gratuitous and never explained collapse has carried the whole sorry picture on its back.

What doomed "The Big Gamble"? I fear it was laziness in high places, because very little effort appears to have been made to devise an authentic situation. Instead, we are offered a noisy sham, of the sort that can be advertised as "a rousing adventure story, packed with comedy, suspense, and love interest" but that is knocked together largely out of second-hand materials. Two remarkable films—Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear" and Huston's "The African Queen"—are paid the tribute of imitation. (If, as in "The Wages of Fear," a truck making its way along a dangerous highway is thrilling, and if, as in "The African Queen," a boat making its way along a dangerous river is thrilling, why won't it prove *twice* as thrilling to show a truck first in danger on a highway and then in danger in a river?) "Action is character," said Aristotle, but by action he didn't mean merely barrelling up hill and down through Africa with a grumpy numskull at the wheel. Among

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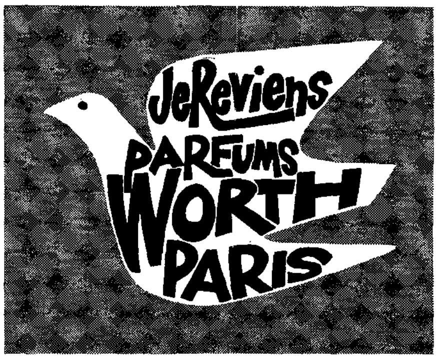

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WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. B, 5 EAST 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

the members of the cast are Dame Sybil Thorndike and David Wayne, both of whom are plainly aware of their fate; Stephen Boyd and the late Gregory Ratoff; and Juliette Greco, who keeps her blouses fetchingly unbuttoned and speaks with a heavy French accent, which the script ingeniously justifies on the ground that she is her young Dublin husband's Corsican bride.

EDGAR ALLAN POE is an almost perfect Hollywood writer, with one minor but crucial defect—his stuff, though ideally trashy, is too short. Take "The Pit and the Pendulum," for example; it is all climax, and to become a full-length movie it has had to undergo considerable beefing up. Luckily, an abundance of beef has been found in other sections of the Poe corpus, or charnel house, and the result is a thoroughly creepy sequence of horrors, filmed in a dozen shades of necrophile purple and blue, and containing the Devil's own plenty of coffin lids creaking open, rats gibbering, women screaming, and ancient instruments of torture going *eek, eek*. The star of the picture is the well-known art historian and collector Vincent Price, and, to my astonishment, the role he plays is basically a sympathetic one. True, he tries to murder John Kerr by means of the eponymous pendulum, but, thanks to a couple of flashbacks firmly rooted in Freud, we see that the poor chap is mentally not well. As a tyke, he watched his father (played in the flashback by Vincent Price—the Oedipal connotations here are terrific) wall his mother up alive to punish her for a bit of thoughtless infidelity, and this caused the little fellow to think hard about the hazards of premature burial. We may surmise that it also caused him to dislike his father. Anyhow, when the moment of truth comes for poor Price he breaks down completely, and since the story is laid in the sixteenth century, no adequate psychiatric treatment is available. It's movies like this that make a man realize how lucky he is to be living in the twentieth century.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From The New Yorker, June 3, 1961*]	[*From the Pittsfield (Mass.) Berkshire Eagle, July 27, 1961*]
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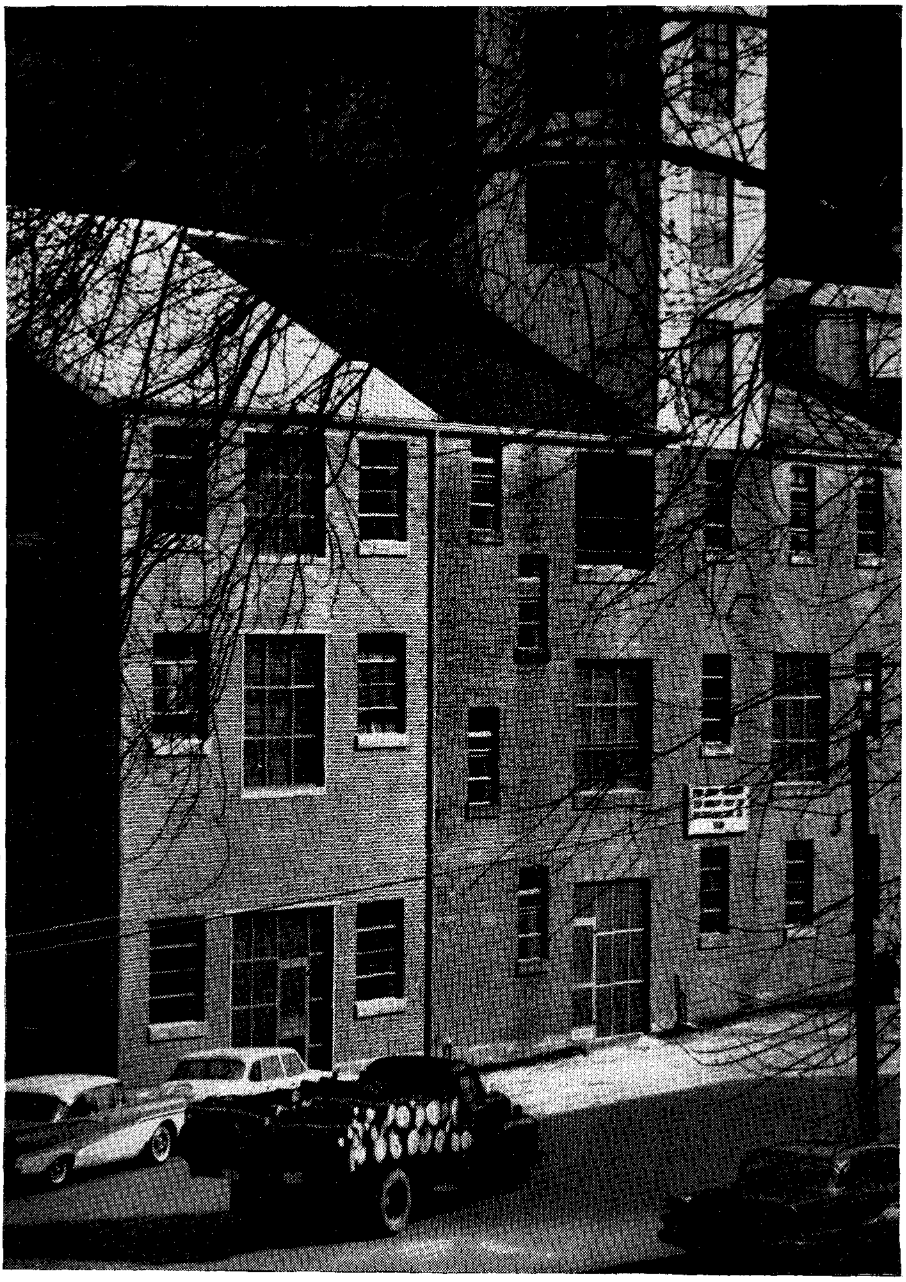

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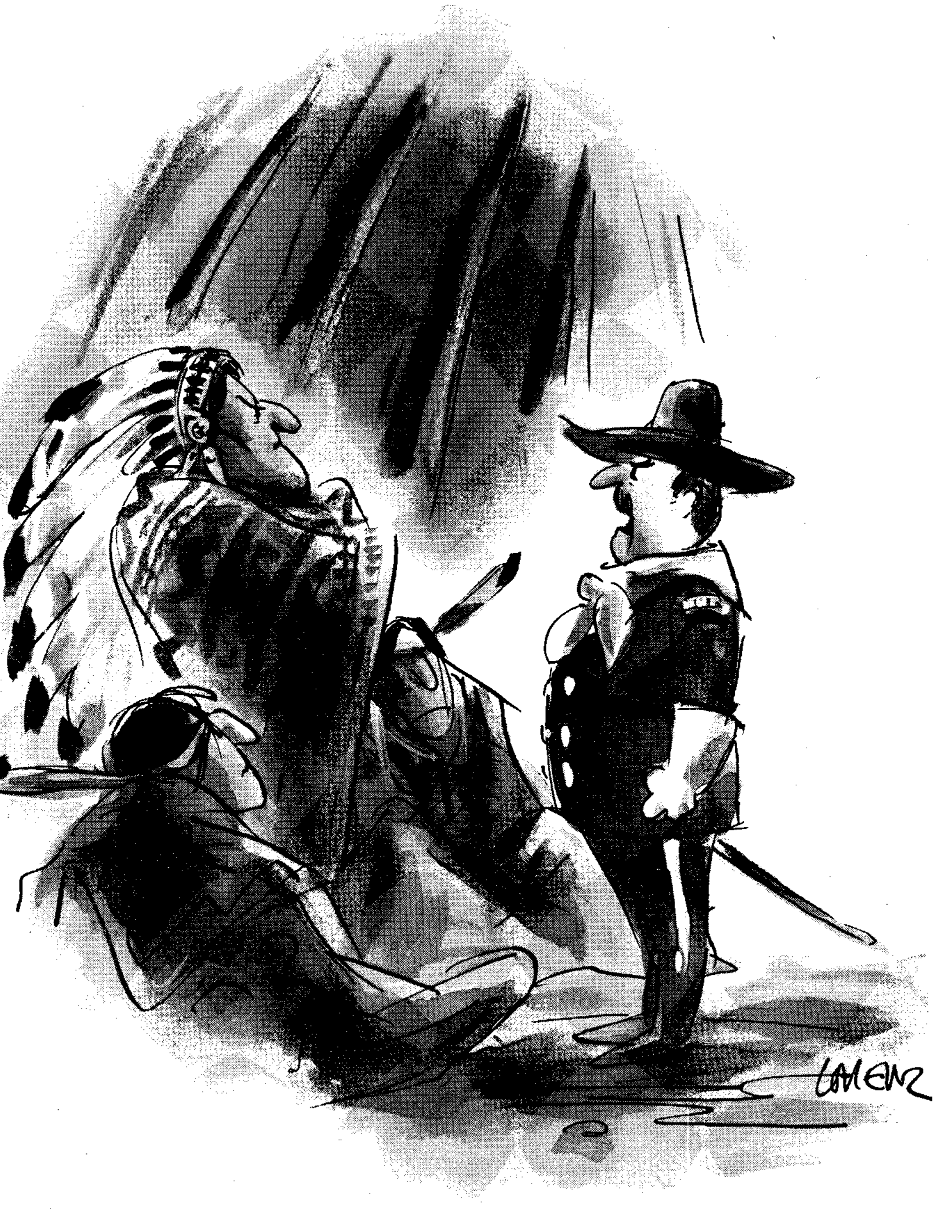
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE first reports on the new clothes from Paris (except for those of Balenciaga, Givenchy, and one or two others) were alarming indeed—writhing spiral lines, floating panels, circular flounces, and other busybody touches. Over here, we have become accustomed to a rather spare, easy, pared-down line, and, to judge by what has happened to the Paris notions since they made their transatlantic hop, we are going to keep it. Apparently, our austere milliners were banking on this turn of events; in any case, they have allowed for plenty of zoom at the top by means of hats that have perfectly beautiful, clean, sweeping lines. The mood may be highly ingénue, like the jockey caps (with tiny visors down on the brows) and the small berets that Mr. Adolfo has designed for Emmé. Or the mood may be majestic; proof of this is Lilly Daché's tall tower of taupe jersey that is all round-and-round-we-go folds, or her Bishop's Mitre of garnet velvet, six-sided, rising quite a way toward heaven, and totally undecorated. Or the mood may be the lopsided, romantic allure of the thirties, when Carole Lombard and Jean Harlow were the American heroines and Sally Victor was just starting her career. Mrs. Victor's calottes (deeper than the early Wallis Windsor types) hug the head and dip far below the right ear; other tipsy Victor beauties (I'm thinking particularly of one in black velvet) have big brims that shoot way up on the left side, where a pleat gives them a decisive ripple, and then slash down at a devastating angle. Though there is often no decoration at all on a hat except for fine piping or drapery, this doesn't mean that the stuff these dreams are made on is not luxurious. Opulent furs are again profuse, though it is difficult to imagine anything more appealing than Sally Victor's deep cap of black hair seal (or leopard) that goes smoothly into a point down on the right jawbone, or Lilly Daché's little fedora of black Persian lamb, the small brim curled up at one side. Irene of New York's beaded devices (and *what* beading!) occur on simple shapes like beanies and pillboxes, and in one case make a little bump atop a hat that is otherwise merely a wide circlet of mink worn well back of the hairline. Satins and velvets have never been sassier. Yet there's also a lot of more sporting material around town, including leather—antelope suède and capeskin and cobra. And there are tweeds; William J.'s "bandage" turbans are all two-inch strips of tweed, toppling over a bit at the open tops and completely unadorned save for that orthopedic surgeon's criss-crossing. Some of these are mounted on foam rubber so that they can hug the head and yet stand out an inch or two. Humble wool yarn is also with us; one of the small pixy caps that Chanda's customers love to put way back on their heads is all braided wool yarn in charcoal, pale gray, and brown with gold-thread traceries. But though every house does burst into black tulle and ostrich feathers and the like on occasion, the overriding impression is the absence of fussiness and ostentation. Nobody seems to delight in being a Mad Hatter any more, which makes the current millinery a reverse Wonderland.

FOR details: At Sally Victor's, everything sidles in a most oblique way. Those calottes end in a flat or a curly point; my favorite is of black antelope with a facing of black satin. Very fine piping, which represents a very fine French millinery tradition of the thirties, calls attention to the intricate seaming in her mock-naïve profile cloches. As for her large, tilted numbers, the brim of a black velvet Breton is slashed once, and violently, on the upside, and grosgrain makes the slash even more emphatic;



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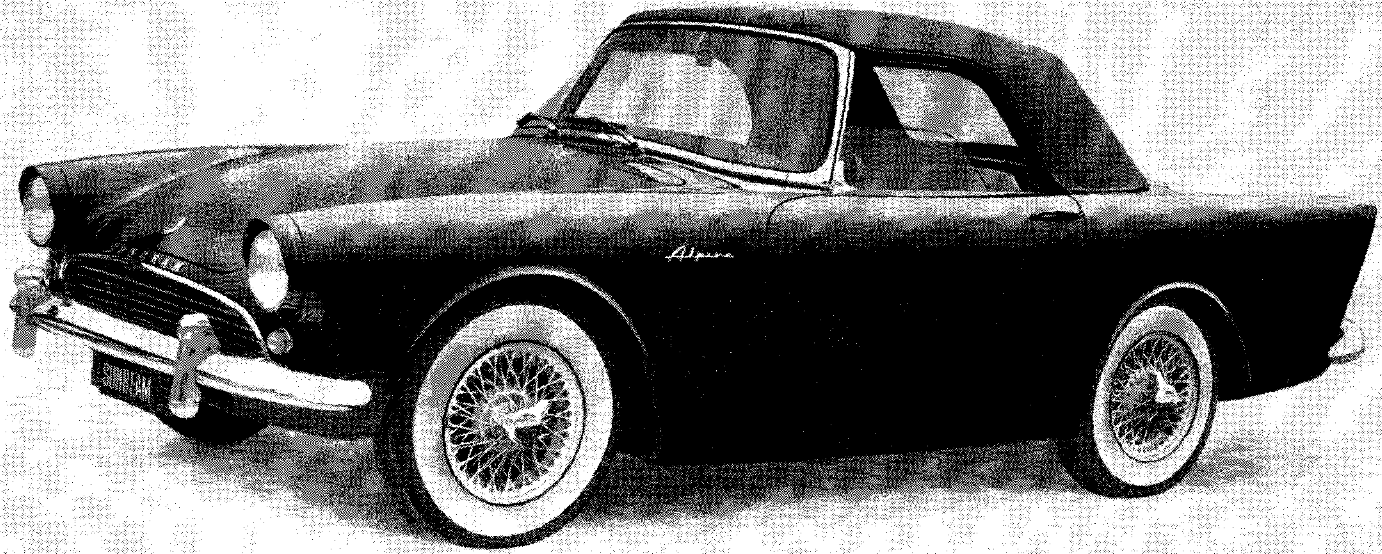

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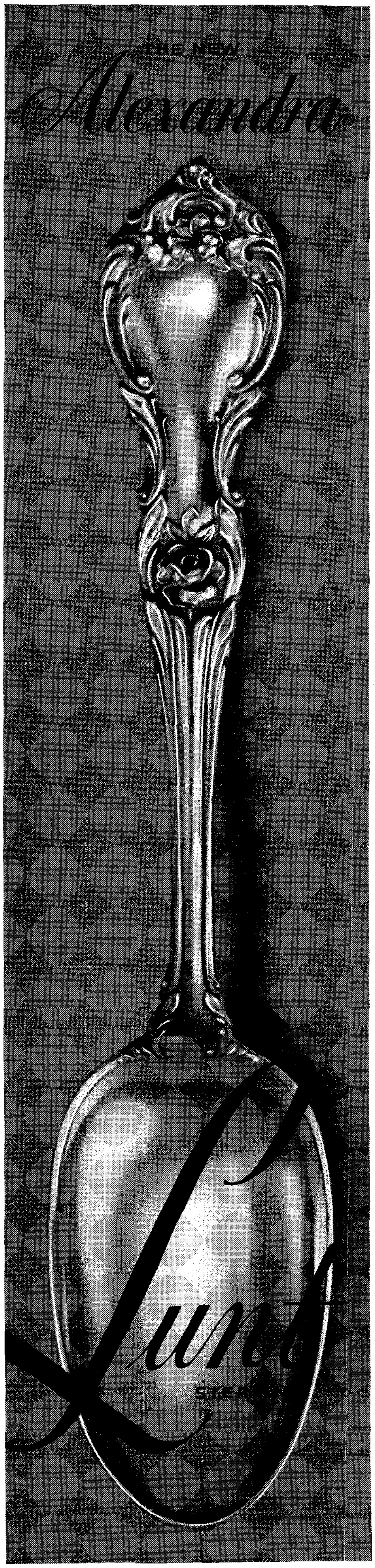

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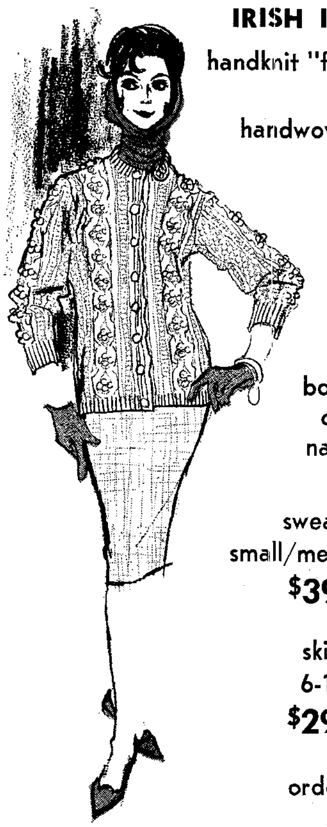
among her unslashed tilters are cuffed profile hats of white felt outlined in black grosgrain. The perpetual Victor turbans topple. One, of American Beauty satin, is beret on the right side and turban-drape on the left; coppery-red satin does a draped toque that wraps up into a point soaring dementedly sidewise. And as for furs, Mrs. V. has once again demonstrated her skill at soothing the savage beast. Ranch mink, served up the way Garbo likes it, turns into a tall, round crown and a fluffy two-and-a-half-inch brim rippling enormously above the eyes. An elasticized back makes for adjustability, as it does on her oversized snoods of fox or lynx. Civet cat, bleached hair seal (in ombré tones from blond to deep tan), and bleached Australian possum (sort of a reddish tan) are also employed, without fringe benefits, in many shapes. One of the best big-brimmed cloches of the century is of leopard or antelope; big outward folds sweep diagonally and without interruption from the left side of the top of its vast crown down onto the brim.

THE all-star collection at Emmé starts off with those trim jockey caps, which are elaborated not only with the minute visors but with a self button or a pompon on the summit. They can be made of things like velvet or jersey, or such smooth furs as black hair seal, leopard, and river otter. These sit straight on and low on the brows; they're definitely on the level. But there's a tremendous list to wayward in the berets, smallish and gamine, that Emmé and Mr. Adolfo turn out. Their tweed tam-o-shanters, originally designed to accompany Ben Zuckerman suits (half a yard of fabric, if you want to match a suit or a coat), are fairly flat and wide; an ample fringed pompon perches at the side back, and on really chilly days a large cowboy scarf (a yard more) with fringed edges compensates for all those collarless necklines. Some berets ascend from the rear of bandeaux that hug the hairline. Then, there are the Lady Brett pancakes, to be plastered to the side of the head—very *bohème*. Several have that Basque-beret tab jutting from the center; others have a little self bow at the hairline on the upside. Every fabric in the world is involved, as well as (for a wonder) black calf on which the pie-shaped seams are outlined by rhinestones. (For evenings in Montparnasse, obviously.) In other shapes, Mr. Adolfo employs the macabre combination of black cobra and black hair seal, as in a big cloche with a punched-in snakeskin crown and a rather wide rolled-back brim of snake that is faced with seal, and



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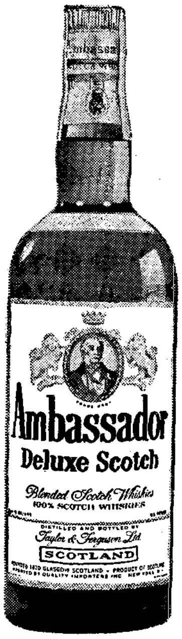

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in a fez of snake with bands of seal that join in a knot at the front and then wander down over the ears and hook together in back to make a turban. A complete abandonment of the old Basque-beret mood comes in a broad, towering toque of filmy black tulle with a cage of tulle to frame the face and a big rhinestone ornament above. All that's needed is a Diamond Jim Brady to go with it.

EASY lies the head that wears a deep crown, if Lilly Daché is to be believed. Fur is plentiful around here—ranch mink making a mushroom brim that is faced with the brown velours of the enveloping crown; a swagger deal, entirely of mink, with a punched-in masculine crown and a reasonably large brim that curls up in back and at one side; a down-on-the-forehead busby of Golden Amber fox. The sole adornment of a group of small, neat black hats is one or another of the exceptional jewelled pins that Daché has brought over from Paris. Such a pin is at the center of a black velvet cloche, with the brim dipping at each side of the ornament, and another pin decorates a cloche of black satin with a brim curled up at one side—a sort of lopsided derby. Still another pinned-up hat is for all the world a jockey cap—except that the long visor is turned sidewise. And it wouldn't be a Daché collection without fanciful turbans. One is small and round; white satin swirls in roselike folds down on the right side, and folds of black satin take over on the left. Anything but crisp, however (this is for Diamond Jim again), is her Maxim's turban of black malines that sits down on the ears and is wrapped way, way upward. In the same mysterious state of mind is a deep pillbox of black tulle; through its mushroom brim of black burnt ostrich your moody, mascaraed eyes are dimly visible. Before anyone begins to think that black is Daché's prevailing color this time around, let us get onto (or under) a turban-cloche whose small brim of olive velvet bears a rose at one side; it combines several shades of green and chartreuse-yellow satin in the superstructure. It is impossible to go into all the inventive color combinations here; they just make them up as they go along.

WILLIAM J. is now perched in an aerie in Carnegie Hall. Be sure to take the right elevators, at Fifty-sixth Street and Seventh Avenue, or you'll never get untangled from the ballerinas and bassos on the other side of the build-

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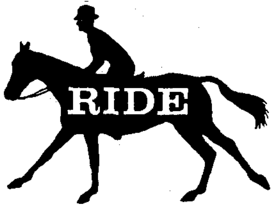

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ing. Better phone for an appointment, too (Circle 5-8956), since Wm. J. is pretty much a one-man operation. The most amazing pheasant-feather hat anyone is apt to see in nine lifetimes is part of his array. His pheasant is no montage of pasted-on feathers; the entire head and breast of the bird appear across the flat back of a big, stiff, off-the-face beret, and four pads of feathers from other pheasants make the beret itself. A small and mild calotte is looped around with a halo of pheasant tails, but there is nothing quiet about Mr. J.'s Firebird, which starts at the nape, ascends from there like a cockscomb, and is made of coq, duck, pheasant, and all—dyed red. (He must give little boys paint guns and turn them loose in barnyards.) Berets that have nothing whatever to do with the heroine of "The Sun Also Rises" are likely to be puffy and sort of Renaissance. I loved the grandiose hats of antelope and fuzzy felt, but they can, naturally, be made in any size. I have already mentioned Mr. J.'s bandaged-head hats of fabric. He also suggests a do-it-yourself filmy version for big evenings that crop up when your hair isn't cropped down properly—two yards of veiling, six inches wide, that you wrap around as you please. (It's really easy, say I, who am not usually good at this sort of thing.) You anchor the ensuing production with a Mr. J. pin that rises high and dangles shivering pendants—antique "gold" with "diamonds," for one.

THOUGH face veils are scarce elsewhere, Chanda will not let down his faithful; he puts a veil on everything, and he also goes right on making the little pillboxes and pixy caps, to be worn way back on the head, that have been his specialty for ever so long. The smash of his current collection is called Modern Art—a pillbox with soft edges, like a beret. It's a muffin made of four pie-shaped pieces of stitched velvet in four shades of coffee, green, blue, or whatever, or else in contrasting colors—orange, yellow, olive, and garnet red, to name one potpourri. One—I saw it in eggplant, black, green, and gray—has a bow on top. Like everyone else, Chanda is always interested in surface effects. A new notion along this line is feathers and silk floss pressed flat under veiling to accomplish a print look—jade feathers with writhings of turquoise and royal floss, combinations of navy and brandy, of Kelly and various blues, and many others. These are used for profile cloches whose medium, curled-back

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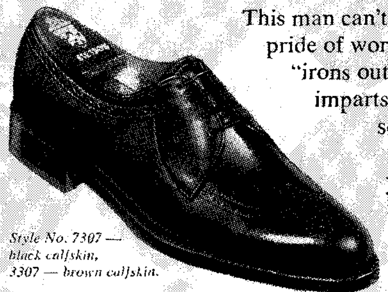

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brims are faced with velvet, and for shallow pixy hats, and for other favorite shapes of his. Another Chanda novelty is ombré soleil, which he uses in the manner of the thirties to make deep caps that go into a point down one side; a hat in an American Beauty-to-mauve shading has a fluff of American Beauty ostrich above a pin on the down side. Yet another ingenious trick is one-inch squares of felt appliquéd on wool jersey. A deep cap pillbox of gray jersey has tan and gray and cream squares all over it; a pillbox of magenta jersey may be covered with blue and purple squares. For evening, his miniature back-of-the-head pillboxes or pixies are sometimes made of Paisley covered with gold-metal twigs and colorful stones.

THE tailored hats at Mr. Arnold include some masterly ones of a thick charcoal, brown, or black tweed studded with matching flat jet beads—for instance, a halo beret on a bandeau an inch and a half wide with elastic in back (for security), and a slouch number with a deeply rippled medium brim, ducked over one eye, below a square crown. He also likes antelope for casual tailored hats, including both cloches and (this is my pet) a black toque tiered upward in a stance like the Tower of Pisa, with a black satin band and bow at the base. A soft calf with a new glossy finish (Koret is making handbags of it, and Evins is doing shoes) is the substance of a hat whose brim is turned sharply up in front and whose crown has inverted pleats around it, caught into a circle at the top—good and puffy-looking. When he leaves the tailored field, Mr. A. has a real time with feathers. White flat ones make a very wide, smooth headband and then burst out like a Zulu hairdo at the top; a pillbox cap is all white satin points like folded paper, with tan and white feathers nestling between; black and white vulture feathers of the aigrette type sweep forward on one cheek from a deep cloche. And, agreeing with Chanda, he wants things infinitesimal for evening, such as thimbles of black velvet with pseudo-aigrettes up one side in a big swirl, or such as brocaded pillboxes with big bows across the back. All are worn perched right on top of the head.

OPULENCE fit for a czarina is the rule at Irene of New York. White mink swirled upward fashions a tower-ing cone turban four skins high. This is placed well back of the front hair, as are most of her things. White mink also makes an absurd disc that covers

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only one ear, like a lonely and unloved ear muff; a wire that disappears over the top of the head holds the thing on. Many mink hats are made on the principle of a wide circlet worn well back, with a contrasting bump toward the back at the top; quite a few of these bumps are beaded, but there are some of contrasting mink—black with white or vice versa. And if you are in the mood for Russian Crown sable, there's a beauty that looks like half a melon, though professionals call it a bombé toque. As I have said, the beading here is phenomenal and covers all sorts of beanies, pillboxes, and half hats that show only next to one ear. What I particularly went for, though, was (1) a tall, limp fez made of jet beads encrusted on black net and (2) another, stiffened this time, of bronze beads, off the hairline and down on the ears. In black velvet, the most entertaining is a deep cap with a brim on just one side that is itself so deep that one's entire profile is silhouetted against it; the most appealing are tiny hats of velvet, in any hue, draped to look like a rose from above and with three velvet petals on each side, one set of them coming forward on the cheek and the other losing itself high in the hair. And need I say that, in the tailored line, Irene is famous for her rollers in every imaginable size and fabric?

UP at John Frederics are some unusual silhouettes, a beauty being Chanticleer, which, in profile, suggests Athena's helmet, curving outward from the nape and then forward high on the head to end in a point. In front, there is a smooth arch over the hairline. This comes in Mr. F.'s favorite brushed felts and in any number of colors. He is also doing lots with velvet and satin berets made like dresses, without blocking of any kind but tucked here and there to give them a regal sort of sweep. In capeskin, there are two knockouts (and Mr. F. feels—rightly, I think—that matching gloves are imperative). One is a beret descending in irregular widths at the sides to a long back; it's secured by a flat band across the hairline in front. The other is a sunbonnet such as the Amish never saw. Short astern, the small brim curls back in front, and points come forward very low on one side. The skins are not only black but red, blue, coffee, white, and brown, which ought to be enough choice. Luxury is the lot of the well-named Cavalier—brown velvet with a slashing, turned-back brim of sable. There is also a crushable beret of black chinchilla anchored by gold braid edging. And a busby of white ostrich perched on a plateau and dripping like anything.

AFTER you've picked and chosen among all these hats, which represent a veritable tilting joust, life should be thoroughly askew. If it isn't, I'll try to find more confusion to write about.

—LOIS LONG

• •

A FARM IN MINNESOTA

The corn rows walk the earth,
crowding like mankind between the fences,
feeding on sun and rain,
are broken down by hail,
or perish of incalculable drought.

And we who tend them
from the ground up—lieutenants
of this foot cavalry, leaning on fences
to watch our green men never move an inch—
who cares for us?

Our beds are sold at auction.
The Bible and a sword—these are bequeathed
to children who prefer a modern house.
Our flesh has been consumed
only to make more lives.

But when our heads are planted
under the church, from those empty pods
we rise in the fields of death,
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and shine in the hands of God.

—LOUIS SIMPSON

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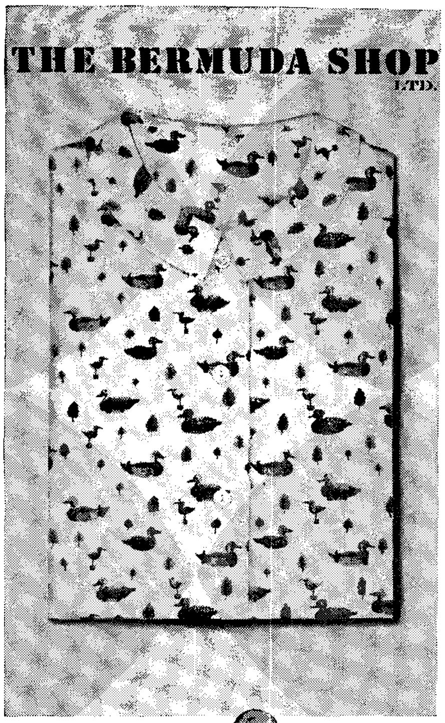
THE RACE TRACK

Beauty Spot

ONE doesn't appreciate Belmont Park until one has seen a dozen other tracks. I suppose I've said this before, but I'm a pushover for the old place—for its grass, and trees, and flowers (though one can't bet flowers in the tote), and for its feeling of spaciousness, which is something that Aqueduct, big as it is, doesn't offer. So I am delighted to report that the current Belmont meeting will run through September—and longer perhaps, if all the work being done at the Big A isn't finished by then.

It's probably a little ungrateful to say that things were slow to start off last week. (Except they weren't so slow for the horseplayers who bet on Arcaro; he rode the first winner on opening day, something named Buc Fever, who paid a $26.50 mutuel.) The Fall Highweight Handicap, which for as long as I can remember—and I have the memory of an elephant—has ushered in the autumn season on Long Island, went to Smashing Gail, a lightly weighted three-year-old filly, who raced away from nine other sprinters on the stretch turn. Tick Tock was second and Gyro third. Four Lane, winner of the fixture a year ago, was no better than fifth all the way. Half an hour earlier, Intentionally, a speedy runner who hadn't been out since he ran Bally Ache off his feet in the early stages of the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City nearly a year ago, and let T.V. Lark win, skipped nimbly around the turns in a seven-furlong dash, winning as he pleased from Trans-Way, Garwol, and three others. There is little doubt that if he had started in the Fall Highweight he would have won, for he ran the first six furlongs of his race in 1:09⅖, while Smashing Gail's time for the distance was 1:10. Not so successful at a comeback was Berlo, who last December was voted the best three-year-old filly of 1960. She hadn't raced since she won the Beldame and the Ladies Handicap in October, and although she hadn't grown soft and fat, she wasn't at concert pitch for the Oceanside Purse, on Tuesday. She was slower than usual to get into her stride, and when she delivered her challenge in the stretch she simply couldn't catch Staretta, Great



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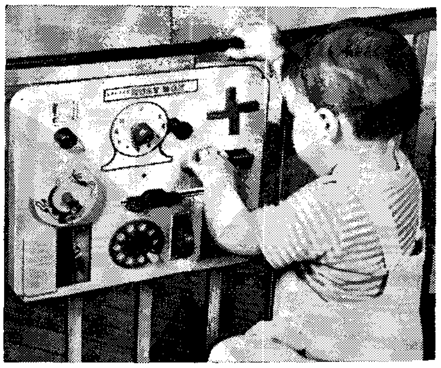

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Dame, and Miss Cloudy, who finished necks apart in the order named. Berlo should go better in her next start, which most likely will be in the Beldame, on the twenty-third.

Speaking of dates, here are several for your engagement pad: The Matron Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, will be run at Belmont this weekend, and the following Saturday we'll see the Futurity, which in my book is still the blue ribbon of two-year-old racing. Jaipur, who won the Hopeful at Saratoga, and Sir Gaylord, who ran so disappointingly in it (he didn't like the sloppy footing), will be among the starters in the Futurity, but Battle Joined, who beat Jaipur in the Saratoga Special, will not. He'll run in the World's Playground Stakes at Atlantic City this Saturday. To get back to Belmont, the Woodward Stakes will have its eighth running on September 30th, and the chances are that Kelso, who's had a long rest, will head the list.

WELL, the bottom dropped out of the strike of the grooms and exercise boys just when everybody was expecting them to make a great to-do on opening day at Belmont. Nevertheless, the Teamsters are still trying to unionize the stablehands, but without much progress. I'm surprised they don't turn their attention to the trotters.

TO put it mildly, I shall be flabbergasted if Ridan hasn't won the Washington Park Futurity in Chicago before you read this. Unbeaten in his six starts this season, he wound up his preparation for the fixture at Arlington Park with a most amazing workout the other morning. Starting off like a quarter horse, he ran the first quarter in 0:22, three furlongs in 0:33⅖, half a mile in 0:44⅖, five furlongs in 0:56⅖ (equalling the world's record for the distance), and the six furlongs, eased up, in 1:09⅘. Any horse who can run that fast should have a walkover. Ridan isn't in the Futurity, but he'll come east in October for the Garden State Stakes, which for a long time has been the richest race in the world for two-year-olds. That's the obvious thing for him to do; still, I have a sneaking notion that the distance, which is a mile and a sixteenth, may be beyond his powers.

—AUDAX MINOR

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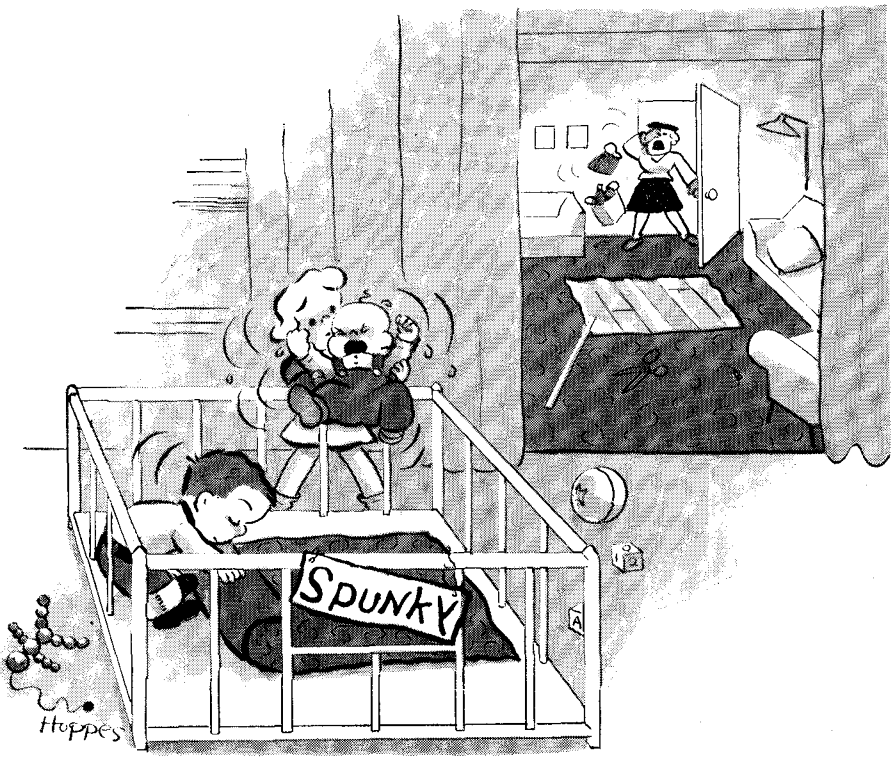

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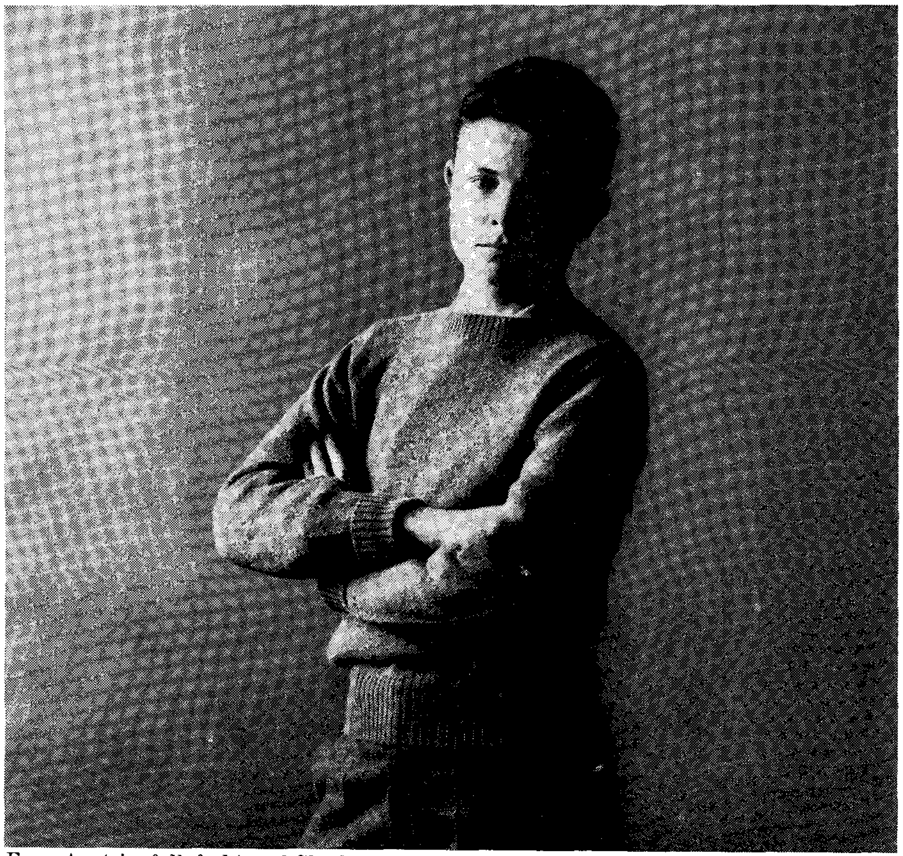

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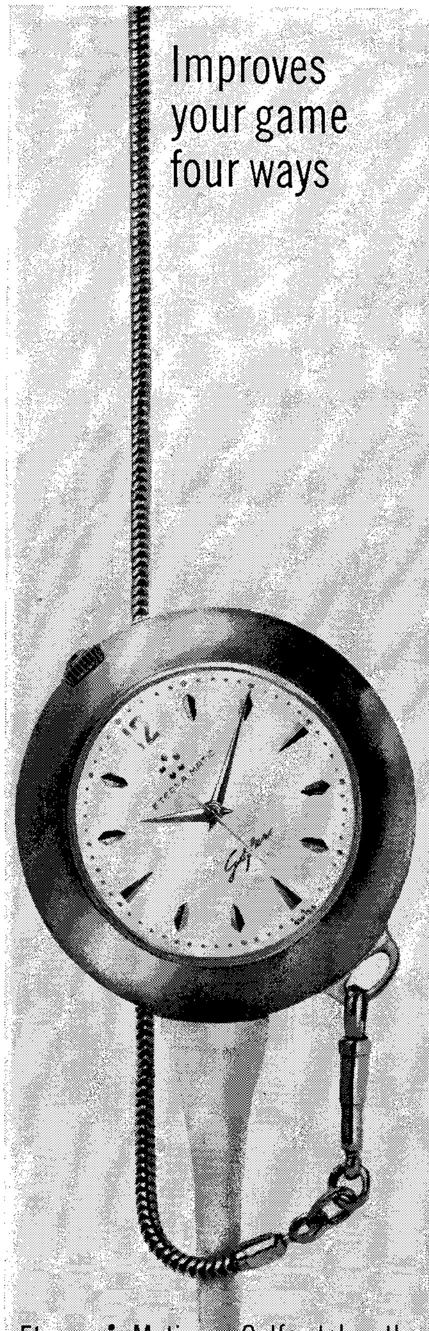

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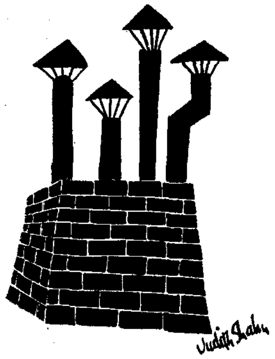
DIRT

MIKE sometimes pictured to himself a field freshly plowed, sides of furrows reflecting the light, the soil moist and dark. Sometimes he also imagined an expanse of green—some kind of grass or ferns—but he mostly thought of living dirt when he thought of anything at all beyond the gray-and-soot reality of concrete under his feet and walled around him in New York. Mike's name was really Miguel; at the age of ten he had come from Puerto Rico, and now he was twenty-five and pushed a grocery cart for a store on upper Broadway. He lived with a young woman named Maria, in a rooming house with a green canvas marquee that had the words "The Great Western Ritz Hotel" on it. While cart-pushing, Mike occasionally thought of his woman, or, rather, his mind produced forms stimulated by Maria's existence; he would see various geometrical shapes—abstract, transparent, and empty—and they were all kinds of Maria. There was mother Maria, a towering, curving sphere that moved all around him, visible everywhere like a many-in-one, monstrous balloon; there was sister Maria, in sharp black lines and arrows, some going away and some coming toward him and some like ladders or sidewalks, sidewalks such as those he pushed his cart on. There was wife Maria, a series of restless circles of various sizes moving together and drawing apart, bouncing from one to another, spiralling, drawing him to them. There was also a vague Maria, a Maria of All Women, thousands of curving lines jerking and floating past on both sides of him, and in front and behind, and he would reach out in his imagination and grasp at them, but never touch or halt any.



The Puerto Ricans who did not know Mike personally thought he was a Negro because of his dark skin, and the Negroes thought he was a Puerto Rican because of his long sideburns and his pointy shoes, and perhaps also because of his ovine eyes, whose gaze was so mild that a person hardly felt a glance at all. Upper Broadway citizens, thus blandly accosted by Mike's weightless stare, which came from between rows of canned goods in the store where he worked, or from behind his rusty-wheeled cart, cared little whether he was Puerto Rican, or Negro, or both, or neither. They knew he was dark, the way they knew the asphalt of Broadway was black. His long sideburns and his repeated "Hey-hey" meant little to anyone. The corner cop would say, "Hi, Mike," and Mike would reply, "Hey, copper-o," and that was the end of it.

Mike worked for Brownstein's Food Market: "Any Thing You Want We Have or Will Get." It was a combination grocery, dairy store, butcher shop, and chicken-on-a-spit ninety-eight-cents-apiece (none higher) enterprise, known locally as the "Anything" because of the words "Any Thing" painted large on a sign over the door. Brownstein thought of Mike as extremely useful in the store, and as reliable but slow to return when on delivery. On hot days, he and Mike would have a beer in the carton-jammed cellar. When Mike returned late from deliveries, Brownstein would say, "You been all the way to Cuba already?"

While Mike piled goods onto shelves, a goitrous, gravel-voiced woman would caw, "Where asparagus?," or another would mutter, "Those sale carrots you had on sale carrots I don't see them!" Mike eyed them softly, and replied always, "Hey-hey." Then, in their Broadway-flat talk, they would repeat their plaint in frustrated ire, as if expecting nothing from Mike; they would neigh, "Caaarrots! Baaa!" "Hey-hey," said Mike. He would picture in his mind a geometrical shape of the woman whose oral excretions he had just heard.

There was nothing difficult about this life, and it provided a steadily low standard of living. Mike's trouble, which had nothing to do with living standards, centered on Maria, who either sucked him into herself until he disappeared (picture of a swallowing, quicksand Maria) or sent him against the far wall with tongue-spears of shout and cry (picture of fire engines and flames). "Hey-hey, baby, let's not be fighting all the time," he would say. His protests were a thin shield.

THIS morning, Maria was at him again. "Lazy cart-pushing bum!" she cried. "You could improve yourself, study television repair by correspondence course like Feliz, or see Valdez about that auto mechanic's job. You pushing a cart, *pushing a cart!*" The words clamored into Mike's mind, pictorially embodied as ocean waves (for "pushing," he heard the "sh") and as a pile of lumber collapsing (for "cart," he heard boards crashing, and then the boards were floating in the ocean, to become waterlogged and then gray driftwood). Beyond the line of the sea was the land, the moist soil, so he shut off Maria's taunts and recalled the softness of the earth. A little later, he realized that Maria was still shouting, and in surprise he said, "Hey-hey," and went out.

His street was lined with choked garbage cans, and upon the asphalt was chalked, "ROYAL KNIGHTS." The street slanted down from West End Avenue to a roadway parallel to Riverside Drive. Mike watched a garbage truck humming and clanking and whining as it chewed up the mammoth remains of the local low standard of living (garbage men shouting duck-shaped imprecations and encouragements at one another)—enough paper and tin and rinds and peels, Mike thought, for fourteen billion billy goats. On his way to work, he said to himself, in a rare access of concrete supposition, "A green-faced woman will lean down to me as I squat piling away cans of Gerber's Strained Prunes, and she will croak, 'The *gefüllte fisch*, you have a special?' " Mike now pictured them in their jars and said, "Hey, oh no!" But once at work he was sent out immediately on delivery.

He pushed his heavy cart up Broadway and then down a side street toward West End, pushed it a hundred times up and down the Atlantic City boardwalk, pushed it at seventy miles an hour over the Pennsylvania Turnpike, pushed it out West via the Union Pacific tracks, and then crossed West End, and there on his own street peered down toward his rooming house, with Maria inside thinking trapezoids at him.

Mike peered down the street toward some scrawny trees in a strip of park. Deep, black dirt lay there; he imagined rows of sugar cane, and saw Puerto Rican sun and clear sky above, and thought of the depth of the black dirt. He saw himself as a barefoot kid running through the rows of cane, black dirt soft but buoyant under his feet. He stood as if handcuffed to the push bar of his cart, now a ten-year-old Puerto Rican, skin darkened by that blue-sky sun, and he looked down between the flat cliffs of buildings toward the

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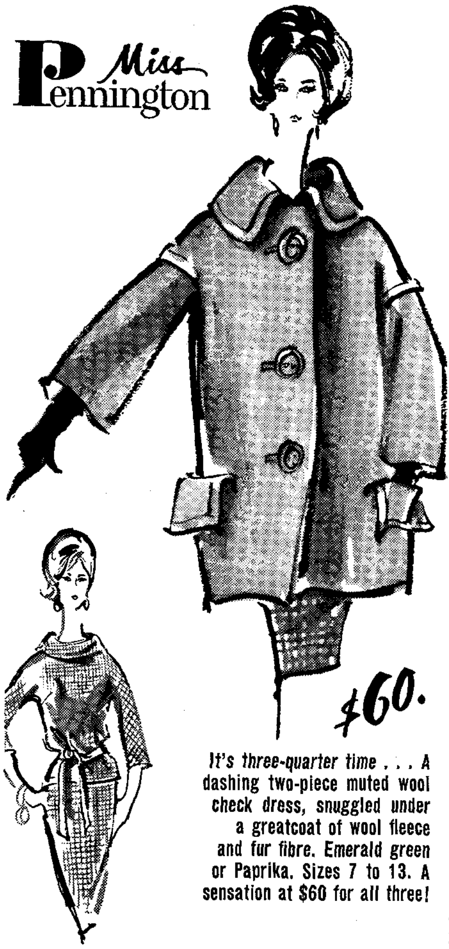
Miss Pennington



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rectangle of earth visible at the end of the street. The garbage men were still crashing cans, and their machine whirred and buzzed. Suddenly the driver hopped into the cab and let off the brake, and the voracious truck rolled mindlessly into a parked car with a tearing crunch that leaped up to Mike's ears like nine-pointed stars dropping on rusty zigzags. Mike shouted, "Hey-hey," and gave his cart a joining-up shove down the hill. Its steel wheels bounced avidly down the street, past shouting garbage men and car owners, until it picked out a parked car of its own to bang into; it hit, turned over, spilled groceries in a heap, and sent shiny cans rolling fast and free in various downhill tangents. Mike ran past, shouting "Hey-hey," all the way down the block and into the little park, away from Brownstein's pea-green, mush-voiced customers, away from Maria's birdy cries, and he fell upon the dirt, the life dirt, and hid from the eyeless concrete and lacerating shout-shout hoo-hoo what-what where-where—went to the dirt, and with his hands scratched into it to bury himself, to feel moist dirt around him to protect him, to bring the dirt into himself, with its nourishing warmth. As he lay there, pulling and digging at the stubby grass, he heard the pompous, unhappy carnival of blam-blam car-horn honking, and mind-etching needle of police-car siren, and catatonic hate cries of lawsuit-minded owners of busted sheet steel, proprietors of cars attacked and bitten by garbage truck and grocery cart—garbage men and Mike thus joined in an unarranged complicity in kicking in the shiny ends and bulbous, pastel sides of some of the million tons of Americanious, all-god Metal that lined both sides of the street. Hey-hey.

MIKE could not dig himself a foxhole, manhole, grave with only his hands. He sat up, his cupped hands full of dirt, and he looked close at it, brought it to his nose and mouth, and smelled it. It was cool, like the Puerto Rican dirt he had run on as a kid. He tasted it. Now he saw an unfocussed swarm of people running toward him. A swelling, New York bleat was upon him; Maria was shouting at him, and the garbage men were crashing cans at him. He bit into the dirt, and swallowed, and choked, and people crowded around him.

"Get up on your feet, man!" cried Maria.

"Is that your cart?" asked a drawn-faced man, pointing up the hill. He was a dented-car owner. Mike thought it

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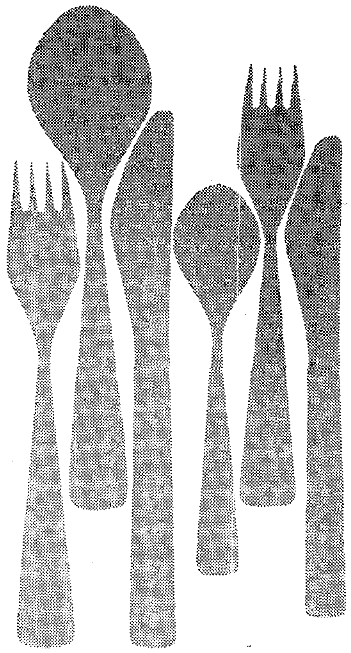

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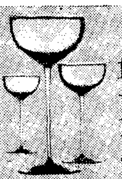

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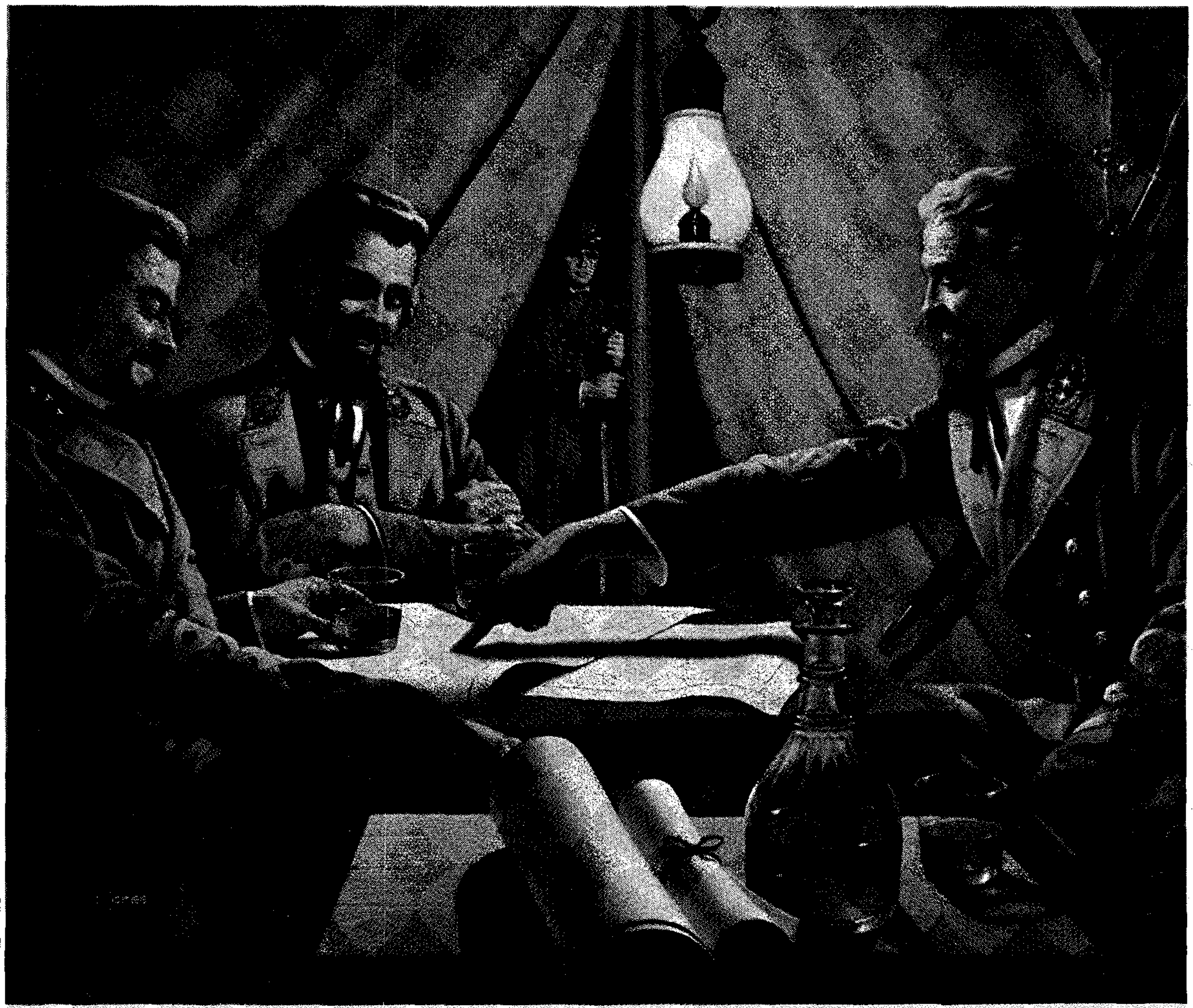

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was the car that made ugly all the old dirt that had collected on it.

The cop said, "What's the matter, Mike?"

Someone said, "What is it? What did he do? Is somebody hurt?"

Mike picked up another handful of the good dirt, and bit into it. He thought of the dirt now inside him as a bird moving into the air. Was there really a warmth of blue air anywhere? He didn't ask himself. But it was a pleasing idea, almost erasing the pain of his choking. Hands tugged at him, and the variform Maria commanded, "Stop eating that dirt!" In spite of those enticing concentric circles that she could become, Mike wriggled free, and as he backed out of her reach he felt down and pulled up a handful of grass. Then he lay back and put the grass into the mud that was still in his mouth.

He watched the Maria-crowd move upon him, but his gaze was unremonstrative. What the hell, he thought. Hey-hey. The strident blast of Buick klaxon, the mewling gripe of No-Cal-hunting housewife, the steel-and-concrete racket of grocery cart were all waiting for him. (And late at night there were sometimes good sounds, distant hoots of ships on the river, or the whonk-whonk of a diesel somewhere in the Bronx. Save those. Go with the people.) He looked up at them, the grass in his mouth.

"You jerk," Maria said. "Take that grass out of your mouth and get up!"

Mike took out the grass, and sat up and spat out the mud. He stood up and faced the hill, and the dented cars, and the overturned cart. As he walked back to it all, he pictured his discarded grass as fast green blades flowing from him into blue sky and moist soil.

—Roy Bongartz

•

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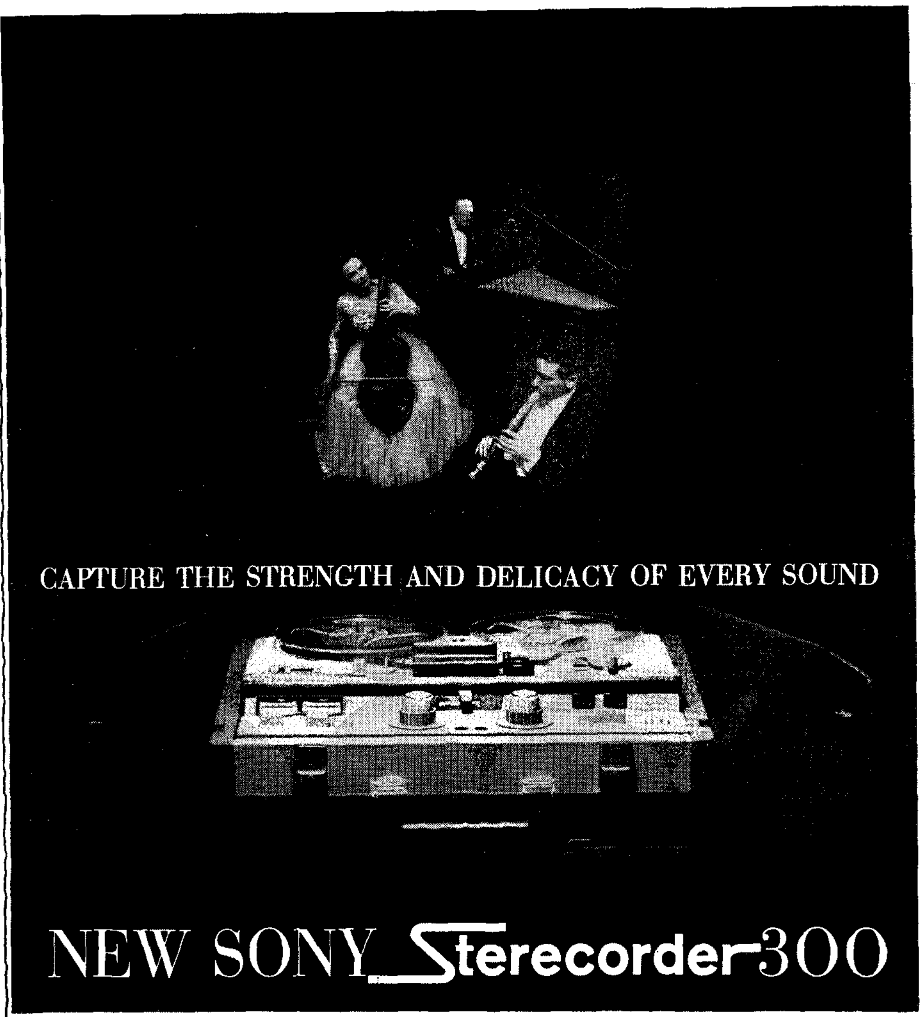

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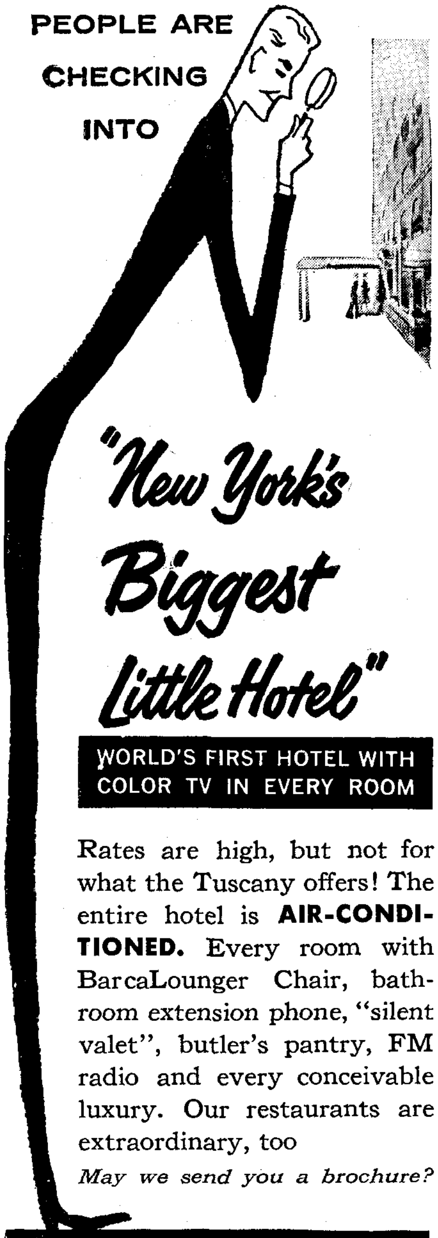

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MUSICAL EVENTS

JAZZ RECORDS

Check List

THESAURUS OF CLASSIC JAZZ (Columbia C4L 18) and THE RED NICHOLS STORY: RED NICHOLS AND HIS FIVE PENNIES (Brunswick BL 54047). The Columbia album will probably please only jazz academicians and those old enough to be nostalgic about its contents—fifty-two numbers (on four records) made between 1926 and 1930 by such small all-white groups as the Dorsey Brothers, Frankie Trumbauer's Orchestra, Miff Mole and his Little Molers, the Goofus Five, Joe Venuti's Blue Four, Eddie Lang's Orchestra, the Charleston Chasers, the Redheads, and the Arkansas Travellers. Most of these groups were pickup outfits recruited from the big white dance bands centered in New York, and they included—in addition to these men—Red Nichols, Bix Beiderbecke, Pee Wee Russell, Dick McDonough, Adrian Rollini, Arthur Schutt, Phil Napoleon, Wingy Manone, and Brad Gowans. The Brunswick record consists of just twelve titles made during the same years by many of the same men, together with such ringers as Jack Teagarden, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Glenn Miller, and Joe Sullivan. The music of this New York school represents the first cool jazz, but its earliest efforts were patterned largely on the pistonlike polyphony of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. However, rather intricate arrangements were introduced as its basic instrumentation—cornet, clarinet (or alto saxophone), trombone, piano, guitar (or banjo), and drums—was gradually padded out with bass and tenor saxophones, tubas, and extra trumpets and/or trombones. These arrangements called for such avant-garde devices as dissonance, ensemble passages played without the rhythm section, and odd instrumental combinations—a banjo solo backed by a bass-saxophone hum, a trombone accompanied by offbeat timpani strokes, a bass saxophone leading a unison ensemble. At the same time, the soloists experimented with two- and four-bar exchanges and with duets in which one man improvised while the other carried the melody.

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—Stanley Green, Hi-Fi Stereo Review

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These innovations were executed with a barely perceptible dash that soft-pedalled their freshness and that was almost static compared to the sweatshirted approach of contemporaries like Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, and Luis Russell. There were two reasons for this tepidness. Despite the technical innovations of drummers like Vic Berton and Chauncey Morehouse, the rhythm sections were dumpy and clocklike, while the soloists—Teagarden, Goodman, and a few others excepted—were more intent on technical proficiency than on real improvisation. To be sure, the hundreds of records made by the New York school served a useful purpose by popularizing the materials and methods of Negro jazz musicians, whose work was available, for the most part, only to the Negro public. (Although a rigid color bar prevented Negroes and whites from appearing, or even recording, together, there was considerable mixing at after-hours jam sessions, and both sides benefited.) Thus, taken neat at one sitting, the Columbia album is bland and rather dull. Eddie Lang, one of the first single-string guitar soloists, is an exception, and so is Pee Wee Russell, who sets down in "Honolulu Blues" what may be the first recorded cool tenor-saxophone solo. Other exceptions are Beiderbecke, who makes only two appearances; Jimmy Dorsey's agile, if academic, clarinet; Tommy Dorsey's lunging and very hot *trumpet* solos; the late Miff Mole's machine-tooled trombone; and some of the arrangements. The Brunswick album is quite different. In five of its numbers, the New York boys are joined by Teagarden, Goodman, and Krupa, who were fresh from Chicago, and the results are indecorous, exemplary, and, in one instance—Teagarden's vocal in "The Sheik of Araby"—classic. The Columbia album includes a thick booklet complete with discographies, photographs, and an informative them-was-the-days text by Richard DuPage and Frank Driggs.

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET: EUROPEAN CONCERT (Atlantic 2-603). A kind of tenth-anniversary celebration of the founding of the M.J.Q., this album consists of fifteen numbers recorded at concerts given a year or so ago in Scandinavia. It is a striking achievement, and for several reasons. The quality of the playing, in contrast to what is heard at most jazz

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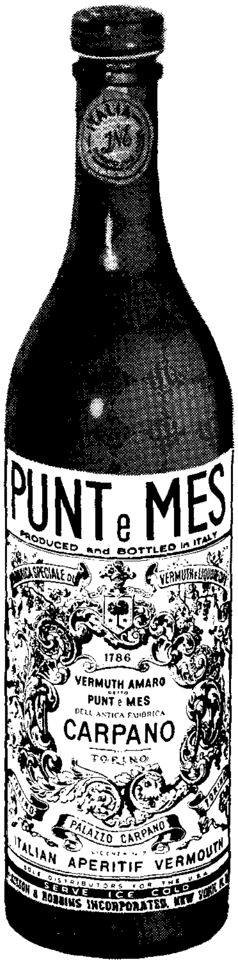

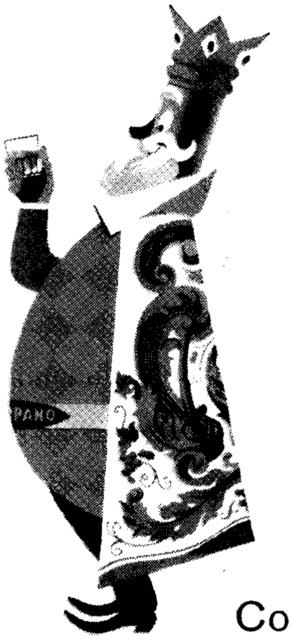

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concerts, is astonishing; indeed, there isn't a clam or a cliché within earshot. The materials are the best in the quartet's repertory, such as "La Ronde," "Vendome," and "Bags' Groove" (early days), "Django" (middle period), and "Pyramid," "Skating in Central Park," and "The Cylinder" (the present). The recording is possibly the clearest the group has been given, inside a studio or out. And a comparison of these records with the group's earlier ones of the same numbers offers a superb demonstration of its formidable and ceaseless self-improvement program. Through a simultaneous process of editing and loosening up, the group's collective approach, which had tended to be static and academic, has, one finds, become both wasteless and rich, while its solos, though longer and far more adventurous, remain a natural outgrowth of its ensembles. There is an embarrassment of delights—Lewis's solos in "I Should Care" and "Pyramid;" Jackson's sotto-voce fervor in the admirable Lewis waltz "Skating in Central Park;" Kay's unfailing balancing of the implicit and the explicit; and all of Lewis's compositions (none of his "Italian" efforts are here), which rank with Duke Ellington's best lyrical pieces. The album has only one drawback: its consistent excellence, which amounts to whipped cream on top of all the quartet's previous triumphs, will inevitably be taken for granted.

A Rare Batch of Satch: The Authentic Sound of Louis Armstrong in the '30s (Victor LPM-2322). An invaluable and unexpected set of reissues from Armstrong's greatest period. Included among the sixteen numbers (six are fairly brief, and in the form of a couple of medleys), which were made in 1932 and 1933, are such recordings as "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," "Basin Street Blues," "That's My Home," "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," and "Hobo, You Can't Ride This Train." Armstrong had by this time deserted the small New Orleans ensemble and was appearing mostly as a soloist and singer with large groups. The shift seemed to uncork him. He grew more assured technically; the lyrical content of his solos doubled, and they became full of operatic swoops and glides as well as complex fancy runs; his singing, following suit, lost much of its guttural mumbo-jumbo quality. In short, he

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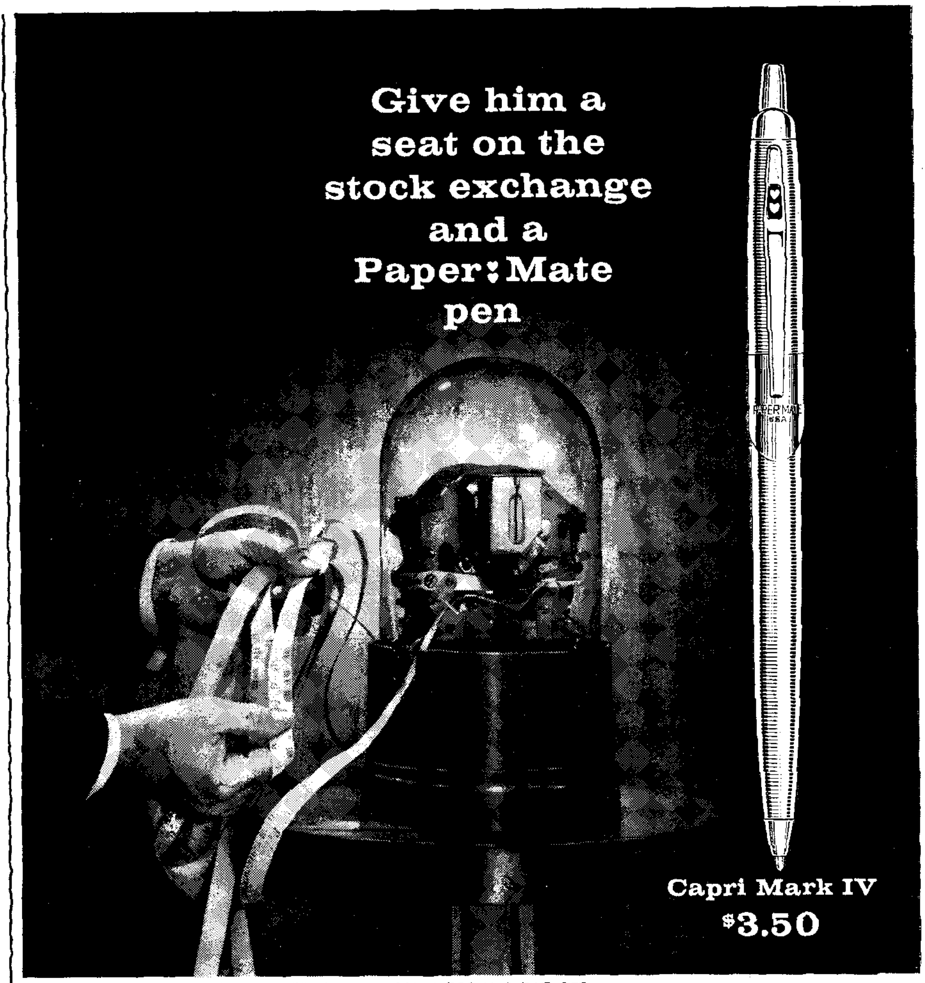
had established the style that shaped all but a handful of his contemporaries. This style, in turn, established as fact an idea that Bessie Smith and Bix Beiderbecke had only approached—that jazz can be a majestic music. Listen to Armstrong's stately, velvet-train trumpet entrance in "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," as he issues a long, low-pitched, half-time legato phrase that immediately converts the banal into the beautiful, the lacklustre into the dramatic; his second solo in "Basin Street," with its dizzying breaks and Alpine ascensions; the extraordinarily blue final bridge in "That's My Home;" and his easy ennobling of the saccharine melody of "Snowball." The singing is just as startling. In fact, in "Sleepy Time Down South" it is a mixture of sharp, sudden staccato passages (the third phrase is enough to raise the hairs on the nape of a grizzly bear) and fervent smears that Armstrong has never surpassed in recordings. Not far behind is "Hobo, You Can't Ride This Train," a novelty number, which Armstrong converts into a near hymn that both sympathizes with and jollies the rod-rider. And there is another kind of triumph in these recordings. The backings are provided by three separate groups, which—with the exception of the one led by Chick Webb—suggest fine early Lombardo minus the precision; the materials, by and large, are no better. But then great jazz improvisers often do better with third-rate accompaniment and materials, a peculiarity that jazz scholars would do well to plumb.

How Time Passes: Don Ellis (Candid 8004). How to huff and puff the house of tradition down. Ellis, a twenty-six-year-old trumpeter, is one of the newest exponents of "third-stream" jazz, that marriage-in-progress between jazz and classical music that is being officiated at by men like Gunther Schuller. On hand with Ellis are Jaki Byard, on piano and alto saxophone; Ron Carter, on bass; and Charlie Persip, on drums. The compositions—four by Ellis and one by Byard—are mainly experiments in improvising with atonal themes and in liquid tempos. In the title number, the tempo, which in this case is written, moves steadily up and down, and in "Waste" the soloists choose their own tempos. The most ambitious piece is the twenty-two-minute "Improvisational Suite No. 1," in which the soloists work with a twelve-tone row, rhythmless



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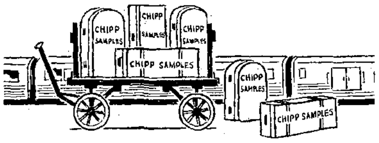

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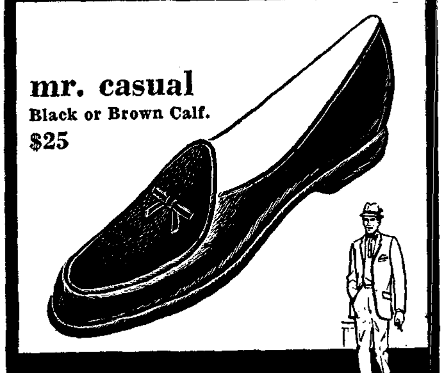

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sections, different set tempos, and jagged collective passages akin to those of Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry. The results resemble a very long dream. Ellis is an impressive performer. He has a handsome tone, and often uses a sliding, half-valved attack, not unlike Rex Stewart's in his best days. Would that there had been at least one conventional number on the record against which to measure his abilities; experimentation is easily confused with virtuosity. Carter and Persip know what they are doing every second, and it is particularly to Persip's credit that he manages so many bewildering rhythmic switches without ever sounding like a locomotive starting on wet tracks. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the San Diego* (*Calif.*) *Union*]

Parties are getting cuter every day. Commodore and Mrs. Horatius P. Bilgewater's moonlight cruise party last night on their yacht "Our Folly" is the current "winnah." The Bilgewaters sent out 60 invitations in mid-June to San Diegans from Miami, with reminder cards posted later from New Orleans. The guests, who had never heard of the Bilgewaters, were advised in the second note that the Commodore would be detained but would send his man Jarvis with boarding instructions for partygoers. The latter were asked to meet last night in the parking lot at Civic Center. The mystified guests might have guessed the true identity of the Bilgewaters (none did) had they studied the crest of a griffin on the invitations. Guests were asked to respond to 3327 Russell St. The "answering service" voice there was that of Mrs. Charles Crumly, friend of the so-called Bilgewaters.

Guests took a chance on the plot, were duly met by "Jarvis" (Larry Blocker of Chula Vista) who guided them on a circuitous tour of Point Loma. Dr. and Mrs. Robert Waterhouse, among the guests, were briefly disturbed when the caravan stopped at their house. However, "Jarvis" continued to 3336 Yonge St., home of Dr. and Mrs. Robert M. Griffin, who had pretended to be innocent members of the caravan. They, it developed, were the Bilgewaters.

Their garden was identified as "Our Folly" by life preservers on the walls. The garden was covered with an orange and white canopy, orange pennants serving as place mats. Crescent silver moons centering each table provided the moonlight which nature had denied. Blue, orange and white pennants waved from the house mast. Giant blue dice, also part of the decor, announced the Monto Carlo entertainment following the cruise dinner.

Six couples confused the Griffins by signing names as fictitious as "Bilgewater" to telegrams. Mr. L. L. Bloomenshine's answer was posted at the party: "The moonlight cruise will be in sparkling contrast to the planned fogginess of the sailing orders."

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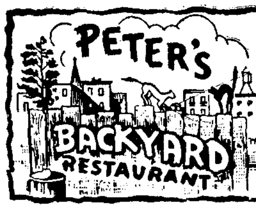

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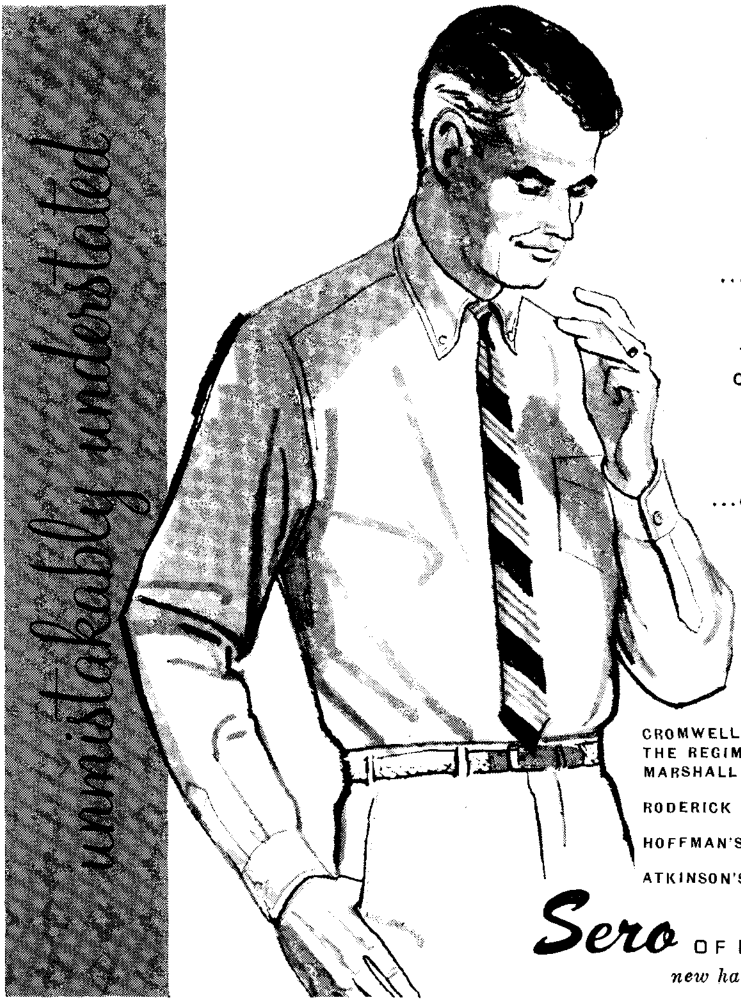
WHAT TO SEE IN AMERICA

IN his inaugural address, last January, President Kennedy said that I wasn't to ask what the country could do for me but what I could do for the country, and, taking this exhortation to heart, I started to look around for a project. At first, I couldn't find anything my size; this is a big country, and it isn't all that easy to go out and start doing things for it. Luckily, the President himself soon came to my rescue. In his Balance of Payments message to Congress, on February 6th, he discussed the dollar-gap-and-gold-shortage problem, noting that "foreign travel to the United States constitutes a large potential market hitherto virtually untapped. . . . Economic conditions in many foreign countries have improved to the point where a strong promotion effort by this country can be expected to yield significant results." Some time later, I saw figures that made me realize how serious the problem is. In 1960, there was a difference of over a billion dollars between what some million and a half American tourists spent abroad and what some six hundred thousand foreign tourists spent here, and this sum was the biggest single item in our deficit in international payments. That made me stop and think. I've gone abroad every summer for several years now, and I admit I've been tossing dollars around over there at a pretty fast clip. Obviously, my country needed something done for it—not my not going abroad (Pan American, American Express, and other pillars of our economy wouldn't like that very well) but my help in luring foreign tourists to *it.*

I pitched right in, and as soon as I did, I found that a number of other people were already at work on the problem. A United States Travel Service has been set up inside the Department of Commerce, to promote foreign tourism, and Congress has voted it three million dollars for a starter. Two American bus companies are offering foreign tourists a ninety-nine-dollar pass, good for bus rides anywhere in the country for a period of up to ninety-nine days. A ten-man "Visit U.S.A." team has been to Paris to teach leading French travel agents how to "sell" their clients on the United States. Even the Russians have lent a helping hand. Mr. S. S. Nikitin, vice-president of Intourist, recently came to New York with a variety of tips on how to improve our tourist business, the first of which was to spend money advertising the United States inside the Soviet Union.

But the more I looked into the mat-



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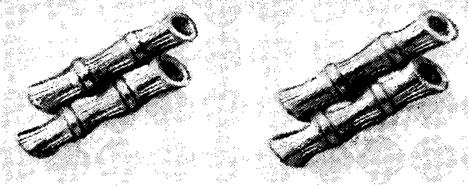

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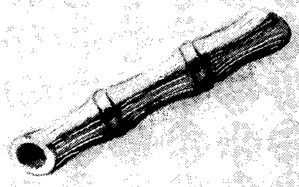

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ter, the more I realized that we hadn't even begun to do our spadework. What do American tourists go abroad to see? The Louvre. The Alps. "The Last Supper." St. Peter's. The Spanish Steps. Now, all these are attractions that have been written about over and over for centuries. They are obligatory for tourists. But what are our wonders? What have we in this country that tourists *mustn't fail to see? The* Empire State Building, Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon . . . And then? Shocked by how few likely attractions I could name, I decided that what I would do for my country was draw up a list of superlative sights of one sort or another. So I wrote to the capitals of a majority of our states, received in return their publicity handouts, and have now prepared—and append herewith—a handy list of fifty of our largest, highest, shortest, longest, oldest, crookedest, deepest, etc., wonders, as proclaimed in this literature. They are not, I admit, quite what I had in mind, but they are the best that came to hand. At least they will serve to get the ball rolling. We may not have the Alps, but we do have the world's largest underground mountain; we don't have the Spanish Steps, but we have the world's longest escalator; and if we don't have the original "Last Supper," we have, at any rate, the world's only perfect facsimile of it done in mosaic. But the list speaks for itself. I hope, for the President's sake, that it draws tourists here in droves. We have:

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8. World's longest escalator (Tampa, Florida).
9. World's only lobo wolves (Kane, Pennsylvania).
10. World's largest man-made fishing pier (Texas City, Texas).
11. World's largest crucifix (Burt Lake, Michigan).
12. World's largest manufacturer of artificial flowers (Providence, Rhode Island).
13. World's largest proved meteorite crater (Winslow, Arizona).
14. World's largest buffalo (Jamestown, North Dakota).
15. World's largest manufacturer of Chinese food, producing more Chinese

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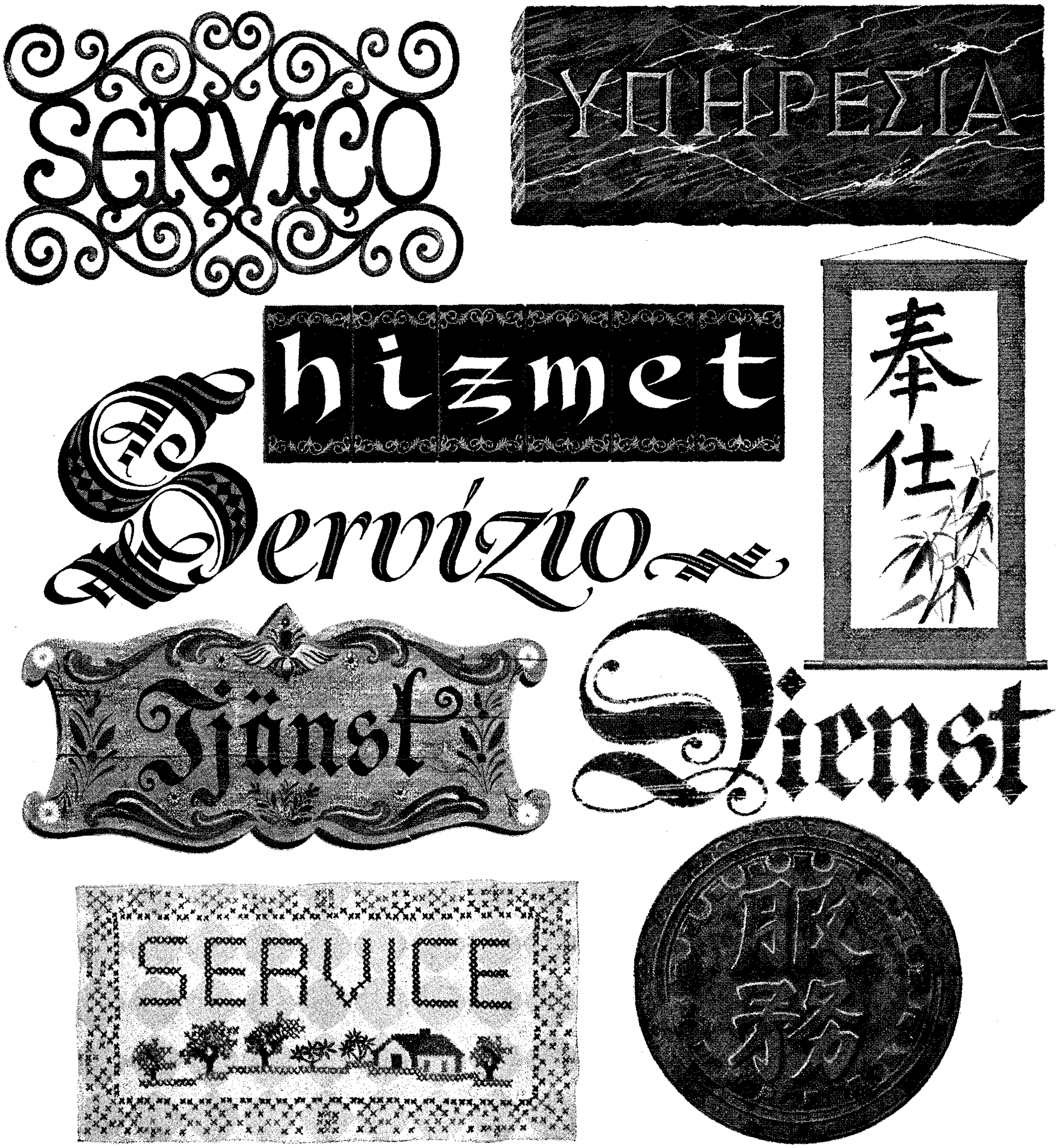
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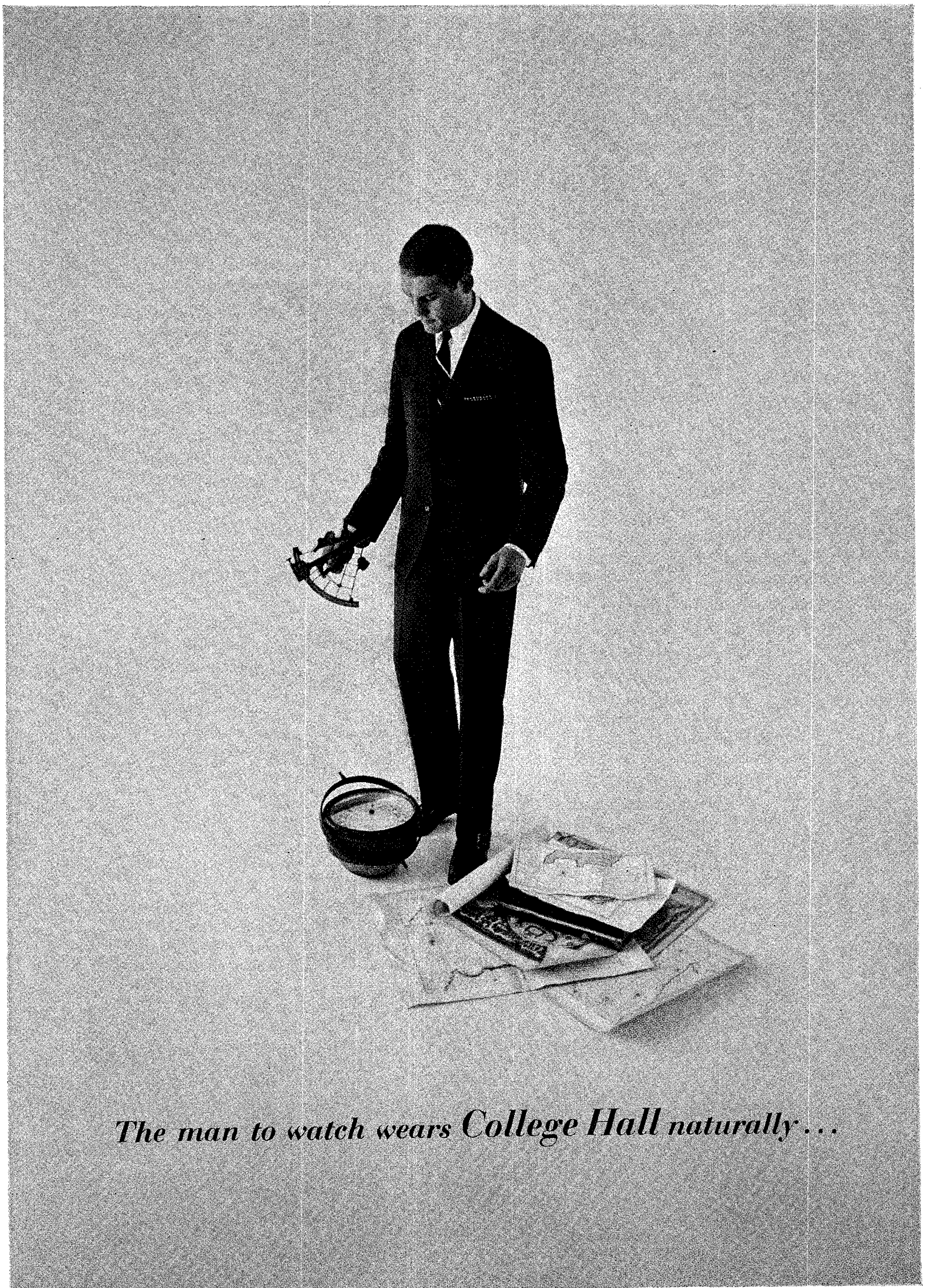

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food than any other place on earth, including China (Archbold, Ohio).

16. World's only stalacpipe organ (Luray Caverns, Virginia).

17. World's only manufacturer of Ferris wheels (Jacksonville, Illinois).

18. World's tallest tree (Byerville, California).

19. World's only monument to a bird (Salt Lake City, Utah).

20. World's highest registered yacht club (Grand Lake, Colorado).

21. World's oldest and largest factory devoted exclusively to the manufacture of golf balls (Elyria, Ohio).

22. World's largest rose garden (Los Angeles, California)—cf. No. 5.

23. World's largest vase (New Market, Virginia).

24. World's largest shifting sand dune (Sleeping Bear Dune, Glen Haven, Michigan).

25. World's only outcropping of fairy stones (cross-shaped crystals; Patrick County, Virginia).

26. World's largest axe factory (Charleston, West Virginia).

27. World's shortest railroad (Los Angeles, California).

28. World's largest scallop bed (off east coast of Florida).

29. World's largest dirt-moving machine (Longview, Texas).

30. World's only corncob-pipe factories (all three in Washington, Missouri).

31. World's largest underground mountain (five floors high, in Wyandotte Cave, Wyandotte, Indiana).

32. World's only monument to an insect (Boll Weevil Monument, Enterprise, Alabama).

33. World's only Roto-lator, where cows are milked, fed, washed, and dried automatically (Plainsboro, New Jersey).

34. World's longest unnavigable river (James River, South Dakota).

35. World's highest artificial ski jump (Iron Mountain, Michigan).

36. World's largest Duncan Phyfe chair (Thomasville, North Carolina).

37. World's largest cheese plant, where all of the world's supply of Liederkranz cheese is produced (Van Wert, Ohio).

38. World's crookedest street (San Francisco, California).

39. World's largest rose garden (Tyler, Texas)—cf. Nos. 5 and 22.

40. World's largest broomcorn market (Wichita, Kansas).

41. World's largest moving sign (Phoenix, Arizona).

42. World's longest city block (Charleston, West Virginia).

43. World's largest man-made star (Roanoke, Virginia).

44. World's only perfect facsimile in mosaic of da Vinci's "Last Supper" (Lake Wales, Florida).

45. World's largest walled penal institution (Jackson, Michigan).

46. World's largest and deepest salt mine (Grand River, Ohio).

47. World's tallest totem pole (Tacoma, Washington).

48. World's largest garden-hose factory (Bucyrus, Ohio).

49. World's largest unfinished sculpture (Crazy Horse Monument, in the Black Hills of South Dakota)

50. World's first plastic church (Houston, Texas).

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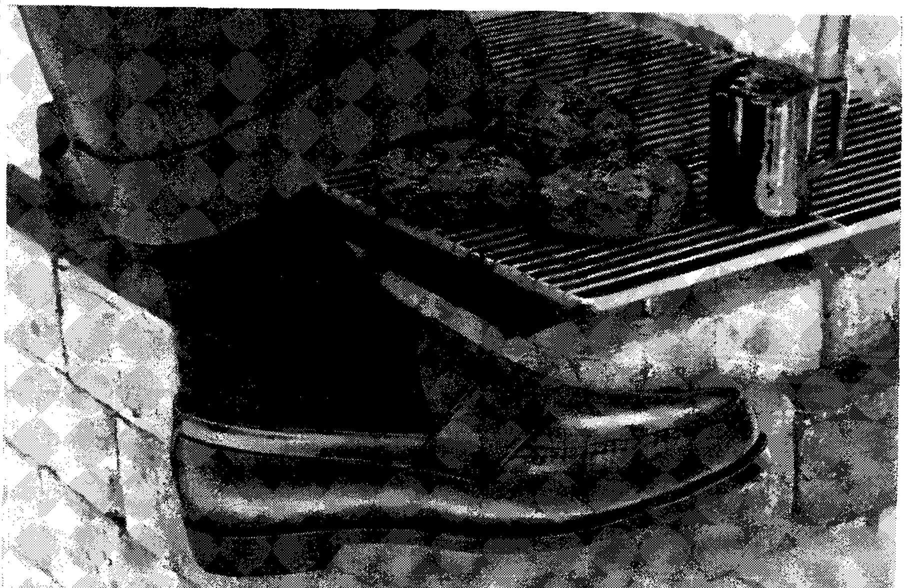

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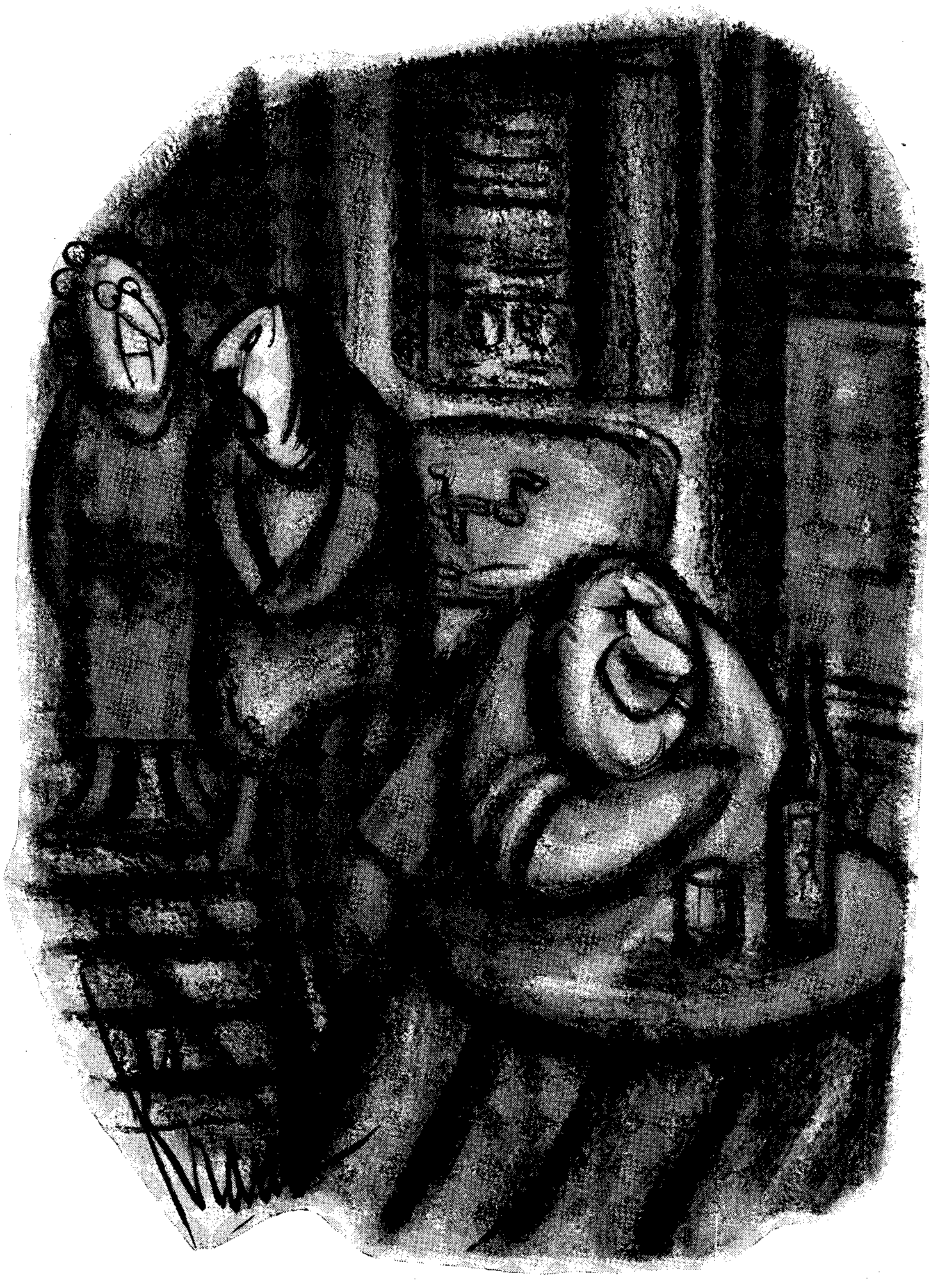
BOOKS

Unscrupulous Communists and Embattled Democracies

GEORGE F. KENNAN's new study of international relations—"Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin" (Little, Brown)—is surely one of the most important books that have appeared in the United States since the end of the last war. To describe it as simply a study of international relations is, in fact, to give no idea of the nature of its singular importance. The phrase suggests something academic, and Mr. Kennan is anything but academic; nor, in spite of his long years of service in the consulates and embassies of Europe, is he at all readily recognizable as what is called a career diplomat. Mr. Kennan has a quite independent and a deeply inquiring mind; his knowledge of Western Europe and Russia is based upon long first-hand experience as well as years of systematic research, and his books are, I believe, in their field, coming to mark a distinctly new phase in American political thought. He has not merely mastered the languages and the histories of the countries with which he deals; he has observed them with a combination of sympathetic comprehension and critical objectivity that must be rare in our State Department. Together with a strong sense of fact and an always realistic grasp of the practical problems of statesmanship, he has a sensitivity to personal relationships and to the influence of national atmospheres as well as to the literature and art of the foreign countries in which he has lived, and our own national characteristics are subjected to the same cool scrutiny as those of these other countries. The result is an over-all view that transcends the provinciality of so much of our foreign policy and embraces the whole immense area from Washington to Peking. No one but an American could have written this book. It is one of the hopeful signs of a contemporary American consciousness that is finding itself at home in a larger world and bringing to it a new intelligence.

These chapters were first delivered as lectures at Oxford and Harvard Universities, and before a discussion of the content it may be worthwhile to say a word about the form. In view of the amount of ground covered and of the extreme complexity of the subject matter, the book is a triumph of presentation. The reviewer heard some of the lectures at Harvard, and as lectures they could hardly have been better. Though the succession of events was so close, the pace of narrative never telescoped them in such a way as to make them hard to follow, and though the argument had to be condensed, the language never failed to reach the listener through becoming too dry or abstract; the lucid and well-thought-out sentences were framed with a pleasant colloquialism that put the speaker and his audience quite at ease with one another. These qualities make the book always readable, but from the literary point of view the texts could have stood some revision. Mr. Kennan, though so careful a scholar, with so fine an appreciation of literature, is in some ways rather careless as a writer. He habitually uses "transpire" as if it meant "occur" and "disinterestedness" as if it meant "lack of interest." He makes "a series of demands" plural and uses wrongly a plural "protagonists" (you can have only one protagonist in any given situation). He writes, "The country was *rampant* with hardship and disease" and "He finally succeeded . . . in licking the heavy financial problem which the depression had *spelled* for the German government." In the matter of colloquialism, he is sometimes very happy and sometimes, perhaps, not so



"What riles me is that it's my cooking sherry."

happy, as when he says that a "definition of peaceful coexistence" made by Chicherin at the Genoa Conference was "one which Khrushchev could buy today." And there are occasionally sentences that have quite gone wrong in idiom or in grammar. It may well be that Mr. Kennan, with his new official duties, had not time to attend to these matters, but his publishers ought to have done so. They have left Mr. Kennan's expression sometimes limping behind his intellect.

IT would be sterile to attempt to summarize a work that is itself a summary. But it ought to be said that, in the period covered—from the Russian Revolution to the end of the Second World War—many gaps are filled that, to the ordinary reader, had presented only confusion or mystery. The reviewer spent several months at the end of the First World War at the GHQ in France of the American Expeditionary Force, in what was called the Department of Exterior Fronts, sticking pins in a wall map of Russia. These pins had different-colored heads and were supposed to show the operations, as they were conveyed by routine dispatches, of the various Allied and White Russian forces engaged with the Soviet armies. The dispatches, of course, told us nothing about why these Allied troops were out there in Archangel, Murmansk, and Siberia, and no real further light was thrown by the bulletins of Chicherin, the Soviet Foreign Minister, that strange nobleman among the Bolsheviks, who is well described by Mr. Kennan. These bulletins were cast entirely in a vague and eerie Marxist phraseology that seemed to emanate from a disembodied spirit, diffusing its thin voice through airwaves from the unknown, transmuted realm that Russia had now become. I did not at that time understand what French and British and Czech and American troops were supposed to be doing in those places. I had never, in fact, understood till I read Mr. Kennan's book precisely what was involved in their various exploits. Mr. Kennan has looked up all the scattered sources and disentangled all the anomalous situations, showing just what was done by whom, and what they hoped they were accomplishing by it, which was often something quite different from the results that their actions had. We Americans have been made by the Soviets the archvillains in the foreign intervention on the side of the Russian Whites, but Mr. Kennan—and he is no special pleader—is able to

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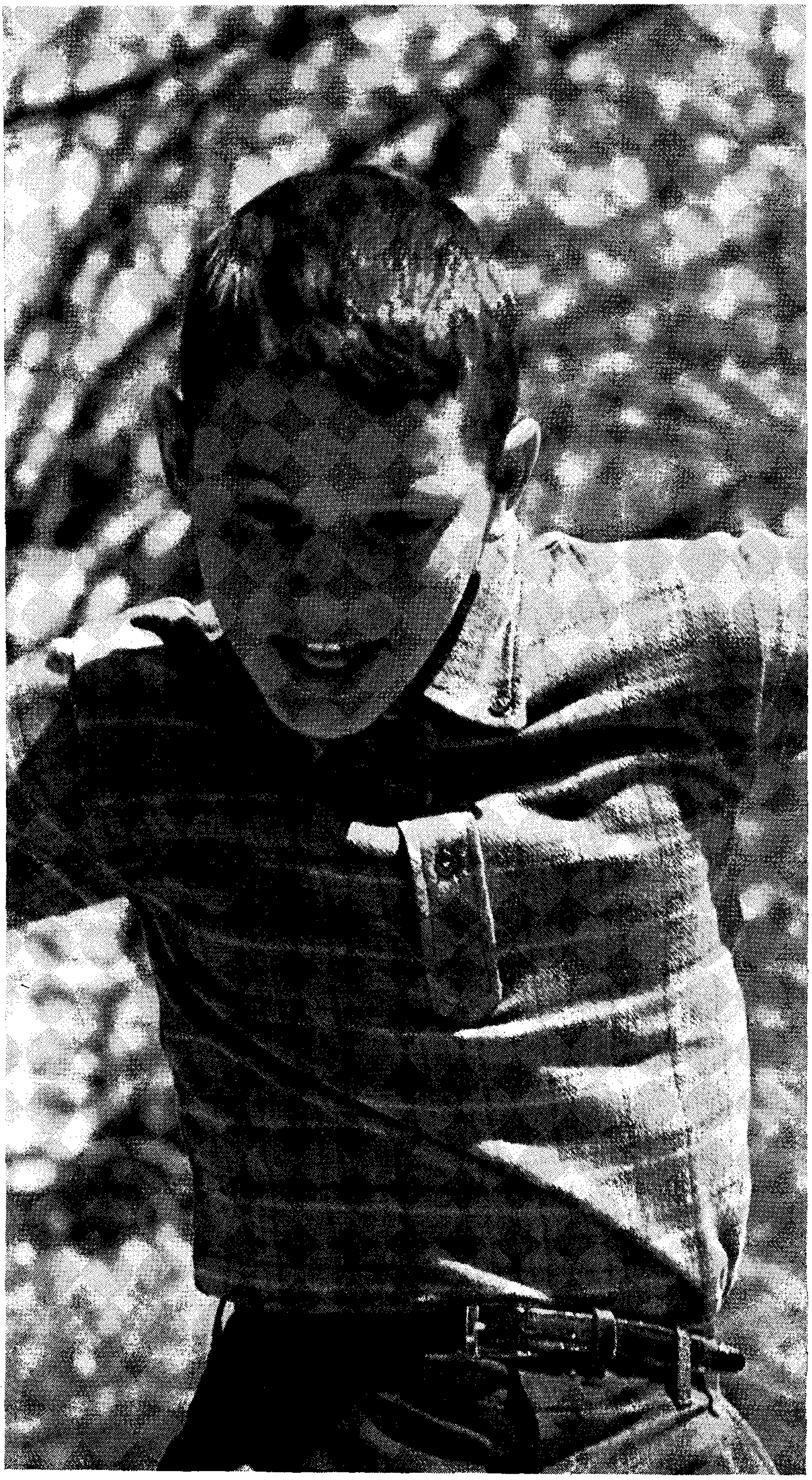

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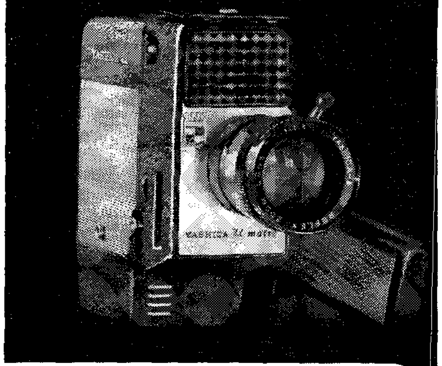

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show that Woodrow Wilson did his best to keep us out of these doomed operations.

In regard to the behavior of Stalin toward the Western countries, Mr. Kennan attempts a full explanation that, to this reader, is partly novel. He believes that Stalin hated the West for the same reason that he jumped at any pretext for liquidating the Westernized Bolsheviks—because he himself, uneducated, untravelled, did not know anything about it and could not bear to get out of his depth. Mr. Kennan dismisses the notion that Russia is a great enigma. (One remembers Franklin Roosevelt's insouciant statement that he must someday try to find out "what makes the Russians tick.") He reminds us that the Western democracies, preoccupied with winning the war—which seemed to them of paramount importance—did not have any real comprehension of what was then going on in the Russia that had suddenly dropped out of it. We knew little about Russian society and we had no realistic conception of the crisis it was going through. Though Wilson, unlike the governments of England and France, was in general sympathetic with the revolution, the sole concern of the Western alliance was to make sure that Russian armies were kept in action against the Germans. The Russians and the West were, Mr. Kennan says—as in the case of our mechanical dispatches and the euphoric air vibrations of Chicherin—really "talking past" one another. Nor have we ever, officially, since then, learned to face and to accept Communist Russia. For this there is now no excuse. (I here paraphrase Mr. Kennan rather freely.) We must take cognizance of the Soviet Union with intelligence and equanimity. It is not dignified to keep denouncing a country with which one is technically at peace (let alone, as Dulles used to do, keep announcing that its regime is about to fall); leave that to *its* propagandists. And we should take account of the fact that, with our swift alternations between panicky vilification and applause for a gallant ally, our pretensions to be the sanctuary of civil rights and our outbreaks of violent repression, we may seem as enigmatic to the Russians as they have ever seemed to us.

On the subject of the Far East, Mr. Kennan declares himself less competent, but, treating China on a lesser scale, he is equally convincing in triangulating it in relation to the West and to Russia. The United States and the Soviet Union both, not understanding

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one another, were also in their respective ways mistaken about China. If the West assumed ignorantly that Russia, once it had got rid of the czardom, would establish a parliament and a constitution, and if Russia expected that the West would almost immediately take its place in the Marxist picture by imposing dictatorships of the proletariat, the first of these powers went wrong in supposing that there existed in China a responsible central government with which it would be possible to negotiate and the second in supposing that the Kuomintang, a local nationalistic movement, could be depended on as a Communist instrument. It would have been impossible for Stalin to manipulate amorphous China. It was the weakening of Europe by the two world wars, the subjugation of China by the Japanese, and their removal as a result of the second that eventually "created vacuums into which the Communists were prepared to flow," just as it was Hitler who, by wrecking Eastern Europe, laid it open to the Russian occupation. (This is true enough, and yet, in the case of China, it seems to me that Mr. Kennan should a little more take into account the logical appeal of Communism for a country that has adopted a program for the construction of an industrial society but has no money with which to finance it.)

These reciprocal misunderstandings derive, of course, not entirely from different systems, different ideologies, but also from geographical remoteness, and it is Kennan's consoling belief that this geographical remoteness is bound to prevent in the future any one of these apparently formidable powers from achieving world domination. The Russians have not been able really to dominate China, so how, the implication follows, can either they dominate the United States or we the Soviet Union? "There is no magic by which great nations are brought to obey for any length of time the will of people very far away who understand their problems poorly and with whom they feel no intimacy of origin or understanding. This has to be done by bayonets, or it is not done at all . . . There are geographic limits to the possibilities of military occupation." Mr. Kennan does not mention the possibility, which seems to be obsessive for the official mind, that one power may damage another in such a way as to provide a "vacuum" so immense that the victor may occupy it and impose a domination more drastic than that of the Russians in China. It would, in that event, be a question

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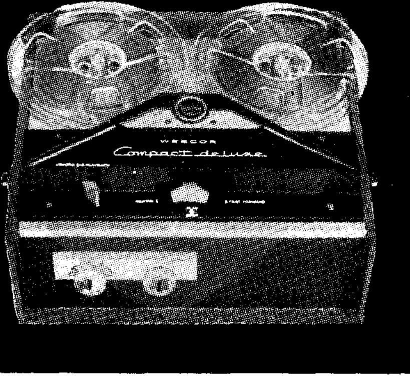

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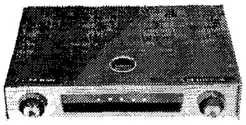

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not merely of bayonets but of a permanent threat of destruction, with a press that printed only Marxist jargon or a people that drank Coca-Cola and bought only quickly obsolescent goods, and there is also the possibility that the problem of the overpopulation of the world might be solved by the filling of two vacuums with the colonists from an overpeopled China.

Mr. Kennan, however, believes that "universal world dominion is a technical impossibility," and this disbelief seems to derive from a fundamental disbelief in the possible extensibility of any strongly centralized agency, even when it aims at being international and promoting the interests of peace. One has to look in this connection for the answers to certain questions—as to which this new book leaves one wondering—to an earlier set of lectures, "American Diplomacy 1900-50," published in 1951. Here one finds that Mr. Kennan has little faith in a League of Nations or a United Nations. A great power can always defy them, and the voting by national units, regardless of their size or importance, encourages the inflamed modern nationalism that such organizations are supposed to check; one should rather encourage a fluidity that would not take national divisions too seriously, since these are often arbitrary and unrealistic. Even, besides, if one can act in a military way against the kind of aggression that is overt, how can such an international tribunal prevent—as in the case of Russia with its satellites of Eastern Europe—a quiet taking over by penetration? The American faith in such agencies is the result of the tradition in the English-speaking countries of reliance on legalistic methods—a tradition that hardly exists except in America and Western Europe. Nor is "summitry," he thinks, of very much use. When the heads of great governments meet, they are obliged to make such serious compromises that what emerges from a summit conference is likely to be something as incoherent and as unworkable as the Treaty of Versailles, and the statesmen who conduct the conferences are invariably so hurried and so overtaxed by the number of the problems they have to consider, so pursued by the Klieg lights of publicity, that it is almost impossible for them to accomplish anything. They are quite inadequate for "the task of diplomacy—which is really one of style, of perseverance, and of ceaseless vigilance."

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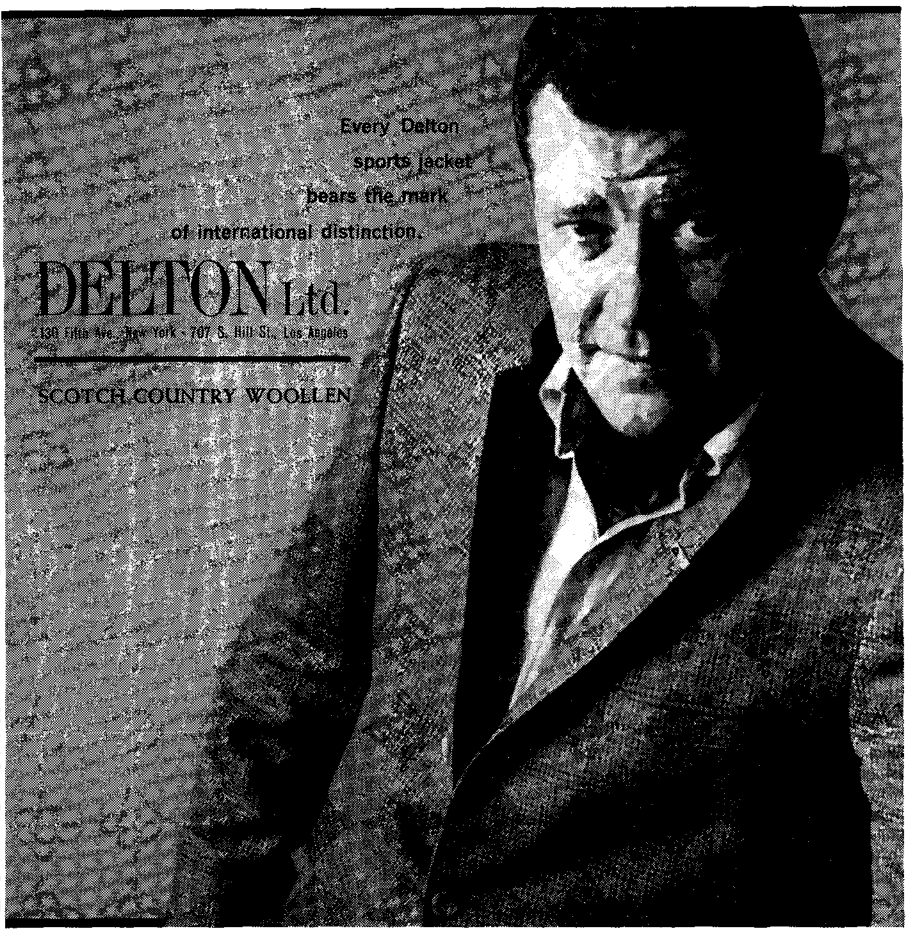
Mr. Kennan falls back on a method that seems to have something in common with the old-fashioned "balance of power." If there is danger of a dislocation of a stabilized status quo, let steps be taken to forestall it. By a single great power? By an alliance *ad hoc*? This seems to be left a little vague. And by whom are such decisions to be taken? Mr. Kennan makes very clear—though he does not have much hope of obtaining it—the procedure he would recommend. It is one of his strongest complaints that the direction of our foreign policy is too often deflected and confused by the pressure of public opinion. One may feel that perhaps Mr. Kennan, in this as in other respects, underestimates the ever-growing powers of the centralized modern government, that he here fails to recognize to what degree—as in the case of the last war—American public opinion itself is coming to be manipulated by systematic official propaganda. (As we shall see in a later quotation, he seems to identify the propaganda, once the country has gone to war, with the pressure of public opinion itself.) But let us assume that our foreign policy is distracted thus by popular pressures and ask how he proposes to avoid it. The answer—as he gives it in "American Diplomacy"—is by making "more effective use of the principle of professionalism," by developing "a corps of professional officers superior to anything that exists or ever has existed in this field . . . by treating these men with respect and drawing on their insight and experience." He fully recognizes the difficulty of realizing such an ideal—that to depend upon such professionals "runs counter to strong prejudices and preconceptions in sections of our public mind, particularly in Congress and the press, and that for this reason we are probably condemned to continue relying almost exclusively on what we might call 'diplomacy by dilettantism.' "

One sees what Kennan wants to avoid and one sympathizes with his wish to avoid it: the oscillations between abject terror and moist-eyed sentimentality that characterize our relations with foreign countries; our tendency to imagine them as heroes or villains. Up to the time of the First World War, the United States adored Germany. We went there to study music, philosophy, medicine, and classical philology; the Kaiser and Theodore Roosevelt were regarded as opposite numbers. But from the moment of the invasion of Belgium, the Germans became "Huns" and the Kaiser "the



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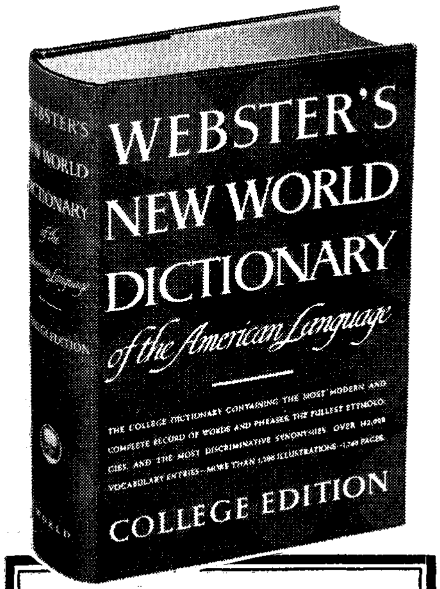

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Beast of Berlin." At the time of the war between Russia and Japan, the Japanese were "a wonderful little people," who were slingshotting the Russian Goliath, the despotic oppressor of millions, but when we ourselves went to war with Japan, the Japanese became hissing little reptiles that it was now our duty to exterminate. After our reptile-killer had worked on Nagasaki and Hiroshima, we made Japan our favorite pet until our favorite pet bit us. In the case of the Russians, we hailed them as allies in the struggle against Hitler without stopping to take account of the objectives of the Soviet government. Then, confronted, as Kennan says, with the kind of thing they might naturally have been expected to do, we transformed them into a menace to the "free world." What is needed, says Mr. Kennan, is to arrive at some understanding of what alien civilizations are up to. We should totally dismiss from our minds any assumption that they ought to resemble ours or what we like to imagine ours to be, that they should imitate our own institutions. (One remembers in this connection the small but significant fiasco of our attempt, when we occupied Germany at the end of the last war, to put an end to duelling at Heidelberg.) We should intervene only to obviate any move that might seriously upset the world's equilibrium, and we should do this without indulging in public professions of righteousness.

Mr. Kennan is at his best when he is criticizing national mythologies. The first chapter of "Russia and the West"—"Conflict of the Two Worlds"—contains a brilliant examination of the delusions, on the one hand, of the Soviet Union and, on the other, of the Western democracies. The pretensions of the former as saviors of the world through the rescue of an insurgent working class by a privileged class of bureaucrats and the theology of Dialectical Materialism, which is supposed to make this inevitable, have by this time become quite familiar, but Mr. Kennan, as usual, approaches the subject in a somewhat original way. He has a calmly deflating comment on the prophetic vision of Lenin and his early followers that was to supply the official Soviet stereotypes: "The image of reality against the background of which the political fanatic plays his part is always largely artificial. He creates it for himself; but he believes in it implicitly, and in part he generally succeeds in making it seem real to others as well. And his role, as he

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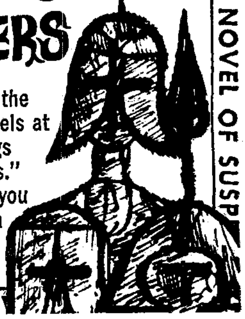

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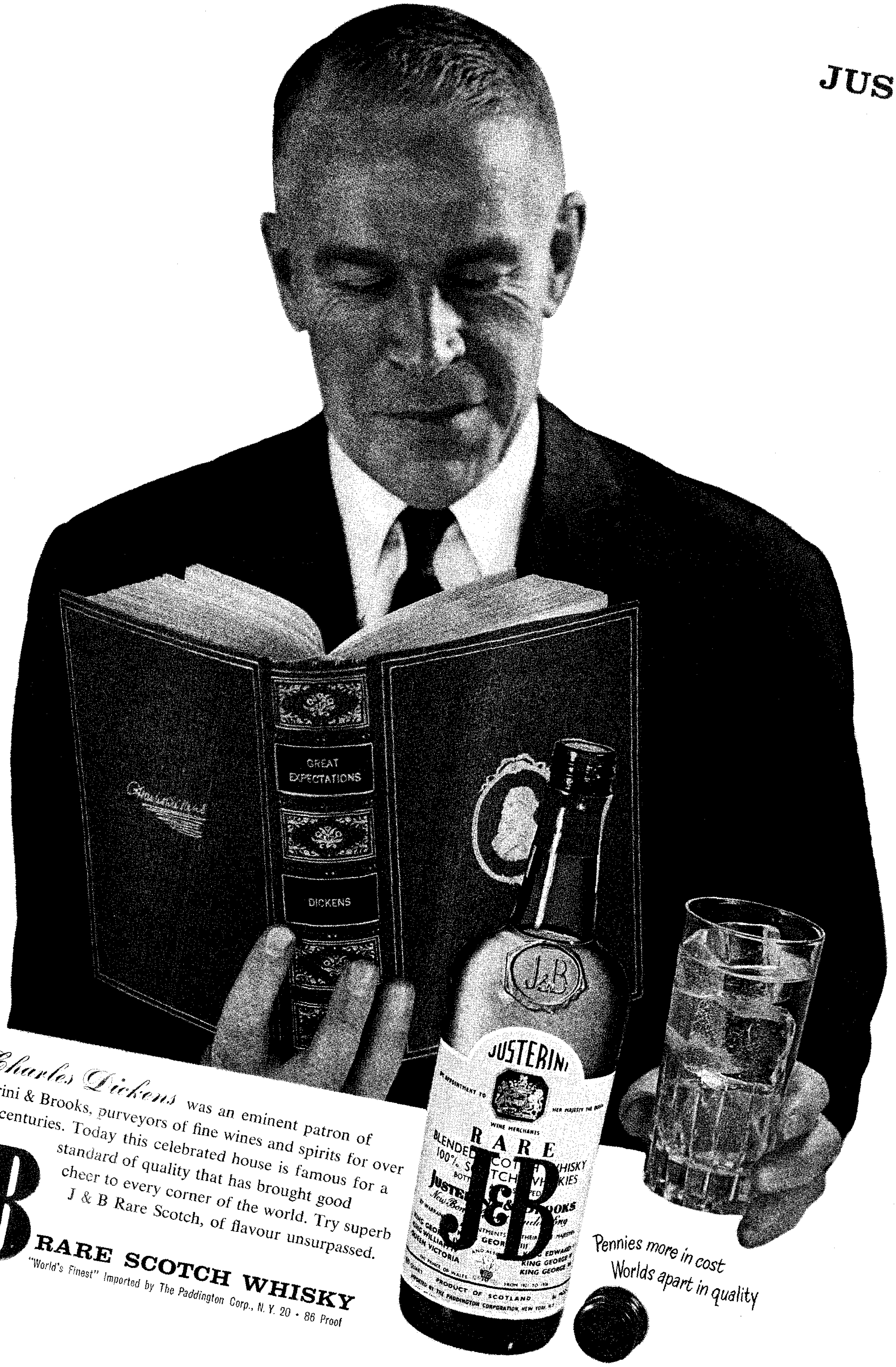
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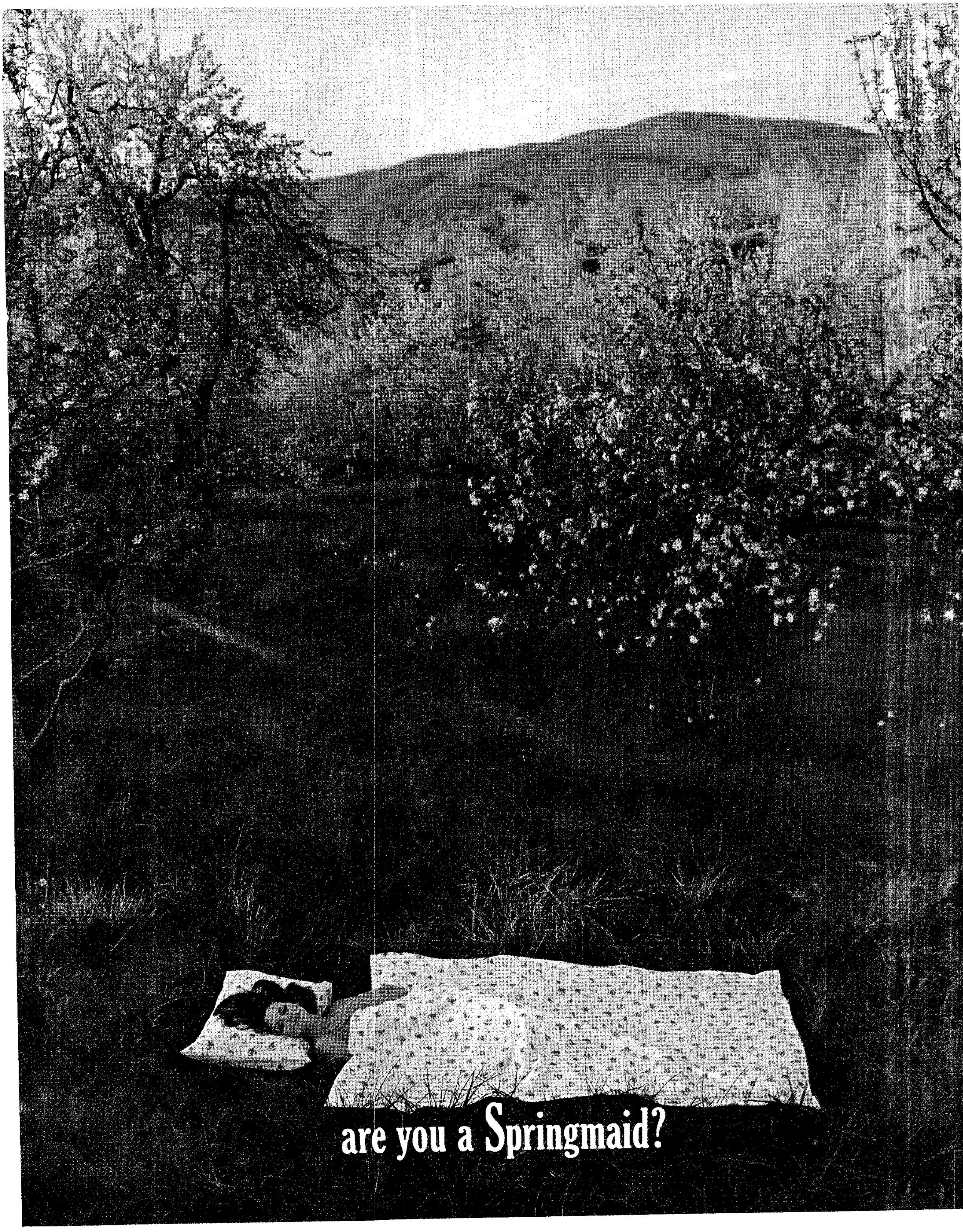
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plays it, may be none the less heroic and impressive for this artificiality of the scenery." The falsity of our own pretensions has not, however, been so often exposed by writers who do not, as Kennan does not, also follow a Socialist line in attributing all our own shortcomings to the vices of a capitalist society. It is therefore perhaps more important to call attention to his comment on our own delusions:

> There is, let me assure you, nothing in nature more egocentrical than the embattled democracy. It soon becomes the victim of its own war propaganda. It then tends to attach to its own cause an absolute value which distorts its own vision on everything else. *Its* enemy becomes the embodiment of all evil. *Its* own side, on the other hand, is the center of all virtue. The contest comes to be viewed as having a final, apocalyptic quality. If *we* lose, all is lost; life will no longer be worth living; there will be nothing to be salvaged. If we win, then everything will be possible; all problems will become soluble; the one great source of evil—*our* enemy—will have been crushed; the forces of good will then sweep forward unimpeded; all worthy aspirations will be satisfied.
>
> It will readily be seen that people who have got themselves into this frame of mind have little understanding for the issues of any contest other than the one in which they are involved. The idea of people wasting time and substance on any *other* issue seems to them preposterous. This explains why Allied statesmen were simply unable to comprehend how people in Russia could be interested in an internal Russian political crisis when there was a war on in the West. Did the Russians not realize, it was asked in Paris and London, that everything depended on the defeat of the Germans, that if Germany was successful, no one could ever conceivably be happy again, whereas if Germany lost, everyone would somehow or other receive what he wanted?

The fatal result of this habit of diabolizing the current enemy is that we always condemn him to the penalty of "unconditional surrender." We, the American Union, began this, of course, in our own Civil War, and we are now paying the penalty for it in the new conflict between the South and the federal government over the desegregation of Southern schools—a conflict that a great many Northerners, now quite unaware of what we did to the South in the war and the Reconstruction, regard with the same self-righteousness in respect to the obstinacy of Southern resistance that accompanied our struggle against it of a hundred years ago. Mr. Kennan does not deal with the Civil War, but he shows how, by pursuing a similar policy in the First World War, by behaving as if the Kaiser were a Hitler, the Allies were rewarded, only twenty years later, by the horrors of a

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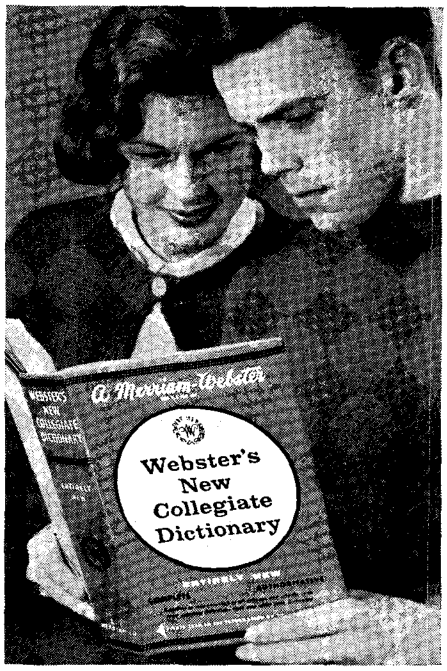

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genuine Hitler—just as, earlier, by ruining the South and outlawing its governing class, we gave rise to the Ku Klux Klan and prepared for the bestial hoodlums who have perpetrated the bombings of Negro homes and the anti-Negro school and bus riots. If, says Kennan, we meant what Woodrow Wilson said—that we had no quarrel with the German people but wanted only to liberate them from their militaristic masters—we should not have attempted to crush them, should not have subjected to ostracism the representatives of the Weimar Republic. Mr. Kennan reports that at the Genoa Conference of 1922 the Germans were hardly admitted to intercourse with the English and French delegations and so were driven to make a pact with the Russians, and that at Geneva as late as 1927 "the thought of a German appearing on the . . . golf links still threw consternation into the hearts of ex-Allied officials serving at the League of Nations." (The relations between Russia and Germany from the peace of Brest-Litovsk to the Nazi-Soviet pact—neither of which ought to have come as a surprise—are another department that the Western democracies have been likely to disregard, but upon which Mr. Kennan throws a great deal of light.) If, on the other hand, the peace of Versailles was intended to be punitive for the Germans, we should have done better "to leave the Kaiser and generals in power, to bear the onus of this situation and to reap the responsibility they had invited." Woodrow Wilson was in this case frustrated by the vindictiveness of Clemenceau and by Lloyd George's politic hedging, just as Lincoln's generous program for readmitting the South to the Union was destroyed by his assassination and by the vindictiveness of the Radical Republicans. We should get rid of the idea that the enemy, no matter how badly we may think he has behaved, must "deserve" the worst we can give him. "I find this word 'deserve,'" says Mr. Kennan, "when applied to an entire people, too vague to have historical usefulness." It is, in fact, not a question of "not being beastly" to the Germans, however beastly they may have been, but of not preparing new disasters.

The urgent advisability of dissociating moral judgments from the conduct of foreign policy is perhaps the chief burden of Mr. Kennan's book. This habit of regarding our opponent as a culprit has, he believes, been unfortunately encouraged by the conception

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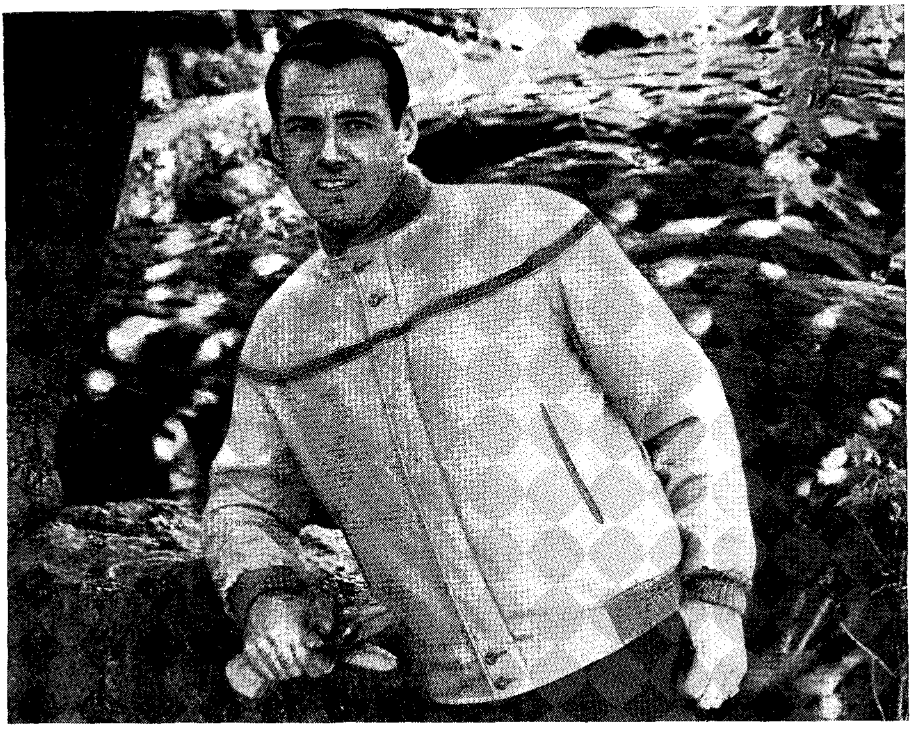
of a world super-court that has authority to try a nation, to find it guilty, and to condemn it to punishment. What does it mean to call some nation guilty? The modern nations are political entities that are continually recombining, undergoing constant alterations in purpose, importance, and size. No relations among these entities can ever be perfect; there are always conflicting interests. Relations with Russia in particular have always been annoying and difficult. (Mr. Kennan quotes a statement by Theodore Roosevelt, at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, on the "contemptuous effrontery" of Russian diplomacy, which sounds as if it had been written today.) In our differences with foreign powers, we must give up our melodramatic ideas of absolute right and absolute wrong. We ourselves have not been wholly guiltless, wholly benevolent in intention, as we like to believe we have, and we disguise from ourselves what we are, not by the formulas of Marxist ideology but, as Mr. Kennan says, by "self-idealization and the search for absolutes in world affairs: for absolute security, absolute amity, absolute harmony." He goes on:

> We are a strong nation, wielding great power. We cannot help wielding this power. It comes to us by virtue of our sheer size and strength, whether we wish it or not. But to wield power is always at best an ambivalent thing—a sharing in the guilt taken upon themselves by all those men who, over the course of the ages, have sought or consented to tell others what to do. There is no greater American error than the belief that liberal institutions and the rule of law relieve a nation of the moral dilemma involved in the exercise of power. Power, like sex, may be concealed and outwardly ignored, and in our society it often is; but neither in the one case nor in the other does this concealment save us from the destruction of our innocence or from the confrontation with the dilemmas these necessities imply. When the ambivalence of one's virtue is recognized, the total iniquity of one's opponent is also irreparably impaired.

When Kennan's lectures were delivered at Harvard, they were received with the enormous enthusiasm with which the undergraduates there have been showing their gratitude to anyone—from J. R. Oppenheimer to Angus Wilson—who evidently knows what he is talking about and is giving them not showmanship or official cant but an honest account of something. That this approval was not, however, quite unanimous was made plain to me by an encounter, after the last of the lectures, with a middle-aged acquaintance from Boston. When I expressed my admiration for the lectures, I saw that they



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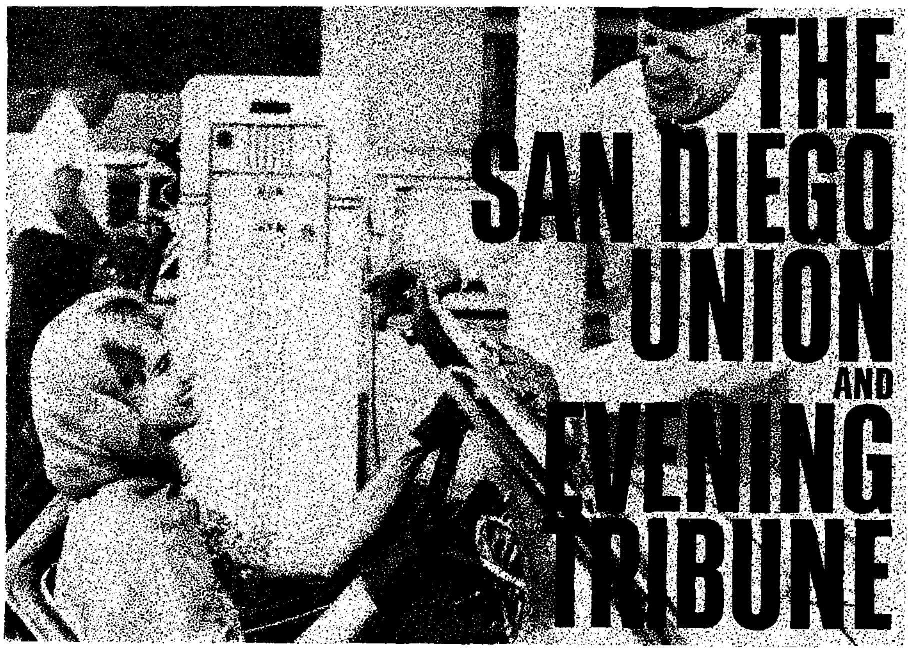

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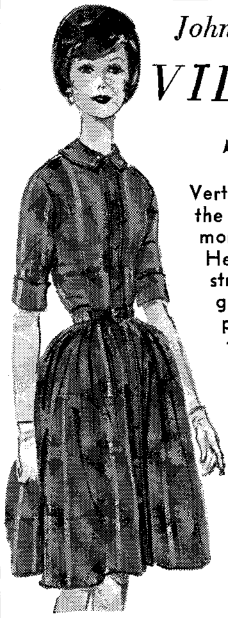
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had left him aghast. The lecturer's exhortation not to cultivate moral absolutes was so far from having found a sympathetic response that he replied, after a moment to get his breath, that the lecturer did not seem to have grasped the difference between right and wrong. So the favorable response to the book on the part of the press and the public has surprised me and seemed to me encouraging as a sign perhaps of a stirring in the direction of relativistic intelligence.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

INCIDENT AT ASHTON, by Jay Milner (Appleton-Century-Crofts). An up-to-date novel about the crisis that arises in a small Southern town, Ashton, when an old Negro man tries to prove his right to vote. It is not the old man's action, and its punishment, that provokes the crisis so much as the presence in the town of a young and honest newspaperman, Phil Arrow, who has returned home to Ashton after spending six years in New York. Mr. Milner's writing is direct and to the point, and his story takes the reader's attention on the first page and holds it to the end.

THE BLACK, THE GRAY, AND THE GOLD, by Norman R. Ford (Doubleday). Mr. Ford builds his accounts of marital unhappiness, family struggles, old feuds, new spites, and bewildered youth around the discovery of widespread cheating at West Point. In the flood of recrimination, reproach, regret, and remorse that follows the discovery, many half-buried sins float up into the light of day, and it is of his exploration and interpretation of these that Mr. Ford makes his story, which would be a good deal more interesting—or at least more understandable—if he did not keep such a distance between himself and his writing. A great many of the words in this book appear and sound as though they had been arranged into sentences with a knife and fork.

A TRIP INTO TOWN, by Michael Rubin (Harper). A pleasant, youthful novel about an enduring attachment between a silly, high-spirited young woman named Suki, who makes a lifework of rebellion against her family and class, and a conscientious young man named Steven, whose adolescent impulse toward unconventionality flies comfortably away from him as soon as he receives his uni-

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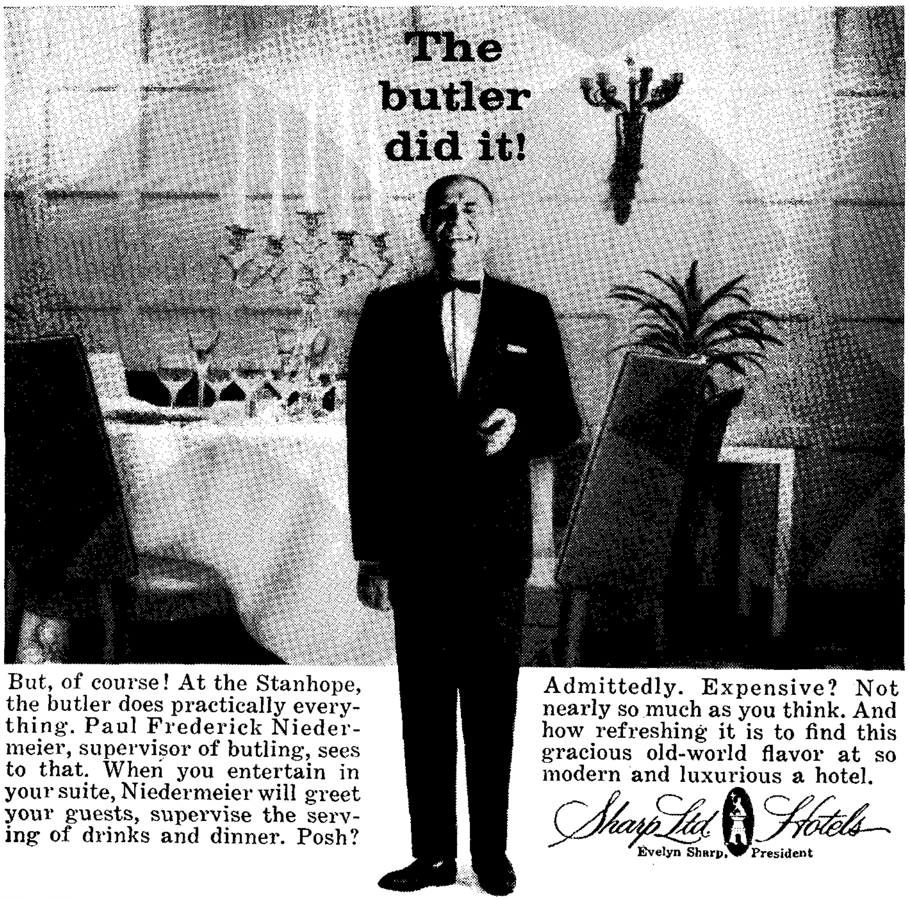
versity degree. The two meet at the university and enjoy an interval of fairly close companionship before the paths they have chosen separate forever. The action takes place in New York, where the university is, but the background is suburban, expensive, domestic, and inescapable, for both Suki and Steven come from nice, solid homes.

GENERAL

Citizen Hearst, by W. A. Swanberg (Scribners). A biography of William Randolph Hearst. Beneath his sly title (with its echo of a motion picture that could never be mentioned in the Hearst press), the author has tried to write an account as objective, comprehensive, and thoroughly documented as possible; he admits that it cannot be definitive, for too much about Hearst—one of the most secretive and inscrutable men who ever lived—lies submerged. We are presented, then, with the portrait of a rich man's son who decided early in life to get everything he wanted by any means that came to hand, and who in the end got most of it. We read again the dizzying catalogue of his possessions—the six palaces, the warehouses choked with acquisitions from Europe's artistic heritage, and so on—and are told once more that the one thing he wanted most, and never got, was high political office. The book has its fascination, but it does not—and perhaps could not—throw any significant new light on one of the great sphinxes of the modern world, except, maybe, in leaving the impression that some men are not completely human. There are many photographs, and an index that is, unfortunately, incomplete.

The Faces of Justice: A Traveller's Report, by Sybille Bedford (Simon & Schuster). "The law, the working of the law, the daily application of the law to people and situations, is an essential element in a country's life," Miss Bedford, whose recent "The Trial of Dr. Adams" established her as a most perceptive amateur of the law, believes. "It runs through everything; it is part of the pattern, like the architecture and the art and the look of the cultivated countryside. It shapes, and expresses, a country's modes of thought, its political concepts and realities, its conduct." This book—the fruit of a courtroom tour that began (for purposes of contrast) at the Central Criminal Court in London and em-



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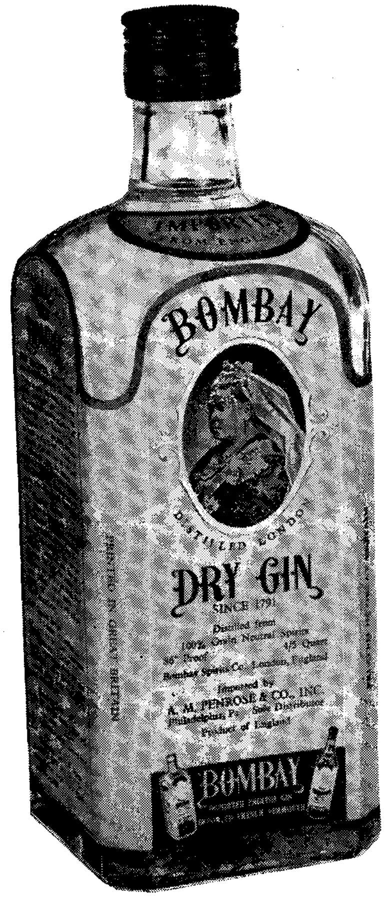

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braced West Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and France (all of whose systems are derivations of Roman law)—is an absorbing demonstration of that belief. It is, in one respect, an astonishing one as well. For it suggests, by abundant example, that postwar German procedure manifests a standard of patience, courtesy, and compassion that is probably unmatched anywhere.

THE ARAB REVIVAL, by Francesco Gabrieli (Random House). A short history, the work of an Italian scholar who is equally familiar with Islamic culture and Middle Eastern affairs, of "a people once in the van of historical progress, then for long neglected and forgotten, and now reaffirming their existence and their vitality with disconcerting impetuosity." It is comprehensive, perspicacious, balanced, and, above all, eloquent. Indeed, Mr. Gabrieli writes so well, and is translated so well ("The mandatory power, whose mandate was envied by no one, tried for the whole of these twenty years and even beyond to calm the emotions which it had so imprudently evoked"), that his book can be read as much for pleasure as for profit. Illustrated with numerous maps.

THE INTERURBAN ERA, by William D. Middleton (Kalmbach). The interurban electric railway was good enough for Grandpa in a great many ways. It carried him to his work, his picnics, his wedding, his funeral; it carried his womenfolk to the big store, his children to school, his pigs to market—often with a celerity incredible to a motorist becalmed on a Sunday's superhighway. It was blunt, homely, and merely ornate whenever it strove to be beautiful, but it offered creature delights that, like it, have just about vanished from American logistics—parlor cars, observation cars, dining cars, even sleeping cars. Mr. Middleton, more of an antiquarian than a prose stylist, celebrates its rise and deplores its fall in a generally ample volume (New Englanders may feel that they have not been given the full treatment) whose most succinct expositor is the camera. And what a camera! Fifteen dollars, and worth all of it.

SELECTED ESSAYS, by Henry de Montherlant, translated from the French by John Weightman (Macmillan). A selection of essays and notebook entries covering almost forty years. Peter Quennell has done the selecting, and he accompanies his choices

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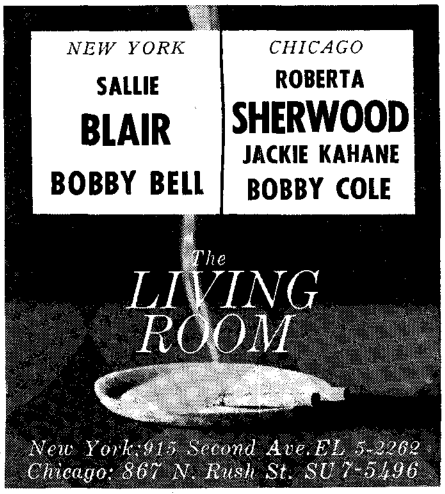

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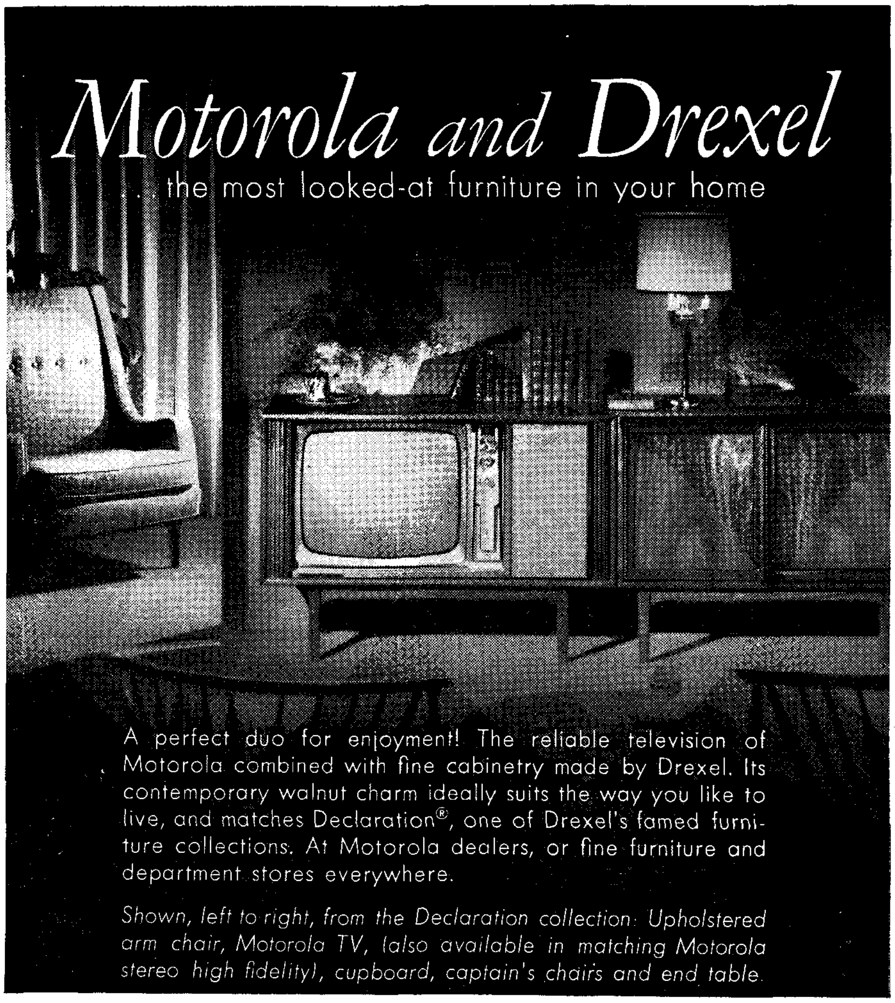
with an introduction describing Montherlant as France's "greatest living writer." Montherlant is hardly that, but he is an extraordinarily interesting writer when he is not being a monomaniac on his two favorite topics—girl-chasing and France's *gloire*—and two of these essays, in which he identifies himself with the Cynic philosopher Peregrinus and the diarist Duc de Saint-Simon, are first-rate.

DELIVERANCE TO THE CAPTIVES, by Karl Barth, translated from the German by Marguerite Wieser (Harper). This collection of recent sermons displays the grave, generous, and—often—genial humanity of "anti-humanist" theology's living Olympian. Seekers of novelty and subtlety in philosophical accommodation should seek elsewhere; it has been Barth's work to turn the Christian field with a resharpened tragic plow, rather than to look for new pastures or draw new boundaries. The force of these sermons lies in that—minus a few topical references and with a few adjustments of emphasis—they might have been preached any time in the last two millennia, and, but for their exceptional compactness and pertinence of expression, by a conservative clergyman anywhere. Perhaps because they were for the most part delivered to inmates of the prison in Basel, their dominant note—an unusual one in contemporary Christian literature—is of hope, of joy in the Lord, of an ardor that can assert, concerning faith, that "no human being has ever prayed for this in vain."

BOOK OF THE ESKIMOS, by Peter Freuchen, edited and with a preface by Dagmar Freuchen (World). All about the aboriginal inhabitants of the Arctic—their origin (probably northeastern Asia), their language (probably an offshoot of the root-stock of the Ural-Altaic group), their religion (a kind of propitiatory polytheism), their extensive oral literature (epics, songs, fables), and their generally misunderstood, misrepresented, or oversimplified socio-economic culture. Mr. Freuchen, who died in 1957, was one of the very few outsiders ever to attain a truly profound understanding of the polar peoples (much of his life was spent in the Arctic, he was married for ten years to a Greenland Eskimo, and he spoke the language fluently), and this book, assembled by his third wife from a wealth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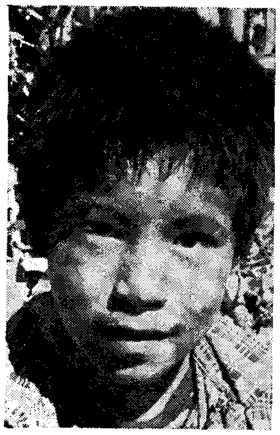
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of largely unpublished writings, is, though designed for the general reader, a practically definitive work of its kind. It is, in addition, a completely enthralling one. Illustrated with photographs, drawings, and an end-paper map.

FLORENCE, by Martin Hürlimann and Harold Acton (Viking). As his several earlier metropolitan studies (London, Paris, Rome, Istanbul) have so vividly shown, Mr. Hürlimann is an almost incomparable photographer of architecture and the plastic arts, and Florence, with its venerable but still vigorous wealth of palaces and villas and churches and monasteries and bridges—sculptured, frescoed, domed, spired—offers him a subject of almost incomparable range and beauty. He portrays it for us here in nearly a hundred and fifty exquisite photographs, twelve of them in impeccable color, and all of dazzling clarity and composition. Mr. Acton contributes a short, agreeably informal introductory essay that traces the history of the city and its celebrated native and adopted sons.

NOTE: "R. Taylor's Wrong Bag," an album of ninety-nine cartoons selected from those that Richard Taylor has drawn for this magazine over the past seventeen years, has been published by Simon & Schuster.

•

CLEAR DAYS AMONG THE NUTS AND BOLTS OF RADIO

[*From a manual called "The Nuts and Bolts of Radio," by George Skinner*]

Even though most people have a sense of responsibility about keeping in touch with the important events of the world, the dominant psychological attitude is escapism. Present day problems and portents of doom have taken their toll of the public's ability to absorb serious news. There is a pronounced tendency on the part of listeners to concentrate their interest on less ponderous and more localized information. A sudden change of pace from frothy entertainment to stern profundity is a more abrupt transition than most listeners are capable of making. Starting a newscast with the emphasis on *interest* softens the change of pace, and better prepares the listener to stay through whatever *important* news will follow.

This practice, of course, must be tempered with good judgement. No News Editor, for example, would ever start a newscast with a story about the divorce proceedings of the local magistrate, and then follow it with the announcement of a declaration of war. Such a momentous announcement would be broadcast immediately as a bulletin, and coverage would continue as long as necessary.

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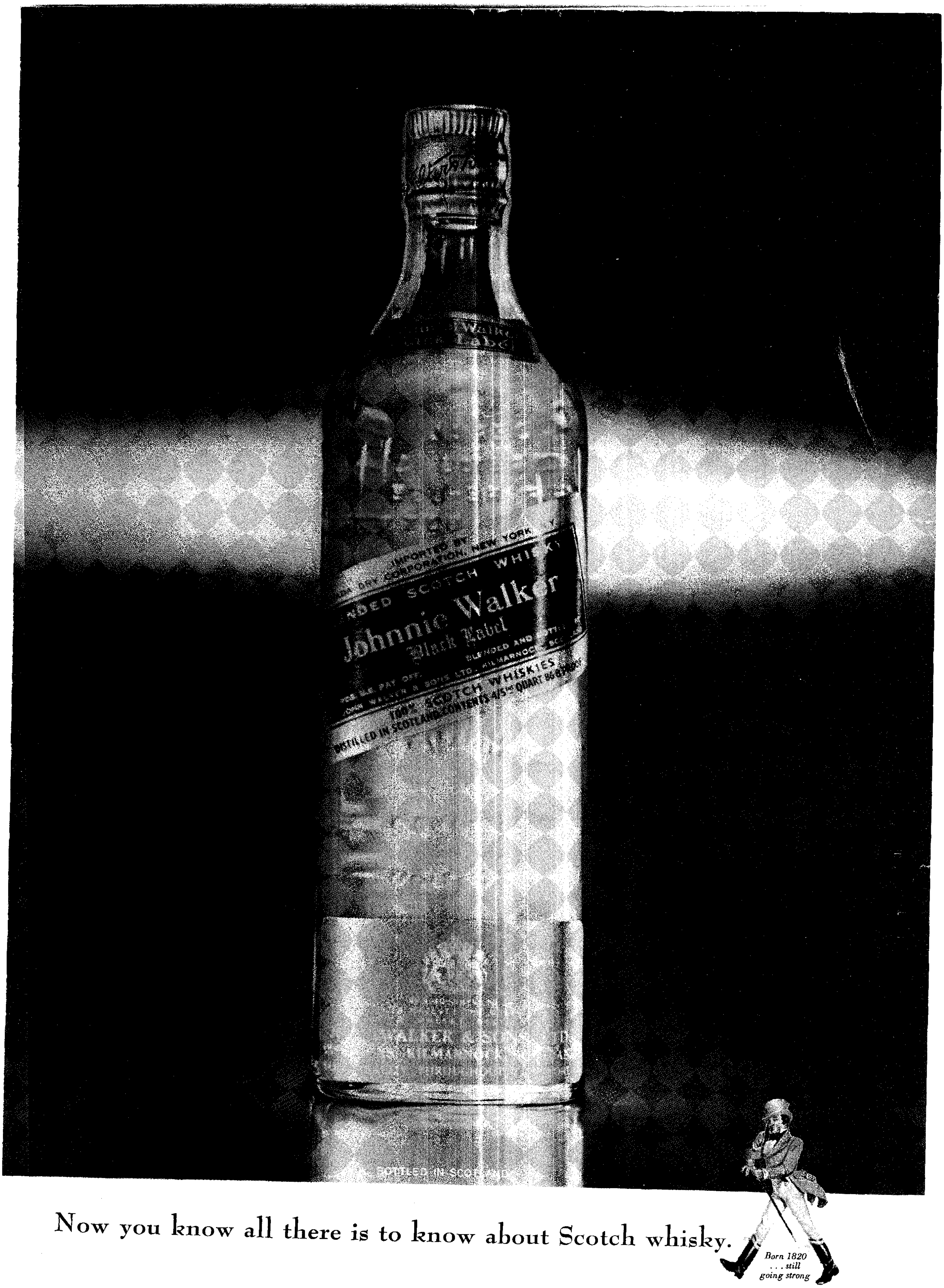
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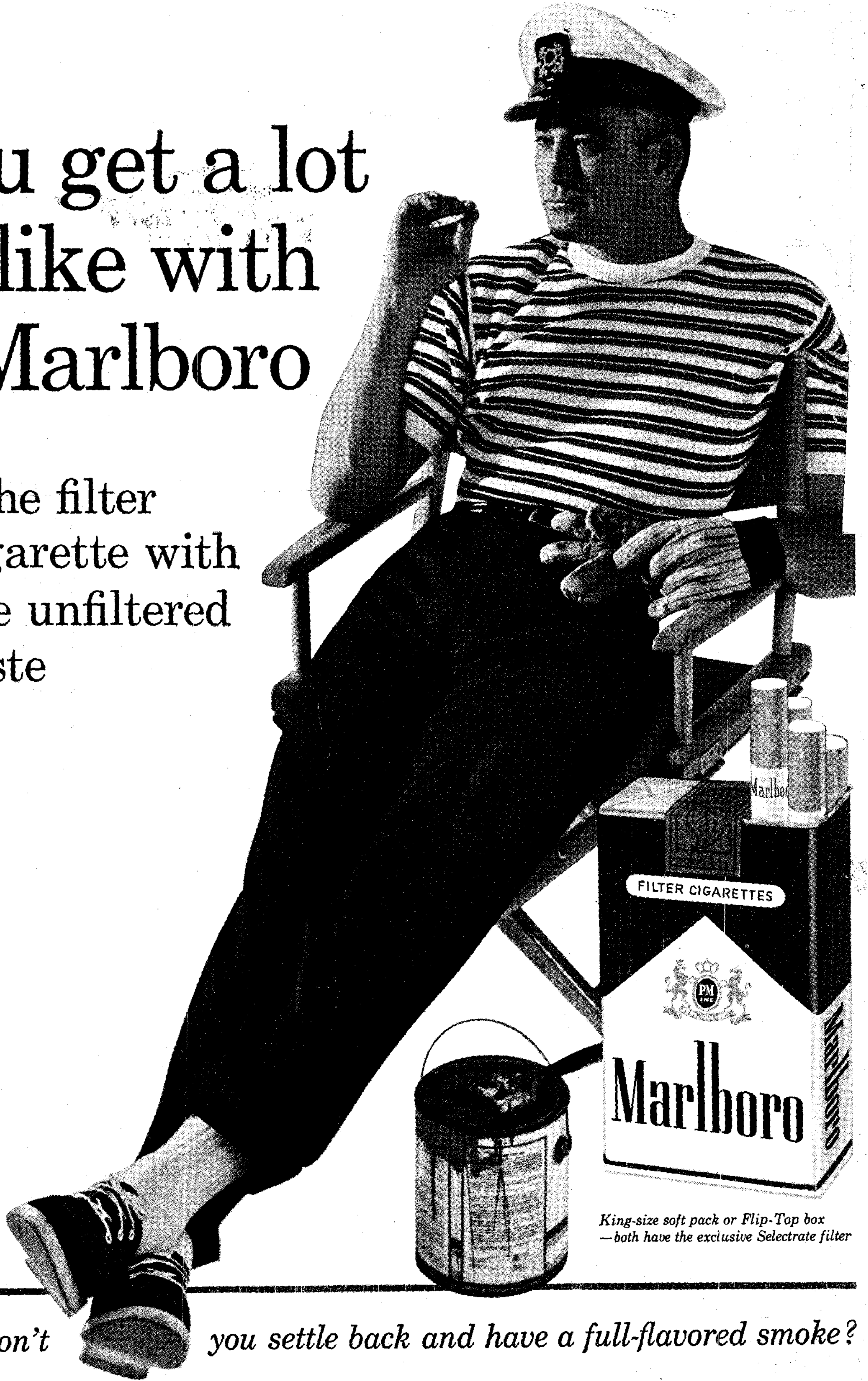
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